

THE THEATRE:



CLEMENT SCOTT

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THE THEATRE.

A Monthly Review

OF THE

DRAMA, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY

CLEMENT SCOTT.

See. 4

(NEW SERIES.)

VOL. XIV.—JULY TO DECEMBER, 1889.

London :

EGLINGTON & CO., 78 & 78A, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C

1889.

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THE THEATRE.

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Morals and Metaphysics of “Macbeth.”



THIS, we need hardly be told, in the sense ordinarily conveyed by the word “supernatural,” that its equivalent, “metaphysical,” is used in the body of this play. But the language of Lady Macbeth, without being wrested from its simple meaning, is at any rate suggestive. Through all this rugged northern chronicle, subdued to the purposes of Elizabethan poetry and philosophy, there does run a vein of metaphysics recognisable under that term by disciples of Dugald Stewart and Dr. Reid, besides being fitted to the high Platonism of that heroically intellectual age—the age of Sidney, Spencer, Raleigh, and Bacon. As with all his historical or quasi-historical plays, so with this play of “Macbeth,” only “more so,” Shakespeare takes for his groundwork an old story or tradition, bends and shapes it to his own high fancy, and sends it forth, a creation. See how the rough chronicle of Boece, little improved by the English historian Holinshed, grows into perfect shape and form under the hand of genius. Joined to a farrago of witchcraft and demonology, strangely acceptable to the most accomplished minds of that time, it affords a firm base for Shakespeare’s splendid superstructure, the architect not scorning to incorporate many detached fragments of old material with his design. It was a virtue of the master builder to leave undisguised, and as little altered as art and honesty would permit,

the subject matter he condescended to adopt. His ornament was always of the constructive kind, entering into the substance of the edifice, carved into its solid masonry, not stuck on. Whole speeches in his histories are taken, it has been observed, from sources deemed authoritative in his time. These and nature and humanity were his teachers. His, too, was the wise imagination nurtured less by learning than by the *instinct* of learning, a phrase happily defining his marvellous receptivity of mind. In the light of little actual knowing, he saw beyond the known. It is obviously impossible that his magnificent and never-failing thesaurus could have been got together among books; yet of all the 15,000 words that were the obedient sprites at the command of this Warwickshire Prospero, there is scarce any that a philosopher or a philologist would venture to change. In the recent almost too intellectual representation of the tragedy at the Lyceum, a representation in which refinement of thought extended from the principal performers to the very scenery, and every accessory detail had the significance of an attribute or a symbol, there was one picture, in which a lonely star shone in the long sad blue rift of a lurid sky, like a signal of peace hung out amid warlike banners. Even such an orb seems to cast its pensive rays on each darkling passage of this terrible poem. To me it is like the light of the poet's mind, a light to which, though unfailingly constant in its lustre, no laborious commentator, no learned dramatic scholiast, seems willing to turn. There it shines, inviting a glance of the studious eye, that remains persistently fixed on adjacent cloud-forms. Scholarly emendations, ingenious reconcilements of seeming inconsistencies, are proffered, but the ever-present, ever-shining mind of the poet tenders its guidance in vain. Might it not be suggested that mere likelihood is not truth; and that there is much in "Macbeth," in "Hamlet," and in "Othello," which, not being at all likely, is true—true to poetry, to philosophy, and to life! Nothing can be much more opposed to the probabilities of solid prose, or awaken a keener sense of the absurd in minds given to ridicule, than that Othello, when, in the anguish of his heart, he resolves to kill his wife, should digress from the object that agitates his soul to consider the currents of the Pontic Sea; or, than that Macbeth, stricken by the sudden tidings of his wife's death, should

straightway take to philosophising about the petty encroachments of yesterdays and to-morrows on the record of time, and the shadowy simulacra of life. What would a critic say, or what would he *not* say, if, at a crisis of some turbulent *drame de société*, the player of the title-part were to break off into a strain of moralising on the shows, the shams, the foolish frettings of existence; into a sort of pessimistic musing on humanity, which comes, after all, to no more than the sardonic Thackerayism, "Which of us has what he wants in this world, which of us wants what he has, and what does it all signify?" Perhaps, when reduced to a certain dead level of prose, this is pretty much the moral of "Macbeth," as it might be of almost every tale of blood that teaches mankind the folly and wickedness of coveting—no matter what. For whether this detestable greed take the form of imperial ambition, as in the case of "the two Macbeths," prompting them to murder the meek, trustful, clear-souled Duncan, or is vulgarly exhibited in the sordid hankering after railway-scrip, which tempted the two Mannings to murder the less amiable but still elderly and, in a sense, respectable Mr. Connor, is the same thing. Only, the spectator or student of Shakespeare's tragedy may well profit by fixing his mind on the mind of Shakespeare, if but by way of getting a clearer insight into the troubled mind of Macbeth. For were it not a poetical Macbeth that we have before us we should not expect him to speak the language that Shakespeare has put into his mouth. If the speeches delivered by the Thane of Fife were really the utterances of a disordered mind, they certainly would not be poetry. They who ask for realism, or, bringing no imagination of their own to amend the faulty imagination of a playwright, demand illusion, had better go to someone else than Shakespeare. More wonderful than the technical skill is the moral power of this metaphysical play. It would be tedious repetition of an old tale to descant on the first. But of the latter, there is neither weariness nor end. So long as philosophy endures, "Macbeth" will yield its illustrations to rising schools of philosophers. The consequences of our deeds, like the acts of our children, are our own rewards or punishments, and this is one of the lessons taught by "Macbeth." Evil-doers might go safe on their ways if they could stop just when it suited them. If the foul blow might be the be-all and the end-all! If

the murder, or the forgery, or theft could trammel up the consequence! Ah, this consequence, this endless continuity of action, this terrible unavoidable law, which has declared that evil must follow evil, and can produce nothing but evil, that things bad begun must perpetually go on strengthening themselves by ill! The first crime in this tragedy of sequences is the beginning of a string of crimes. Fate had pre-ordained it? Possibly; but who can say? Suppose it had been so; suppose that this same Fate would have had Macbeth king; why, Fate, as he himself said, might have crowned him without his stir. At all events, he was so far a free agent that he could have left it for time and the hour to determine. Fate does not absolve a man from blood-guiltiness. Fate, in such a case as this, may be no more than the man's "black and deep desires." This warlike, uxorious chieftain had not mastery over these, and it is vain to say that he was governed by any other fate of a non-natural essence. It is the old story of the criminal who pleaded in arrest of his sentence that he was fated to do the deed that had brought him into the dock, thereby incurring the cruel retort of the judge that it was likewise his, the judge's, fate to pronounce a heavy sentence.

A surprisingly small allowance of logic enables a man to reason himself into or out of anything. Learned men in an age of learning found it easy to believe in witchcraft. That a rough warlike chief in an *unlearned* age should credit the prediction of three beldams, and thereupon yield himself to the ministry of these Eumenides, is coherent with the purposes of poetry; and that in course of time the legend should commend itself to the understanding and belief of dialecticians, moral philosophers, and the intellectual *élite*, as well as the groundlings in Shakespeare's audiences, is at once more wonderful and more authentically certified for fact. It is noticeable as a reflective trait in the composition of this great tragic poem that each of the characters is undesignedly portrayed by some other person of the drama. Through Macbeth we get nearest to the moral beauty of Duncan's nature, which evokes an unforced tribute of generous pity from his murderer before he stains his hands with the good king's gore; and Lady Macbeth confirms this touch of natural kindness by her avowal that she was turned from the deed by a look in the benignant sleeping face that reminded her of her

father. "The gracious Duncan" seems to have been the well-earned title of the old king with all who owed him allegiance, no less than on the false lips of Macbeth. In the pointed speech of Lenox, full of covert sarcasm and ironical praise of Macbeth, Duncan is so designated. And by his own acts and words he bears out the good reports conceded him by all men. Ingratitude is a sin the smallest consciousness of which lies heavy on him. He looks for sincerity in every face, as if every face were the mirror of his own, and in this habit of absolute trustfulness he continues only too implicitly, after he has learned from experience that the face is not always a true indicator. Nor are good qualities wanting in Macbeth or his wife. Golden opinions have been honestly won by the Thane of Fife, and he, moreover, may be supposed to have deserved the honours laid on him by Duncan, whose benignancy has impressed itself even on his treacherous host and hostess.

It seems to have escaped the notice of Hazlitt, who makes much of the fact that Shakespeare's witches, unlike Middleton's, are left unnamed—the abstention in this case adding to the visionary awe of these creations—that Lady Macbeth too is nameless. In this respect she stands apart from the other cruel and treacherous women of Shakespeare's plays; from Gertrude, in the play of "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," from Goneril and Regan in "King Lear." It is true that Lady Macbeth, not being a visionary, abortive half-existence, stands in less need than the weird sisters of any such negative addition to the awe that invests her personality, as is entailed by the mere deprivation, in their case, of a local habitation and a name. But this is only a question of degree; and there can be little doubt that the namelessness which so powerfully strengthens the sense of mystery in regard to the three witches lends some lesser charm to the more human realisation. Was it to her or to her lord that the idea of killing Duncan and usurping the crown first presented itself? The question is one that has divided critical opinion. We may imagine the thought to have been readily entertained by both, so soon as it was shared between them. Lady Macbeth declares that the project was first broached by her husband; and if his letter put it into her head, she certainly took to it with frightful kindness. The doting admiration of Macbeth for his wife's "undaunted mettle" made him a willing though vacillat-

ing instrument in her hands. But I had no intention of dealing anew with the thrashed-out argument to which the critical flails of generation after generation have been, and, I suppose, ever will be industriously applied. The twofold purpose of this paper was to glance at certain moral and metaphysical aspects of the play, suggested by the fine thoughtful melancholy of Macbeth, as shown in his more philosophical utterances, and as so effectively brought out by Mr. Irving; and to enforce the avowal of a conviction I have long felt that the acted plays of Shakespeare are not to be judged, *whether for praise or exception*, by the standards that fitly apply to dramas of our time, but should rather be regarded in the light of the poet's own mind, for, till that is seen, as we may see a distant star, and its guidance reverently accepted, there can be no true understanding of Shakespearean poetry. Unpoetic indeed must be the spirit of that age which shall utterly fail to find in "Macbeth" the ideal truth and teaching of a poem; or that harps on its inconsistencies, chief of which would appear to be that the scheme does not accord with modern modes of thought, nor is capable of being measured by modern foot-rules of probability which are useful when applied to modern dramatic invention.

GODFREY TURNER.



Kate Rorke, April 25, 1889.

K IND Nature limned a bright and beauteous face,
 A rt came to polish and perfect each grace,
 T he one the other vied, to emulate
 E ach strove, both triumphed, and they gave us Kate.

R ise to the empyrean heights of Art,
 O ur souls' emotions sway, subdue each heart.
 R oyal roads are yours, no crooked paths severe,
 K eep true to Art and Beauty, persevere.
 E ach one shall sing thy praise, and all revere.

F. H.-K.

Why I Don't Love Jack !



GRIEVANCE I have, and to state it
Is what I propose doing now.
Please listen, friends, while I relate it ;
Ten minutes soon pass you'll allow.
My story will deal with a matter
Pertaining to *spoons*—of a sort.

If it bores you, continue to chatter ;
But if you don't laugh—why *you ought* !

I was staying near York last November
With my much-married crony, Sir Guy ;
We were three guests in all, I remember—
Jack Ogle, May Blossom, and I.
This Jack was devoted to ladies,
But, so far, was heart-whole, he said.
I wished the young couple in Hades—
Ah, me ! the existence I led !

At first, I was radiant and gay, sir,
And laid all my cares on the shelf ;
A pretty girl's *quite* in my way, sir,
And May I had all to myself—
Jack hadn't appeared on the stage then—
Though just fifty, I loved sunny curls ;
And when they've attained to *my* age, me !
Have a fatherly way with the girls.

She was quite unembarrassed—nay, tender ;
A little *too daughterly*—yet,
When we toasted our toes on the fender
At night, I rejoiced we had met.
We took country rambles together,
I helped her o'er many a stile ;
Though others were “down” on the weather,
With *me* it was *May* all the while.

She would lay her white hand on my shoulder,
 And ask, feeling quite at her ease—
 'Tis the way with them as we get older—
 If those twinges had gone from my knees.
 Then a look of such pretty compassion
 Shone out of those bonny blue eyes;
 Still, rather in *daughterly fashion*,
 But Pity is Love in disguise.

I pondered on popping the question,
 Though just twenty-five years ahead;
 I boasted a splendid digestion
 And a thousand a year, be it said.
 At my table I saw her presiding,
 "My Lady"—with exquisite grace—
 The loveliest girl in the Riding,
 Arrayed in my grandmother's lace!

The matter whilst still turning over
 (She'd have jumped at me fifty to one!)
 Down came this young gunner from Dover
 Unexpectedly—then, I was done!
 Under thirty, a very Apollo,
 Confoundedly handsome, and tall,
 I felt all my hopes growing hollow,
 And myself an old fool after all!

With the lady he made all the running—
 Began it directly he came—
 A plague on his flirting and punning!
 My malison rest on his name!
 I was nowhere, too plainly I knew it,
 With both it was love at first sight,
 What a pity when folk overdo it
 As *these* did from morning till night!

At dinner, ere Jack thought of staying
 At the Grange, when the field was all mine,
 Full often a sweet voice was saying,
 "Can I pass you the cake or the wine?"

The *cold shoulder* now from my Lady
 Did I get—is it strange I was hurt?
 One's prospects indeed must be shady
 When 'tis given you as your *desert*!

They were spooning for ever and ever
 In corners—a sweet *tête-à-tête*!
 By day they were visible never,
 And they used to come in pretty late.
 As I entered a room, was it fitting
 I should hear a most curious *rush*—
 Should find them quite far apart sitting,
 And *one* with a palpable blush!

I would meet them at times willy-nilly
 In the lane—it was really absurd—
 When they both looked remarkably silly,
 And passed me with hardly a word.
 If at meals I but tried conversation
 With May, Jack looked fierce as you please;
 'Twas really with some trepidation
 I asked her to pass me the cheese!

One day past the summer house straying
 I heard a light giggle—heigho!
 And certainly some one was saying,
 "How I *wish* that old fogey would go!"
That did it!—with cheeks all on fire,
 And wearing a terrible frown,
 My "Gladstone" I packed in deep ire,
 And caught the four-thirty to town.

Too long—*much* too long had I tarried,
 My host had his reasons, you see;
 I've said he was very much married,
 And found me a buffer, maybe.
 At any rate, thanks to that sinner—
 I almost had written *that thief*!—
 In that week I grew palpably thinner,
 And my torture transcended belief.

A fortnight or more may have passed, sir,
 When Sir Guy wrote me briefly, "Engaged!"
 Jack had hit on his match, then, at last, sir,
 And his sweet little love-bird was caged.
 He was pert as his conquest could make him
 When I met him at Sandown one day;
 He told me she'd promised to take him,
 And he called it "*The Promise of May!*"

F. B. DOVETON.

Grange Lodge, Eastbourne.



"Is Courtesy Extinct among Theatrical Audiences?"



NOT long ago readers of the "Daily Telegraph" were asked, "Is chivalry dead?" Judging by the letters on the subject, the answer was about as concise and explicit as that given to "Is Marriage a Failure?" Both questions were difficult, and there was much to be said on either side, but it is to be feared there is only one response to the query, "Is courtesy extinct among theatrical audiences?" and that is in the *affirmative*.

Surely playgoers ought to have consideration for the feelings of those who strive to amuse them; but they seem to imagine that they are at liberty to do as they please, and laugh and jeer, without giving a thought to the pain and annoyance thereby given to the players.

On first nights, audiences, as a rule, display a sad want of courtesy to the manager should anything connected with the theatre not please their fancy, and to the players and playwright if the drama prove weak or unattractive.

From time immemorial playgoers have imagined they have a right to dictate to the theatrical managers, and though in these *enlightened* days it would not be very possible to have a repetition

of the scandalous O. P. riots, yet the theatre-frequenters seize every opportunity to make their presence and fancied power felt. Do they imagine their rights infringed in any way, say by a door not opening as they wish, or by programmes not being dealt out as quickly as they desire, they howl and shout like a crowd of misbehaved boys. The pit usually starts this childish display, and the gallery follows suit. The inhabitants of the "upper regions" are often entirely ignorant as to why the pittites are groaning and howling, but the fact that they are so doing is sufficient, and the "gods" join in sympathetic chorus. Whether this ill-mannered demonstration has ever been productive of good is extremely doubtful; it is more than probable that its sole effects are to make the perpetrators appear exceedingly foolish, to annoy the frequenters of the quieter portions of the house, and to delay the commencement of the play.

A theatre is not the property of the audience, but of the lessee, and he has a perfect right to do as he chooses in the matter of conducting his own playhouse. He does not compel people to frequent it. Naturally he wishes his house to be well filled, and will therefore do all in his power for the amusement and comfort of his audience, and he has a right to expect courteous behaviour in return.

It often happens on the first night of a weak play that the spectators, not content with calling out the author and "booing" him, shriek and scream with laughter at every lame line or ridiculous situation.

Many actors and actresses suffer from nervousness when appearing in a new part, and this feeling must be intensified a thousandfold if, with nearly every line they utter, their earnest well-meant efforts are received with shouts of derisive laughter. The words they speak, or the situations which call forth the derision of the audience, are the faults of the author; the players are but carrying out the instructions laid down for them, and their conduct in loyally working for the success of the piece should inspire admiration, not scorn.

Of necessity the artists of all theatres are completely at the mercy of the audience; they cannot, abandoning their rôles, quit the boards, or answer the rude remarks made in tones loud enough to be clearly heard on the stage. They must go through with their work weal or woe, and this knowledge alone

should induce the audience to treat them with consideration and courtesy.

It is not an unusual spectacle to see a well-known and favourite artist interpreting a luckless part. All goes well until some wretched line occurs which can be applied in an uncomplimentary manner to the play; then is heard a yell of derision; the actor looks surprised and pained; he struggles to go on unconcernedly, but his nerves, already highly strung, are somewhat unhinged by this *contretemps*. Perchance, on the spur of the moment, he misplaces his words, and matters become infinitely worse, for, once started, the audience seem to turn everything into ridicule, and play and players have but small chance of a respectful hearing.

It is not probable that the crowd jeer and laugh purposely to inflict pain; it is done thoughtlessly. Were the instincts of courtesy more highly developed, they would endeavour to smother their ill-timed mirth.

Playgoers would feel highly incensed did they on entering a theatre find the attendants uncivil and inclined to make fun of their garments or their struggles to secure good places; therefore it is only fair that they should extend the same courtesy to others that they expect for themselves.

Doubtless they would protest that they meant no disrespect to the players, they were jeering the play; but the question is, *why* jeer at all? Should a play prove rubbish, a silence at the fall of the curtain would be far more dignified and quite as convincing as the multiplicity of unpleasant sounds with which the hapless author is greeted.

Again, it may be argued that the free and independent portion of the audience hoot to drown the clappings of the friendly few; but their hootings only cause the amicable ones to redouble their efforts, whereas if they were to remain silent the "clapping contingent" would soon subside, the author would be quick to detect that the only adulation he was receiving was his own (second-hand), and would refrain from making an exhibition of himself before the curtain.

Of a truth, in these days of endless *matinées*, when every third person one meets considers himself a born dramatist, and insists on putting his efforts before the public, there must be some method of crushing his self-conceit and showing him the folly of

his ways, but it is clear that a stern cold silence would be more convincing than vulgar "booing;" it would certainly be more dignified and more courteous. Demonstrative opposition is likely to be met in a similar spirit, and the baffled author determines to inflict more horrors by producing another play, declaring that the unhappy reception of his first was due to an opposition *organised by well-known playwrights who were jealous lest his genius should outshine their reputation!*

LITA SMITH.



Isabel Dallas-Glyn.



IN May, 1889, with the great awakening of Nature taking place all over our little leafy island, one of Art's greatest daughters fell asleep. Then Isabel Glyn, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, fell a victim to the ravages of a cruel disease. A few notes on the career of the famous actress of a past generation may suitably commemorate her in the pages of THE THEATRE.

Isabel Glyn was of Scotch parentage, and born in 1825 in Edinburgh. When, last year, some efforts were made to procure her a pension from the Civil List, she told me that the question of her age was raised for the first time. A family Bible being searched, a fly-leaf revealed the quaint fact that she and a brother of hers were, from its records, apparently born in the same year, within a month or two of each other. The year given was 1823, but Mrs. Dallas remarked of this very obvious mistake, that she had always understood she was born in 1825, and was therefore two years younger than her brother.

After studying in the Paris Conservatoire, she joined the company of Charles Kemble, and her London *début* took place at the Olympic on January 26, 1848, when she played Lady Macbeth. Later she was engaged by Phelps, and appeared in a remarkable round of classical characters, including Volumnia (she was only twenty-three years old!), Hermione, Queen Katherine, Portia, Beatrice, and Cleopatra, among Shake-

spearean parts, and also as Isabella (in Southern's tragedy), Bianca, Juliana, and the Duchess of Malfi. Her marriage in 1853 with Mr. Dallas, a well-known man of letters, was not a happy one, and she ultimately separated from him, and returned to the stage. No blame attached to the lady, who met with the sympathy she deserved. After 1868 she appeared in public as a reader only, and her labours in teaching the art of elocution and preparing pupils for the stage were varied by a lecturing tour in the United States.

Although avowing a preference for tragedy, in which she attained her greatest fame, she was by no means unsuccessful in the lighter rôles. Records are left to us of the graceful dignity and light-hearted gaiety of her Portia and Beatrice. But it seems to be as Cleopatra that she chiefly lives in the remembrance of those who saw her in her prime, and it was a part for which her physique specially fitted her. She was a woman of noble proportions, with features strongly marked and well adapted to the portrayal of tragic emotion; her dark eyes retained almost to the last much of their original brilliance, and her voice was of extraordinary compass. In speaking conversationally, it was a full, but by no means coarse, contralto, to which her habit of distinct enunciation—almost amounting to an equal accent on every syllable—did complete justice. She was slow and deliberate in speech, and her features, especially the eyes and eyebrows, were used to aid the expression of feeling far more than is usual. Of gesture, however, she made little use in private, being very quiet in her manner, with the quiet of one accustomed to be listened to.

She was on one of her reading tours when I first made her acquaintance, and I well remember the excessive care with which she superintended the arrangement of the platform. She would have no chair with loose cushions, as they interfered with her action when, at a particular crisis of the play, she rose suddenly to her full height, dropping at the same moment a book placed ready for the purpose. A library chair of my father's had to be taken down, and raised rather high with big folios before the lady would be satisfied. Not that she was at all "tricky" in her reading, often producing marvellous effect with little or no gesture. Her greatest success, she thought, was "Antony and Cleopatra," but many preferred "Hamlet,"

in which her splendid voice was used so as to perfectly produce tones suitable to every part—from the soprano of the fragile “Ophelia” (Mrs. Dallas made her consciously lie in the “nunnery” scene) to the rough bass of the Gravedigger. Probably nothing approaching her reading of this play was to be heard prior to Mr. Irving’s famous *tour de force* at the Birkbeck Institute. It was almost as good as seeing the play, and removed by countless leagues from the insufferable tricks of the modern “reciter.” The name of the character speaking was seldom mentioned by Mrs. Dallas, after signifying his or her entry on the scene, and it was not necessary, so admirably were voice and action differentiated. In her last years her sight failed so much that she was accustomed to use volumes specially printed in very large type, each containing one play, or, rather, the portions of the play that she read.

In private life Mrs. Dallas was perfectly unassuming, and fell in with habits foreign to her own with the courteous ease of a true gentlewoman. Beauty in every guise powerfully affected her, and she would spend hours watching the changeful glories of a fine sunset, expressing her admiration with an enthusiasm as unaffected as demonstrative. She was also excessively fond of animals, and would remember to ask after them in her familiar letters. Chancing to be admitted to see her one morning in the seclusion of her chamber, I found her table piled with papers and letters, of which she said, “I like to get them, though I have not time or strength to read and answer all.” Disease even then had made cruel inroads on her strength, but in the pauses of conversation she fed her dainty and magnificent Persian Tom from a saucer of fish carefully prepared, and delicately salted to his taste.

The last time I dined with her she was still going about a little. She talked with animation on the topics of the day, and evinced a strong interest in the condition of the modern stage. Needless to say, she deprecated the loss of the “stock companies,” and the “vogue of certain ladies whose dresses keep artists off the boards.” Of modern actors she spoke with discriminating kindness, for she enjoyed going to the play when able, “and,” she said smilingly, “they often remember me, and I like to see them, but I cannot afford to buy tickets.” Though she would not call Irving “a natural actor,” she thought he had

"real genius," and praised Mr. Willard's artistic method, while not caring for the plays he was then appearing in. She mentioned Mr. Alexander's Caleb Deecie, on one occasion, as cleverly acted, but wrong in two points. "He did not walk like a blind man, and he had his eyes shut, when they should have been open." I recollect, many years ago, being present at a representation of Mr. Toole's "Dot," when the lady who played the blind girl kept her eyes open; but unfortunately the effect was one of staring rather than of sightlessness. Yet undoubtedly, on principle, Mrs. Dallas was right. She referred but little to her past triumphs; indeed, it was not easy to make her discourse about herself; her memory was not good, and she did not speak at random. She retained, nevertheless, a strong admiration for some of her old companions—considered Mr. King a man whose genius would have put London at his feet, but for one unfortunate failing; for Mr. Phelps's gallant fight for the classical drama she had nothing but praise; but, as an actor, thought him in some parts "a plebeian Macready."

She had naturally a strong contempt for the modern "society actor," and for the parrot-like acting of some provincial touring companies. One little anecdote she related with a genuine horror that was not without its amusing side. Visiting a certain fashionable little theatre, during the performance of a burlesque company, she observed among the supers one of her aristocratic pupils. "He seemed to be trying to keep in the background out of my sight, but I was not deceived. The next time I saw him I asked him what he could have been thinking of. 'Oh,' he said, 'what is the harm? It pays for my cigars and hansom!'" The recent meeting of unemployed actors furnishes a curious commentary upon this fact.

Mrs. Dallas died in her well-beloved house, 13, Mount Street. She had anticipated mournfully the falling in of the lease, and the demolition of the large, gloomy rooms, especially the favourite sitting-room with the big sofa piled with enormous cushions, and innumerable tables loaded with mementoes. It was characteristic of her that the visitor looked in vain for photographs or drawings of his hostess. She was often asked to sit, she said, but could not of late years make up her mind to it. Yet her features, full of intellectual strength, had a charm which many faces, regularly beautiful, are without. They were the reflex of an honest nature,





MISS MARION TERRY.

"God keep you all the night,
God bless you all the day."

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTILEROV."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

independent, and full of purpose. To the last she worked hard, and suffered, so far as my knowledge went, with heroic fortitude. I asked her, a few months back, if she did not find her labours too severe. "Ah, I do not complain of work!" she answered. "I have not pupils enough!" Her work was the more fatiguing because she was so thorough. "I act all the parts myself," she said, in describing her method of teaching. This conscientiousness she carried into many matters that most of us take lightly enough. On one occasion she was begged to inscribe her opinions in a "Book of Thoughts"—one of those confessional horrors that were then popular. Instead of taking the pen that was offered, she carried the book to her own room, and next day produced the result of perfectly serious reflection. A few quotations may not be uninteresting:—

Poetry "is in each blade of grass, and is born in us all." History "is delightful, especially Carlyle's, only we [must] not merely *dip* into history." Fiction "should be pastime only, else it will eat up your heart and head." A country life "is *one* glory;" a town life "is every glory in one." Of music Mrs. Dallas-Glyn quoted, "I am never merry when I hear sweet music. The reason is, your *spirits* are attentive." Of the Fine Arts she said, that they were "second nature, and should peer forth even in our humblest needs;" of reading, that "too much of it blinds us to Nature's numberless books." Her favourite pursuits were declared to be "moon-gazing and nature-wanderings;" her favourite amusements "loving animals and reading their holy eyes." She selected for her "finest passage of poetry" the lines from Shakespeare, beginning—

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

Adding, "The glory of the heavens over us at —, on the — 1880, were all life to us, and we forgot even Shakespeare." Among the names she held in reverence for their several genius were George Eliot, Scott, Fielding, Beethoven, Handel, Beaconsfield, and Bright.

The kindness shown by Mrs. Dallas in condescending to join us in our frivolous pastime was by no means singular. I have heard her listen patiently to amateur efforts and give judgment generously. She did not hold with being nothing if not critical.

It is not to the credit of the country that no pension came to sweeten the closing days of the life of one who fell almost in harness—who was, within living recollection, one of the ornaments of the stage, the last of the line of tragic actresses, from Mrs. Betterton downwards, and, withal, a true and noble-hearted woman, whose motto surely was—"Not failure, but low aim, is crime." Her toil continued until illness could no longer be resisted, and we who had the honour of acquaintance or friendship with her could least have desired that she should be longer spared.

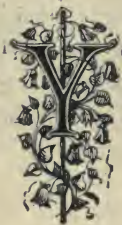
She had, I think, taken to heart the words of our English poet, which might well form her epitaph:—

"Kne we thyselfe first immortalle,
And loke aye besely thou worke and wysse
To comune profyte, and thou shalt never mysse
To come swiftly unto that place dere,
That ful of blysse ys, and of soules clere."

CECIL W. FRANKLYN.



To a Face.



YOU are so beautiful, so wholly fair,
So heavenly, so gracious to my sight.
I know no more of you, if wrong or right,
Or joy or praise be yours; nor do I care.
If but one single word could render bare
The secret of your strength, as steals the light
Along the crooked byways of the night,
That word were left unsaid. So much I dare.

It may be you are sinless as the snow,
Or that as scarlet sin and shame are blent.
I will not seek if you have aught to show
Of earth, or anything from Heaven sent.
Let those who will be wise. I only know
That you are beautiful. I am content.

WILLIE MUDFORD.

"A Doll's House."



ADMIRABLY as Mr. William Archer has done his work, loyally as he has been assisted in a labour of love by Miss Janet Achurch, Mr. Charrington, and their artistic companions, there are already signs of weakness in the over-vaunted Ibsen cause. The Ibsenites, failing to convince common-sense people of the justice of their cause, are beginning as a last resource to "abuse the opposing counsel." Hard words and ill names are flying about. For serious argument the defenders of the new faith are falling back on *tu quoques*. Having shown us a child-wife compounded of infantile tricks and capriciousness, a frivolous and irresponsible young person who does not hesitate to fib, and can, at a pinch, condescend to forge; a wife of eight years' standing who changes from a grown-up baby to an illogical preacher; a woman who, in a fit of disappointment, in spite of appeal to her honour, her maternity, her religion, her sense of justice, leaves the husband she has sworn to love, the home she has engaged to govern, and the children she is made to cherish; having introduced us to the sensual Dr. Rank, who discusses hereditary disease and the fit of silk stockings with the innocent wife of his bosom friend; having contrasted the sublimated egoism of the husband Helmer with the unnatural selfishness of Nora, his wife; having flung upon the stage a congregation of men and women without one spark of nobility in their nature, men without conscience and women without affection, an unloveable, unlovely, and detestable crew—the admirers of Ibsen, failing to convince us of the excellence of such creatures, turn round and abuse the wholesome minds that cannot swallow such unpalatable doctrine, and the stage that has hitherto steered clear of such displeasing realism.

Now what, after all this fuss, is the true story of Nora Helmer? She is the child of a fraudulent father, badly brought up, neglected at home, bred in an atmosphere of lovelessness, who has had no one to influence her in her girlhood's days for good. She marries the man of her choice, a practical, hard-headed, unromantic banker. There is no suggestion that the marriage is forced upon her; she does it of her own free will. For eight long years she is, apparently, as happy as the day is long. She is the mother of three handsome children; she idolises her prosaic husband; and her supreme joy is to ruin her white teeth with sweetstuff and macaroons, to dress Christmas trees, to play hide-and-seek with her adorable infants, and to bound like a frisky kitten about the sofas, chairs, and settees—a restless, frivolous, creature, who would drive any nervous man mad in a fortnight. Nora does not profess to be an intellectual

companion to her husband, even if he wanted it. She has never once sighed for a communion of souls. Her household god is King Baby, so husband Helmer very sensibly leaves her to the enjoyment of her maternity and her macaroons. Ruskin very aptly remarks, "A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little; by what she half-knows or misknows she will only tease him."

From this point of view Nora is a rather undesirable companion. She misknows everything. She is all heart like a cabbage, and affectionate as many spoiled children are; but she does not know the value of money, the virtue of truth, or the penalty of a criminal action. She spends money, like other silly women, over "bargains;" she tells little innocent lies, because it is so funny; and, when her husband is ill, and wants a change, she forges a promissory note, because the object of borrowing the money is in her eyes a good one. It is the forged note that gets Nora into trouble. The holder of it presses for payment, and threatens to tell her husband. Now, this is the last thing that Nora desires. She feels that he thinks she is a good-natured little fool, and does not desire to be further humiliated in his eyes. He pinches her ear, and calls her by pet names, such as Squirrel, and Mouse, and Bird; but in all practical matters she is a positive hindrance to his ambition. The truth about the forged note will be very inconvenient to Nora's husband, in a commercial sense; it is mixed up with his position as a bank manager and his authority over the clerks; so, when Nora discovers that her innocent act is in reality a very serious one, she is in a pitiful plight indeed. She cannot consult her best woman friend, because that practical person despises Nora's senseless frivolity almost as much as her husband does. She cannot borrow the money from her husband's friend, the moribund doctor, because that very objectionable gentleman desires to be false to his friend before he departs for another world, and becomes rather too familiar before the family lamp is lighted. No one can fail to pity this poor, weak, defenceless little creature as she dances the tarantella with hysterical excitement, in order to prevent her serious husband going to the compromising post-box.

The crash is inevitable; and it comes. It was natural, no doubt, that Nora should believe that when her husband discovered her innocent blunder he would forgive her, and take the blame on his shoulders. But it was equally natural that a business man would, at the first blush of things, be very angry at the idea of forgery connected with his spotless name. At any rate, Helmer is very angry indeed. He forgets all his affection and endearments; he can think only of his personal injury. Helmer's attitude towards his child-wife is natural but unreasonable. Nora's conduct towards her husband, when the forged bill has been returned, and he has apologised for his impetuosity, is both unreasonable and unnatural. Here is embodied the germ of the Ibsen creed; here we have the first fruits of the "new gospel," the marvellous philosophical revelation that is to alter the order of our dramatic literature; here is the extraordinary

"discovery" that is, forsooth, to place Henrik Ibsen on a platform with Shakespeare.

It is an unlovely, selfish creed—but let women hear it. Nora, when she finds her husband is not the ideal hero she imagined, determines to cap his egotism with her selfishness. It is to be an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Pardon she cannot grant, humiliation she will not recognise. The frivolous butterfly, the Swedish Frou-Frou, the spoiled plaything has mysteriously become an Ibsenite revivalist. There were no previous signs of her conversion, but she has exchanged playfulness for preaching. She, a loving, affectionate woman, forgets all about the eight years' happy married life, forgets the nest of the little bird, forgets her duty, her very instinct as a mother, forgets the three innocent children who are asleep in the next room, forgets her responsibilities, and does a thing that one of the lower animals would not do. A cat or dog would tear any one who separated it from its offspring, but the socialistic Nora, the apostle of the new creed of humanity, leaves her children almost without a pang. She has determined to leave her home. She cannot pass another night under her husband's roof, for he is "a stranger." She is a wife no longer; the atmosphere is hideous, for he is a "strange man." Her husband appeals to her, but in vain. He reminds her of her duty; she cannot recognise it. He appeals to her religion; she knows nothing about it. He recalls to her the innocent children; she has *herself* to look after now! It is all self, self, self! This is the ideal woman of the new creed; not a woman who is the fountain of love and forgiveness and charity, not the pattern woman we have admired in our mothers and our sisters, not the model of unselfishness and charity, but a mass of aggregate conceit and self-sufficiency, who leaves her home and deserts her friendless children because she has *herself* to look after. The "strange man" who is the father of her children has dared to misunderstand her; she will scorn his regrets and punish him. Why should the men have it all their own way, and why should women be bored with the love of their children when they have themselves to study? And so Nora goes out, delivers up her wedding-ring without a sigh, quits her children without a kiss, and bangs the door! And the husband cries, "A miracle! a miracle!" and well he may. It would be a miracle if he could ever live again with so unnatural a creature.

German audiences revolted against Ibsen's conclusion. They compelled him, against his conviction, to bring Nora back. The little children cried and the wife returned. But the Ibsenites were shocked. It was too conventional by far; the love of a mother for her children was too commonplace for the modern philosophical drama. And as yet the English public has said no word, except to sit with open-mouthed astonishment at the Ibsen stage, and to try to feel that good acting wholly atones for false sentiment. There are certain things in the play that err against good taste, not to be readily forgiven. Dr. Rank, with his nasty conversation, his medical theories, and his ill-judged discussions can hardly pass. But what

are we to say of Ibsen's Nora — foolish, fitful, conceited, selfish, and unloveable Nora—who is to drive from the stage the loving and noble heroines who have adorned it and filled all hearts with admiration from the time of Shakespeare to the time of Pinero? What can be better said than in the words of one who wrote thus of women in "Queen's Gardens?"—John Ruskin:—

"The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet estimated with entire consent. We hear of the 'mission' and of the 'rights' of women, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of man; as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps more foolishly wrong—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude. This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow or worthily by a slave!

"Know you not," says Ruskin, "these lovely lines?—I would they were learned of all youthful ladies of England."

And, truly, the subjoined lines of Coventry Patmore are particularly applicable just now, when the noble women of drama and fiction, the Andromaches and Penelopes, the Iphigenias and Unas and Imogens and Constances and Jeanie Deans are to be thrust aside for deformed and stunted and loveless creatures, whose unnatural selfishness the modern dramatist extols, and with whose puny natures the modern essayist professes to be in love!

"Ah, wasteful woman!—she who may,
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

—C. S., from the *Daily Telegraph*.



Our Musical-Box.

THE OPERA SEASON.

Mr. Augustus Harris inaugurated his third season of Italian Opera—that is to say his second at Covent Garden—on Saturday, May 18, with a revival of Bizet's early opera, "Les Pêcheurs de Perles." A more brilliant commencement it would be difficult to imagine. The Prince and Princess of Wales headed a most distinguished audience, the first of many such gatherings witnessed in the course of the present season; and on all sides were forthcoming indications of the deep interest taken by society in the revival of Italian Opera at Covent Garden. To make this opening success complete in an artistic sense some other opera was needed. Truth to tell, Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles" met with as little admiration now as when Mr. Mapleson first brought it out at Covent Garden two years before under the title of "Leila." Mr. Harris's leading conductor, Signor Mancinelli, had made some attempt to improve the stupid finale of the last act, and Mr. Harris himself did his best by a strong distribution of the characters and a splendid *mise en scène* to improve the chances of the work. But in vain. Opera-goers found it impossible to interest themselves in a story of such exceeding dullness, nor did they, save at rare moments, find themselves carried away by either the charm or the dramatic sentiment of the music. Miss Ella Russell made an interesting Leila, and Signor D'Andrade was in all respects a fine representative of Zurga, and the choruses were superbly sung. M. Talazac as Nadir rather disappointed those who had heard him at the Opéra Comique. His voice did not tell in the big house. On subsequent representation "Les Pêcheurs" failed to draw. Should Mr. Harris henceforward see his way to excluding it from the *répertoire*, I can assure him this uninteresting work will "not be missed."

In the following week there was a succession of *débuts*. In "Faust" M. Montariol, an agreeable and intelligent tenor, won favourable opinions; and the Russian baritone, M. Winogradoff, displayed his fine voice to advantage in the music of Valentine, without, perhaps, creating as strong an impression as when heard at the Novelty in Rubinstein's "Demon." Gounod's opera also served for the *rentrées* of Miss Macintyre (Marguerite), Madame Scalchi (Siebel), and Signor Castelmarty (Mephistopheles). The first-named artist charmed greatly by an impersonation of singular freshness and grace. In "Carmen" another new tenor, Signor Antonio D'Andrade

(brother of the admirable baritone who now reappeared as the Toreador), claimed notice, exhibiting a sympathetic voice and considerable dramatic feeling in the part of Don José. Madame Marie Roze returned to the Italian stage to play Carmen, but in a vocal sense at least failed to satisfy as in the old Carl Rosa days. The honours of the "Carmen" performance really fell to Miss Macintyre (an ideal Michaela) and to Signor Arditì, whom everyone was glad to see at the composer's desk again. On Saturday, the 25th, "Aïda" was revived, with Madame Valda in the title-*rôle*, and very excellently did that lady acquit herself. Verdi's penultimate opera was repeated on the 4th ult., when M. Jean de Reszke made his first appearance this season as Radames, and Madame Nordica resumed her picturesque assumption of Aïda. Needless to say that the gifted Polish tenor was accorded a flattering welcome, and that he sang and acted as magnificently as ever.

The kind of support vouchsafed to Covent Garden performances may be judged from the fact that, in the course of the second and third weeks, Mr. Harris found it worth while to give no fewer than twelve representations. Among the operas given was Boïto's "Mefistofele," but unhappily the charm of Miss Macintyre's performance—she enacted both heroines this year instead of appearing as Marguerite only—was more than counterbalanced by the shortcomings of the new tenor, Signor Massimi, whose singing did not please, and who made as commonplace a Faust as it has ever been my lot to see. The part of Mefistofele, by the way, was capitally sustained at short notice by Signor Novara. The next notable production was "Lohengrin," in which that clever American soprano, Madame Nordica, made her first appearance as Elsa, and achieved a palpable hit in a part for which nature and art have alike fitted her. Wagner's early masterpiece has since been repeated two or three times, invariably drawing large crowds. The cast has undergone certain changes each time. For instance, Madame Albani, who unexpectedly joined the company and made her *rentrée* on the 1st ult., resumed her well-known delineation of Elsa—a reading curiously contrasted in its intense emotional sentiment to the simple girlish maiden portrayed by Madame Nordica. Again, both M. Jean de Reszke and Mr. Barton McGuckin have filled the *rôle* of Lohengrin, the famous Polish artist rendering it with his accustomed nobility and tenderness of bearing; while Mr. McGuckin made therein a highly successful *début* in Italian opera. Madame Fürsch-Madi has alone filled the part of Ortrud. M. Edouard de Reszke and Signor Castelmarty have divided the part of the King; while Teiramund, on the second representation, introduced M. Séguin, a Belgian baritone, possessing a capital voice and a good declamatory style.

The revival of "La Sonnambula" on the 3rd ult. cannot have materially benefited the managerial exchequer, but it served to bring back to us with undiminished natural gifts and augmented artistic powers Miss Marie Van Zandt. A more exquisite rendering of Amina's florid music has not been heard for many years. Yet, on the whole, I preferred the still youthful

prima donna as Cherubino in the delightful revival of "Le Nozze de Figaro," given two nights later. In this Madame Albani repeated her perfect embodiment of the Countess ; Miss Ella Russell made an admirable Susanna ; Signor Cotogni was as vivacious and amusing a Figaro as ever ; and Signor D'Andrade essayed the part of the Count for the first time with distinguished success. Let it be noted, by the way, that this performance of Mozart's comic masterpiece drew a crowd to the opera on Derby Day, and that Signor Arditì secured a singularly delicate rendering of the glorious instrumentation. A week later Mozart was drawn upon again, his "Don Giovanni" being interpreted by a capable, though not exactly brilliant, cast. The best impersonations were the Zerlina of Miss Van Zandt, the Donna Elvira and the Donna Anna of Madame Fürsch-Madi, and the Don of Signor F. D'Andrade—this last an assumption invariably characterised by true Spanish grace and distinction. Meanwhile a performance of "Rigoletto," on the 6th, calls for mention, inasmuch as Madame Melba and M. Lassalle made their first appearance for the season in this opera, the Australian artist evincing remarkable all-round improvement, while M. Lassalle not only played the Jester for the first time here, but sang his music to the French text. Strangely enough, the unwelcome innovation just alluded to (introduced to please the whim of the artist) was repeated in the performance of "Guillaume Tell," given on the 11th, when there was no help for the "polyglot" arrangement. The offender this time was M. Séguin, who played Tell at a few hours' notice, and played it very well indeed, in the place of the illustrious French baritone. The Arnold of this performance was M. Lestellier, a tenor who came over here some few seasons back. He does not, however, possess the vocal physique requisite for so robust a part, and consequently failed to satisfy. Mdlle. Elisa Lita, a young Roumanian soprano, made her *début* as Mathilde, and was so excessively nervous that it was impossible to form an accurate estimate of her capabilities. I have already once made allusion to the excellence of the Covent Garden orchestra. Let me here pay a tribute to Mr. Harris's magnificent chorus, which fairly surpassed itself in the Canton scene of Rossini's opera, producing an effect not easily to be forgotten by those who heard it.

An exceptionally brilliant audience gathered to witness the production on Saturday, the 15th ult., of Gounod's opera "Roméo et Juliette," now given in the original French for the first time in this country. Whether regarded as an experiment tried with a view to further developments, or merely as a "happy thought" resulting from the accident of circumstances, it must be admitted that this initial essay in French upon the boards of the Royal Italian opera was attended by complete success. As a matter of fact, the task of singing Gounod's music to the actual text of MM. Carré and Barbier was scarcely new to anyone save the chorus ; the cast consisted almost from first to last of French or French-speaking artists. MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke as Roméo and Frère Laurent were enacting the parts they had undertaken in the recent revival at the Grand Opéra. Madame Melba resumed in Juliette one of the most emphatic of her last

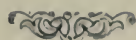
season's successes at Brussels. Nor can I complain of a single "square peg in a round hole" in the distribution of the remaining characters, unless it be the selection of M. Winogradoff for Mercutio. The Russian baritone's pronunciation is by no means above reproach, and his voice and style lack the lightness essential for the musical setting of the "Queen Mab" speech. Concerning the Tybalt of M. Montariol, the Capulet of M. Séguin, the Duke of M. Castelmarty, the Grégorio of Signor Miranda, the Gertrude of Madame Lablache, and the Stéfano of Mdlle. Jane de Vigne, enough that every one of these excellent French or Belgian artists proved more than equal to the tasks allotted them. I have not space to descant at length upon the beautiful rendering of the love duets by Madame Melba and M. Jean de Reszke. Both were in their finest form, and Gounod's sensuous strains have rarely, if ever, been invested with a fuller measure of charm and passion. The *mise en scène* was marked not only by unusual splendour, but by many little improvements in the stage-management of the opera. For these features I give Mr. Harris much credit, whilst according high praise to Signor Mancinelli for his zealous and painstaking direction of the opera.

The cast of "Les Huguenots" on the 18th was memorable. The men were magnificent—Jean de Reszke once more a superb Raoul; Francesco D'Andrade a refined Nevers; Lassalle grand in the fourth act as the implacable fanatic, St. Bris; Edouard de Reszke (for the first time here) a Marcel the like of which the present generation has not seen. Mdlle. Toni Schläger, the new Valentina from the Vienna Opera House, was too nervous to do herself justice, but she is a genuine and powerful dramatic soprano and a fine actress. Miss Ella Russell sang brilliantly, though not always neatly, as Marguerite de Valois. The *Bénédiction des Poignards* was a triumph for all concerned.

As regards the season at Her Majesty's, I am bound to say that down to the time of writing it has engrossed comparatively little attention. Mr. Mapleson started avowedly with the intention of devoting himself to Italian opera generally and light Italian opera in particular. The latter, I surmise, he has scarcely succeeded in making worth while. No one cares in these days for operas such as Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore;" and without "star" prima donnas it can scarcely be profitable to produce such hackneyed works as "Il Barbiere de Seville," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Trovatore," "Sonnambula," and the rest of the familiar worn-out *répertoire*. To one "sheet-anchor" the gallant impresario has not clung in vain. I allude to the ever-popular *chef-d'œuvre* "Faust," which has been given two or three times to tolerably good houses. Furthermore, the Marguerite (Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan) has proved by far the most interesting of the *débutantes* brought forward by Mr. Mapleson with his accustomed lavishness. Madame Gargano is an accomplished singer, but lacks ingenuousness and natural charm. Of the others it is scarcely worth while to speak. Some more or less useful artists have gained acceptance, but after all chief reliance has had to be placed upon the members of what I may term Mr. Mapleson's

"old brigade." One thing may be said without fear of contradiction, Her Majesty's has not looked so bright and pretty for many a day as it looks this season, thanks to the very complete manner in which the house has been done up.

HERMANN KLEIN.



Our Play-Box.

"TRUE HEART."

A new Drama of nautical interest, in a prologue and three acts, by HENRY BYATT and SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY. Produced at the Princess's Theatre, June 3, 1889.

Sir Ralph Minto, Bart. . . .	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Richard Carlyon	Mr. LEONARD BOYNE.
Lyas Carver	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Julian Minto	Mr. H. H. MORELL.
Tim Timmens	Mr. E. W. GARDEN.	Old Carlyon	Mr. MORRIS.
Frank Fairfield	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS.	Ben English	Mr. W. S. PARKES.
Jenkins	Miss EDITH OSTLER.	Boatswain	Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.
Bess Ruddsdell	Miss HELEN LEYTON.	Charles Spring	Mr. HERBERT.
Mrs. Ruddsdell	Mrs. FRANK HUNTLEY.	Jem Robbins	Mr. KINGSCOTE.
Sailor's Wife	Miss SIBLEY.	Sailor (with a Song) . .	Mr. CURTIS D'ALTON.
Sabina (Lady Minto) and Nell Foster		Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE.	

The initial performance of Mr. Henry Byatt's drama took place at the Theatre Royal, Leamington, when it was well received. Brought out at the Princess's, June 3, in rather an unrehearsed state, it seemed likely to prove popular in London, being sensational and effective, if not very original. In the prologue we make the acquaintance of the most villainous of wicked baronets ever seen on the stage. His late brother, who had married a sweet Australian girl, Sabina, has left him at the mercy of the widow's generosity. This good woman is going to do more than what is right by her brother-in-law, and he knows it; but the fiendish nobleman is not content. Sir Ralph bribes an equally wicked marine store dealer, by name Lyas Carver, to abduct Sabina's little daughter. And when the mother, hearing the child scream, wants to rush after her, he purposely stands between her and the door, thus causing her to run out on an unsafe balcony, Sabina meeting her death by the whole structure falling to the ground. Fifteen years pass away. Little Nell, brought up as a village girl, supposed to be a foundling, has been adopted by Old Carlyon, who took pity on the child Lyas Carver used to ill-treat. The latter is now master of the "Minto Arms," the price of his villany. Sir Ralph has not improved with age. Though he believes himself to be quite secure in his possession of the Minto estates, yet he thinks it best to provide against eventualities. His cub of a son, Julian, being in love with Nell, he encourages him to marry her, but Nell is betrothed to young Richard

Carlyon, part owner and skipper of the "True Heart." She loves her gallant sailor with all her heart, and will have naught to say to Julian. Determined to have his own way, Sir Ralph is goaded on to his dire purpose by an arrival fraught with danger for him. This is no other than Frank Fairfield, an Australian. Sabina has been the one love of his life. When she had married another he had remained her devoted friend. When Richard introduces him to Nell, he exclaims "Sabina," for the girl is the very image of her mother. Fairfield has a private interview with Nell, and gradually awakens past memories of her childhood, till her words prove her identity. Meanwhile her wedding day has come, and Sir Ralph, who has just sold the freehold of a cottage to Richard, induces him to drink a glass of champagne, drugged with some poisonous substance that makes him go mad. Before his reason is gone, his frenzy is increased by an offer of £4,000 if he will give up Nell to Julian. He half strangles Sir Ralph. When his friends come to see why he is not at the church, he strikes his mates, thrusts his bride aside, and rushes off to his ship, which is bound to sail on a short voyage the following day. The baronet is triumphant, but Fairfield declares Richard is not drunk, and there has been foul play. Next day, Fairfield, who is now possessed of tangible proofs that Nell is Sabina's daughter, has an interview with Sir Ralph, who, driven at bay, does not become repentant. A fearful storm has arisen, and the "True Heart" is in imminent danger. Night has come, and, knowing that, by this time, Richard must have recovered his senses, Sir Ralph hopes to secure his doom by extinguishing the lighthouse fire; and he meets the penalty of his crimes by slipping off the cliff and being dashed and killed on the rocks below. Then comes the great scene of the play. We are on the rocky beach, upon which the waves dash with unceasing fury. Nell, Fairfield, and an anxious crowd are looking out for the "True Heart," whose signal gun is continually heard. The lightning reveals that she has lost her course, then comes the cry that she has struck and is sinking. "Out with the lifeboat," exclaims Fairfield. "Who will volunteer to come with me?" There is a rush; seamen drag in a large lifeboat fully manned, which is launched, and carried on the angry waves across the stage with a motion that is surprisingly true. Of course it returns with Richard and his crew, saved from the wreck, and all ends happily. This scene should make the success of the play. On the first night it dragged, and there was too much talk in proportion to the action, but this is a mere question of rehearsal. The lifeboat is remarkably well managed, and the whole thing realistic and impressive. "True Heart" is not a high-class play; it is written on the old conventional lines of melodrama, and is by no means free from exaggeration. But there are some good scenes, reminding one that Mr. Henry Byatt is the author of that good little piece "The Brothers." The dialogue is unequal but in parts excellent. The acting all round was good. As the wicked baronet Mr. Bassett Roe, well made up as usual, did good service, but this clever young actor would have been more effective if he had dissembled

a little more, in the expression of his face, when speaking to those he wished to deceive. Mr. Julian Cross was a good Lyas Carver. Mr. Leonard Boyne as Richard was very fine in the one strong scene entrusted to him. When even in his drunken madness the man's noble nature asserts itself, dignified with anger and broken down by sorrow, Mr. Boyne showed this with rare tact. Mr. Morell acquitted himself remarkably well of a small but difficult part. As the *deus ex machina* of the story, Frank Fairfield, Mr. Yorke Stephens gave a most finished and artistic impersonation. Always gentlemanly and natural, coolly polite, sarcastic, or deeply earnest, with a sense of humour or great depth of feeling, Mr. Yorke Stephens has never done anything better, and reaped the success he thoroughly deserved. Miss Helen Leyton was rather mixed up as to her dialect, but was otherwise very good as a bright village lass. Miss Grace Hawthorne, in the double character of Sabina and Nell, was at her very best. The pathos and gentle grace of the mother enlisted all sympathies. The charm and artlessness of the daughter pleased every one. Deeply earnest, Miss Hawthorne has rarely been so simple and natural; two words which I consider contain the greatest praise for an actress, and I sincerely congratulate her on this new impersonation.

"TRUE COLOURS."

A new and original Play, in four acts, by D. STEWART. First produced at a special *matinée*, Vaudeville Theatre, June 4, 1889.

Jack Vigors	Mr. R. S. BOLEYN.	Bushille	Mr. HENRY BAGGE.
Sir George Westcarr ..	Mr. LAWRENCE CAUTLEY.	Fletcher	Mr. S. HERBERT Basing.
Pugh	Mr. LIONEL BELMORE.	Cheviot	Mr. PHILLIPS.
Ned Battery	Mr. JOHN MACLEAN.	Onslow	Mr. W. NORTON.
Mr. Russit	Mr. PAUL BELMORE.	The O'Donovan ..	Mr. WALTER BLUNT.
The Major	Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE.	An Original Member	Mr. STEWART.
Frank Stoveley	Mr. SCOTT BUIST.	Mary Battery	Miss P. HUDSPETH.
Kidd	Mr. CECIL ROMSEY.	Mrs. Battery	Miss ELSIE CHESTER.
Lord Paddington	Mr. FRANK HOWEL.	Miss Cholmondeley ..	Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.
Abrahams	Mr. GEORGE H. GRAY.	Miss de Montmorency	Miss MADGE RAY.
Luke Hare	Mr. HAROLD MAXWELL.		

It is a singular coincidence that with a similarity in title this play should likewise have a similarity in motive to that of "True Heart." Sir George, who learns in the same breath that his father and his wife are dead, resolves to seek oblivion and consolation for his broken heart in distant travels. He will be away for years, maybe never come back. So he entrusts the guardianship of his infant daughter, and of his estates, to Jack Vigors, his cousin and next of kin, whom he thinks the soul of honour. Sir George settles upon him an income of £3,000 a year; but, of course, so small a pittance cannot satisfy Vigors, who also, of course, is the villain as well as the hero of the play. The child must be made away with. She is given into the custody of a poacher, Ned Battery, and his wife, to whom the Lodge is given, there being an understanding between Vigors and Ned that the child shall not live. But the Batterys' own little girl happening to die, she is buried under the name of the baronet's daughter, and Vigors, the heir presumptive, now looks upon himself as the master of all. Seventeen years have passed. Mary, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, wishes to go on the stage, and is encouraged in this wish by Vigors,

whom she thinks a trustworthy friend. He, however, is only anxious to get her away to London to ruin her, and for this purpose introduces her to a theatrical agent, who, it is to be hoped, is an exception in the profession. Mary is taken to a subscription ball, where she is insulted, and rescued by her honourable lover Frank Stoveley. The next thing is the return of Sir George, who recognises his daughter from her likeness to her mother, and all ends happily. As for Vigers, arrested for having raised money on his expectations as the heir to Sir George, and previously convicted of cheating at cards, he shoots himself. Thus ends a play made up of old materials, to which no specially new treatment is given—one of those pieces which are neither good nor bad, and destined to be forgotten. The four acts were practically seven acts, as the curtain came down and music was played between each scene, a wearisome proceeding. Some of the acting deserves recording. Mr. Lawrence Cautley did justice to the small part of Sir George. Mr. Lionel Belmore was good as Pugh the butler. Mr. John Maclean and Mr. Charles Collette were both excellent in character parts. Mr. Scott Buist acted well, but dropped his voice too low. Miss Elsie Chester and Miss Charlotte Elliott were both very good, and Miss P. Hudspeth is a promising young actress. Mr. R. S. Boleyn, a sound actor too seldom seen in London, did much with an indifferent part. His Jack Vigers had a gentlemanly bearing that explained the confidence placed in him. In the only scene where he had any opportunity of showing power, when accused of cheating, he was very good indeed.

"JIM THE PENMAN."

Shaftesbury Theatre, June 8, 1889.

With the revival of so excellent a play as "Jim the Penman," and with a very good all-round company, Mr. E. S. Willard and Mr. John Lart have started their managerial career under the brightest auspices. It was a fortunate circumstance that Lady Monckton was free to resume the part she created. In every particular she was as good and impressive as ever. And in the scene with her daughter in the last act, I found the true ring of feeling that used to be missing in the early days of her impersonation. Her acting now is equally powerful, but far more finished. By the bye, how her last scene with her husband has gained in truth and sympathy now that the phrase "And confess to the world who you are" has been judiciously cut out. It is enough to say that Miss Lindley resumed her old part for every one to know how well it was acted. Mr. Herbert is very good as Lewis Percival, Mr. Elwood excellent as Captain Redwood—you do not at once see the word detective printed on his features, and are not surprised that a man of his appearance should be received into good society. The Baron Hartfeld of Mr. Mackintosh has many good points, but this clever actor should curb his tendency to grimace; his Touchstone was recently spoilt by an excess of this, and a man of Mr. Mackintosh's ability should not allow such a fault to gain upon him. Mr. Willard gives a most interesting study of Jim the Penman, a most complex character.

All its varied emotions are most admirably and artistically depicted. Recalled over and over again by an enthusiastic audience, after he had brought on Mr. John Lart to bow his acknowledgments; he was again recalled and a speech insisted upon. Mr. Willard was certainly original in his sincerity, beginning in this fashion:—"Ladies and gentlemen . . . you quite bewilder me . . . I haven't got a speech ready." Then passing his hand over his forehead, "Let me see . . . thank you for your kind reception," a voice, interrupting, "It's well deserved!" Then Mr. Willard went on to promise productions of plays by the best writers, and, as an interesting item, to announce that a benefit would soon be given at the Shaftesbury to "Granny Stevens," the dear old lady with whom he had made his first appearance in "The Lights of London." As soon as he was no longer speaking of himself, Mr. Willard's tongue flowed freely. No wonder if at the outset he was nervous and rather upset, pleasantly so, by so cordial a reception. So good a start should speak well for the future of the young managers, who are evidently determined to give the public the best fare.

"ESTHER SANDRAZ."

A new Play, in three acts, from a novel by ADOLPHE BELOT, by SYDNEY GRUNDY.
Produced at a special *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, June 11, 1889.

Henri Vandelle	Mr. ARTHUR DACRE.	Esther Sandraz ..	Miss AMY ROSELLE.
Olivier Deschamps.. ..	Mr. FRED TERRY.	Henriette	Miss ELEANORE LEYSHON.
Fourcanarde	Mr. H. KEMBLE.	Mdme. Fourcanarde	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
Boisgommeux	Mr. C. BROOKFIELD.	Clarisse	Miss MARY KINGSLEY.
Justin	Mr. J. MONTAGU.	Bertha	Miss GRACE BARING.
Servant	Mr. W. WARDEN.	Blanche	Miss HELEN VICARY.

A well-written play, a well-constructed play; a play which, after one of the most powerful first acts seen on the stage, does not dwindle away into nothingness, but rivets your interest to the end. From the first, Mr. Grundy had selected Miss Amy Roselle for the representative of his heroine, nor could he have made a more judicious selection for the creator of Esther Sandraz. The actress owes much to the author, who has written for her a character giving her such great opportunities. The author owes much to the actress, who has wakened the character into very life by her intensity and power, carrying the audience by storm, and swaying it at will. But let me tell the story. Henri Vandelle, who is about to be married in the provinces, gives a supper to say good-bye to his Paris friends. While awaiting his other guests he receives confidences from Olivier Deschamps, a young engineer. Secretly betrothed to a young girl, she has just written to him that, in obedience to her parents, she must give him up and marry another man, but that she loves him and him alone. Olivier then questions Henri about Esther Sandraz, a girl he was known to have loved deeply, and receives evasive answers. The guests arrive, and on learning Henri is going to marry, all unanimously declare Esther Sandraz must be the bride. When all have retired to the dining-room, Esther arrives on the scene, and is made acquainted with the situation by Henri's valet, who adds, "Monsieur has not mentioned the name, but of course everyone knows it must be mademoiselle." Esther is overcome

with joy. Then his late apparent neglect was only to prepare this surprise for her. She thought he had forgotten her, when he was only thinking of binding her to him by a closer and dearer tie. When he comes out to speak to her she pours out her gratitude and love until the words are frozen on her lips by his answer, "I am going to marry, but not you." At first she refuses to believe him, but the truth is forced upon her in cruel words about money, and still protesting that he loves her. Insulted by his propositions, sorrow makes place for anger and bitter resolve. She refuses to go, and insists upon being introduced to the guests, some of the ladies knowing her already. One of the ladies, being asked to sing, declines; then it is proposed that lots shall be drawn as to which of the fair guests shall first entertain the others. Esther's name comes out, and she tells them a story (her own) in words somewhat like these:—"A young girl born in the mountains of the south, was cherished and petted by her father, who let her have her own way in everything. Brought up with no companions save her dogs and horses, running wild, climbing mountains, doing what she pleased. Her father died when she was very young; then her mother took her to Madrid, where she was educated. Next they travelled. They did strange things, and people said they were only done to make themselves conspicuous. But people were ill-natured; they were wild creatures, and did wild things, that was all. Then they came to Paris, and the mother died. The girl was left alone—no—there was a man who loved her—she *thought* he did. The only man she had ever loved, her whole heart was his. For him she gave up the world—everything; she would have given her very life. He often left her alone, but she was not unhappy in her solitude, for all her thoughts were of him. One night they met face to face, and he told her without a blush that he was going to marry someone else for money. And he dared to insult her by offering to share that money with her. Then, for the first time, she understood to what sort of man she had given up her life. Once more they met, but this time he was blushing, for his friends were round him; and, taking from her breast the jewels he had given her (suited the action to the words), she threw them at his feet, saying, 'Take them and sell them; they will make money, and with that money you may buy a love as shameful as your own!'" Henri, who has listened to this story sunk down in an armchair, crushed under the weight of his own shame starts up, and, clasping her in his arms, declares his love is the strongest, and he will give up anything sooner than Esther. "It is too late. Henceforth I dedicate my life to revenge." With these words she sweeps out of the room, and the curtain comes down. The applause which shook the house in its spontaneous enthusiasm had nothing to do with the empty compliment so often heard at *matinées*. The spectators did not applaud because they intended to do so, but because they could not help themselves. Miss Roselle acted with a fire and power that were simply magnificent. A year later we find Henri married to the very girl Olivier had loved so deeply. The latter has been travelling, and





MR. GEORGE GIDDENS.

"Certain, men should be what they seem."

"OTHELLO," Act iii., Sc. 3.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

on his return Henri offers him the post of engineer in his quarry. It was for the necessary funds to work it that Henri married money. But Henriette's name had never been mentioned between the two men, and not until they meet face to face does Olivier know that he is to meet his old love again. Esther has not been heard of all this time; the weak Henri who could desert her, but not extinguish his passion for her, has written to her several times, receiving no answer. But the answer comes only too soon. Conscious of neglecting his wife, Henri has insisted that she should have a companion, and in answer to the advertisement, under a false name, comes Esther, bent upon fiendish revenge. Armed with Henri's letters, she dares him to send her away, or betray her identity, and establishes herself in his household. She tells him frankly that she is there for the purpose of torturing every moment of his existence. She is further nerved to this by overhearing a conversation in which the name of Esther Sandraz is mentioned, when Henriette, with the severity of one who has never been tempted, speaks of the woman "whose only sin was that she had loved one man and been faithful" with loathing and deep scorn. Esther is now steeled to her dire work. "Thank you, Madame Vandelle, for your hard words. The work your husband began you have completed. There was one soft spot left in my heart, now it is gone. What Esther was Henriette shall be." She has at once fathomed the feeling that exists between Henriette and Olivier. He was about to leave, but she contrives that he shall stay; that he shall have opportunities of seeing his old love alone. She awakens the husband's suspicions; and her revenge seems about to be accomplished by the entire ruin of this household when suddenly she falters. After all, to use her own words, "her vengeance was the last link that bound her to her love." She is first shaken in her purpose by a conversation with Olivier; a beautifully written scene, in which the true meaning of love is discussed by two broken hearts. "If a feeling can turn to hate," he tells her, "then it was not love." For the sake of Henriette's peace he is going away that night, never to return; and "you," he adds, "will go with me." But this passionate woman is not yet ripe for self-sacrifice. Who is to move her then? Her rival. In an instant of grief Henriette has told Olivier that she still loves him; she has bid him go away, and the young wife has nothing to reproach herself with. But this moment of weakness has taught her charity; she comes to Esther with words of kindness and sympathy, and asks to be forgiven for her harsh words. Then Esther's bitter hatred melts into tears. Since her mother's death no woman has spoken so sweetly to her. "I am not used to kindness," and kindness has awakened all that is good in her. Yes, Olivier was right, she will go away with him. Is it a pity the play was not allowed to end so. Esther Sandraz would have lived on in sorrow, it is true, but with the one sweet thought that she had regained her self-respect by acting nobly in the end. Henri should have been spared to atone for his selfishness by striving to make others happy. The present ending is more theatrical and less poetical. As Esther is about to

go away with Olivier, Henri, mistaking her for his wife, shoots her. Horror-stricken at what he has done, he kills himself. But for this "Esther Sandraz" is a most interesting and effective play. The dialogue is admirably written. Always witty and forcible, Mr. Grundy has hardly ever been so poetical and touching in his language. But Esther Sandraz is not a play that could stand if rendered by commonplace interpreters. It requires the touch of real artists to give it verve and life. Almost every distinct feeling and emotion has to be expressed in the part of Esther. Miss Amy Roselle was admirable in every detail. She not only electrified her audience, but also her fellow-actors. Mr. Arthur Dacre, in a difficult and ungrateful part, has seldom shown so much intensity, never done anything better, and deserves sincere congratulations. Mr. Fred Terry has never at any time acted so well. Miss Leyshon, a very pleasing, promising, and intelligent young actress, is too inexperienced at present to do full justice to the part of Henriette, which, although that of an *ingénue*, requires considerable power. Miss Rose Leclercq and Mr. H. Kemble were excellent in small characters that are important to the story. Mr. Brookfield coloured his with unnecessary exaggeration. At the last moment I hear that the entire rights of "Esther Sandraz" have been sold to Mrs. Langtry, who will perform it in London. All who saw Miss Amy Roselle will deeply regret that the future interpreter is not the artist who made the part her own by her grand creation.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

"A WHITE LIE."

Three-act Play, by SYDNEY GRUNDY (originally produced Friday, February 8, 1889, T. R., Nottingham).

Played for the first time in London at the Court Theatre, May 25, 1889.

Sir John Molyneux..	Mr. W. H. KENDAL.	Hannah	Miss PAUNCEFORT.
George Desmond ..	Mr. JOHN GLENDINNING.	Maid servant ..	Miss LUCIE..
Captain Tempest ..	Mr. ARTHUR DACRE.	Daisy Desmond ..	Miss MINNIE TERRY.
Dixon	Mr. DEANE.	Kate Desmond ..	Mrs. KENDAL.
Lady Molyneux ..	Miss OLGA BRANDON.		

Mr. Grundy has given us a play which has many excellent qualities. The dialogue is good, crisp, bright, epigrammatic, and yet possible. The characters are well contrasted, and the story is interesting. But with all this, the piece cannot be said to be a complete success. In the first place, one of the principal characters, that of a man whom the author evidently holds up to us for admiration and imitation, is anything but a gentleman, while the hero of the piece is too perversely jealous to allow us to sympathise with him in his troubles, or to feel any satisfaction, so far as he is concerned, when these troubles come to an end. Then the complications of the plot, though ingenious, are not convincing. They do not make the audience feel that, under similar circumstances, they must themselves have acted in a similar manner. The entire plot turns upon Mrs. Desmond, a woman who dearly loves her husband, to whom she has been married some years, taking upon herself the onus of having a lover in the person of Captain Tempest, a *roué*, to whom she was engaged as a young girl, in order that she may save her sister-in-law, Lady Molyneux, a giddy, thoughtless woman, for whom great excuses must be made in consequence of the

coldness of her husband. He, though ever keeping an open eye on his own honour, pretends to be always asleep, and not only allows a flirtation and almost an elopement to go on under his very nose, but permits Mrs. Desmond to be turned out of her house by her husband, who, after all the years of affection shown him by his wife, is only too ready to believe her guilty. Of course everything is cleared up at last, leaving the impression, however, that both husbands are far too well treated in regaining their respective wives. The play is admirably acted. Mrs. Kendal has never done anything better than Kate Desmond. Charming in her lighter scenes, her acting in the serious portions of the play earnest, powerful, and convincing. There was no exaggeration, no forcing the situations. The part of Sir John Molyneux suited Mr. Kendal to a nicety. Calm, quiet, and unemotional, he gives a rendering of the part which, though it cannot remove the unpleasant feeling caused by conduct so little becoming a gentleman, bears ample testimony to the skill of the artist. Miss Olga Brandon's Lady Molyneux was very well conceived, and equally well executed. The dissatisfied nature of the woman who is always craving after something she has not got was very well depicted, and the little touches by which she allows it to be seen that she is actuated more by irritation at her husband's indifference than by affection for Tempest were very skilfully introduced. Mr. Arthur Dacre was an excellent Captain Tempest, and in the difficult scene with Sir John in the last act he showed great skill and *finesse*, so much so that he actually led one to believe in what is so rare—a genuine repentance. Daisy, Mrs. Desmond's child, was cleverly played by Miss Minnie Terry. A small part, that of a rheumatic old nurse, was well filled by Miss Pauncefort. Mr. John Glendinning's George Desmond was not wholly satisfactory. He was very good in the first act, particularly in his display of jealousy, but afterwards he was rather heavy and his pathos a trifle laboured.

"THE SCARECROW."

Comedy, in three acts, written by CHARLES THOMAS.

First produced at the Strand Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, May 29, 1889.

Mr. De Crawley ..	Mr. SAM WHITAKER.	Geo. Nankivell, jun.	Mr. WILLIAM HERBERT.
Mrs. De Crawley ..	Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS.	Miss Abbey	Miss FANNY BROUGH.
Rupert	Mr. GRAHAM WENTWORTH.	Colonel Aspinwall..	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.
Adela	Miss ELLA CHAPMAN.	Perkins	Miss NELLIE LINGARD.
Ruth Latimer ..	Miss MILICENT MILD MAY.	Hobbs	Mr. WILTON HERIOT.
Mr. Geo. Nankivell	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.		

"The Scarecrow" should scarcely be called a comedy; it is really a farce, through which runs a vein of sentiment. It turns upon the intrigues caused in the—with one exception—particularly vulgar and impecunious family of Mr. De Crawley, *née* Nankivell, by the arrival from Australia of his scapegrace brother, Mr. George Nankivell. Nankivell is supposed to be a millionaire, and is therefore warmly welcomed by his relatives. The real millionaire is, however, his son, George Nankivell, jun., who, being of a romantic disposition, and desirous to be loved for himself, figures as his father's secretary under the name of Furlonger. Furlonger falls in love with Adela De Crawley, a young lady who in spite of her slanginess

is a very charming person. Ruth Latimer, De Crawley's niece, who is not a charming person by any means, having through a letter received from Sydney become aware of the identity of Furlonger and the millionaire, manages by a shabby trick to poison his mind against Adela, but the trick is ultimately exposed, and the lovers united. Two very amusing personages in the piece are an adventuress, Miss Abbey, who has gained admission into the Crawley family as a governess, and her scamp of a husband, Colonel Aspinwall, who lays a trap to compromise and extort money from George Nankivell, which plot is defeated through the acuteness of his son.

The piece was very well acted by some of those engaged. Miss Fanny Brough was delightful as Miss Abbey. She enjoyed her own and her husband's rascality thoroughly, and played with wonderful humour. Mr. Forbes Dawson gave an excellent representation of the cowardly, scoundrelly Colonel. This very clever young actor would, however, do very much better if he would take the trouble to learn his words. Mr. W. F. Hawtreys gave a careful and well-thought-out rendering of the part of George Nankivell. Mr William Herbert was light, easy, and gentlemanly as Furlonger. Miss Ella Chapman was sprightly and vivacious as Adela; and Miss Nellie Lingard showed ability in a small part—that of Perkins, Mrs. De Crawley's parlour-maid. The other characters were played without any sense of humour. The dialogue was bright and clever, though here and there somewhat laboured, and the complications were ingeniously contrived. On the whole, the play was a success, but it needs compression.

“MARAH.”

New Comedy-drama, in prologue and three acts, written by W. SAPTE, jun.

First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Friday afternoon, May 31, 1889.

Paul Garnaut	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.	Waiter	Mr. JAMES WILSON.
Geoffrey Blunt	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.	Marguerite Cordaix ..	Miss M. SCHUBERT.
Harvest Holmes	Mr. C. W. GARTHORNE.	Mrs. Grey	Mrs. B. M. DE SOLLA.
Jack Brande	Mr. WALLACE ERSKINE.	Winifred Grey	Miss MARY COLLETTE.
Mr. Hunt	Mr. G. H. THORNBURY.	Lilian Grey	Miss ANNIE ROSE.
Bougeron	Mr. IVAN WATSON.		

Mr. Sapte's play might have been successful if the acting of it had been entrusted to other hands. But it is useless for an author to spend his time in inventing strong situations if his actors are quite incapable of taking advantage of the opportunities afforded them. The play is based upon the rule of law that where two persons have been married by some one who is not qualified, and neither of them knows of the disqualification, they are man and wife. The villain of the piece has married under the circumstances detailed above. He discovers the fact that the officiating person was an impostor, and, being ignorant of the statute legalising such marriages, jumps to the conclusion that he is free. He leaves his wife, and after some time marries again. In the interval he has been a clerk in a French bank, which he has robbed. Arrested soon after his marriage for the robbery, he is sent to New Caledonia. His second wife falls in love with a young sailor, but is of course obliged to reject his addresses, though she refuses

to tell him her reasons. Soon after his departure she hears that her husband had escaped from New Caledonia in an open boat, which had been found at sea tenantless. She at once imagines her husband to be dead, and writes to her lover accepting him. He returns, bringing with him the husband, whom he has found on an uninhabited island in the Pacific. Of course there is no way out of the difficulty but by the death of the villain, so he falls dead after attempting to shoot his first and real wife. The ending, though hackneyed, was led up to with considerable skill. It will be seen that the story is an interesting one, and the play, if made a little less gloomy and played by other actors, would succeed. Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. C. W. Garthorne, Mr. Wallace Erskine, and Miss Mary Collette did very well, but unfortunately the same cannot be said of the representatives of the principal characters.

"THE TWO JOHNNIES."

New three-act Farceical Comedy, adapted by FRED HORNER and FRANK WYATT from "Durand et Durand," by MM. Maurice Ordonneau and Albin Valabrégue.

First produced at the Comedy Theatre, Thursday afternoon, June 6, 1889.

John Mags (Barrister)	Mr. CHARLES FAWCETT.	Clara	Miss Cissy GRAHAME.
John Mags (Grocer)	Mr. E. M. ROBSON.	Stella Dashington . . .	Miss ALMA STANLEY.
Josiah Bulman . . .	Mr. R. MEDLICOTT.	Hon. Mrs. Stanby . . .	
Alexander Pepperton .	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS.	Roxburgh	Miss M. A. GIFFARD.
Thomas Brooding . .	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.	Florence	Miss SCARLETT.
Daniel Gorme . . .	Mr. TOM SQUIRE.	Madge	Miss MAY JOCELYN.
James Wilkes . . .	Mr. WALTER SEALBY.		

"The Two Johnnies" is certainly one of the funniest plays that has been seen for some years. The story is simple enough, but the complications that arise in the course of it are comic, yet natural. John Mags, a celebrated barrister, has a cousin, another John Mags, a prosperous grocer. The grocer, staying at a provincial hotel, is mistaken for the barrister, and, in that character, marries Clara Bulman. He goes to live at Hampstead, where his father-in-law, Jonah Bulman, a retired publican, comes to stay with him. He also receives a visit from the barrister, who is mistaken by his wife and father-in-law for the grocer—the wretched husband not having dared to reveal his true position—and treated with due hauteur. The barrister is about to be married to Florence Roxburgh, the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Stanley Roxburgh, but he is also engaged to Stella Dashington, a very handsome and resolute young woman. Stella, wishing to get out of her engagement, comes to the barrister's chambers to appeal to him to release her, but, discovering accidentally that he is about to marry another woman, she, in an admirably-acted scene, contrives to extort from him the sum of £1,000 as the price of her giving him up and handing back to him his letters. In an interview at the barrister's chambers between Bulman and Mrs. Roxburgh, that lady is led to believe that it is the grocer who has proposed to her daughter, and straightway goes off to wreck his shop, while Bulman, having picked up a bundle of letters belonging to a case in which the barrister is engaged, is led to believe that his son-in-law, whom he still imagines to be a barrister, is carrying on an intrigue with a duchess, for whom he mistakes Stella. He and his daughter recount their grievances to Mrs. Roxburgh; and her daughter and the barrister, on entering his

chambers, find all present engaged in destroying everything in them. In the last act the mistake is discovered, but not until Bulman has attempted to prevent the barrister from entering the Court, and the grocer has made himself ridiculous in a wig which he does not know how to wear. There is also an amusing incident of a stammering client—a professor of elocution!—who comes to consult the barrister, and is made to sing the story of his wrongs. Another incident—that of the barrister's clerk having a son who is accused of murder, and whom the barrister defends and gets off—is utterly out of place in a farcical comedy, and should be cut out. The play is very well adapted; some of the lines should, however, be omitted, as they are much too risky for an English audience; but with this exception, and that of the incident mentioned above, there is very little alteration wanted save in the third act, which is very weak and wants strengthening.

None of the acting was bad, and some of it was very good indeed. Mr. Charles Fawcett, as the barrister, had caught the professional manner very fairly, but he wanted more dash. Mr. E. M. Robson was very much the tradesman, but his acting is wanting in unctuous humour, and in the last act he was too farcical. Mr. Medlicott, as the publican, gave a clever sketch of an uneducated and unalloyed vulgarian; while Miss Cissy Grahame, as his daughter Clara, was equally good as a young woman whose natural vulgarity is overlaid with and partially disguised by a little polish and education. The stammering professor of elocution found a good exponent in Mr. Compton Courtts. Mr. William F. Hawtreys was satisfactory as an usher of the Court, Mr. Tom Squire was excellent as the barrister's clerk, and Miss M. A. Giffard contributed largely to the success of the piece by her lifelike rendering of the part of the haughty Mrs. Roxburgh. But the piece of acting which took the audience by storm was Miss Alma Stanley's Stella Dashington. Full of style, vigorous, humorous—nothing better in the way of farcical comedy acting could be desired. Miss Stanley fairly carried her audience away, and richly deserved the applause which she evoked. The play was well received, and there was a unanymous call for the authors. These gentlemen would be well advised if they would learn something about the ways of barristers. They do not live in chambers looking out on to lovely landscapes. They do not receive clients unaccompanied by solicitors. They *do* have some books to refer to. And when, by their able efforts, they have saved a criminal from the gallows, he certainly does not come out in convict garb, kneel down, and kiss their hand in the corridor.

"A DOLL'S HOUSE."

Play, in three acts, translated by WILLIAM ARCHER from "Et Dukkehjem," by Henrik Ibsen.

First produced at the Novelty Theatre, Friday evening, June 7, 1889.

Torvald Helmer ..	Mr. HERBERT WARING.	Ellen	Miss MABEL K. HAYNES.
Dr. Rank	Mr. CHARLES CHARRINGTON.	Flaar	Master LIONEL CALHAEM.
Nils Krogstad ..	Mr. ROYCE CARLETON.	Emmy	Miss AMY RAYNER.
Porter	Mr. J. LUKE.	Bob	Miss ETHEL RAYNER.
Mrs. Linden ..	Miss GERTRUDE WARDEN.	Nora Helmer ..	Miss JANET ACHURCH.
Anna	Miss BLANCHE EVERSLEIGH.		

To understand Henrik Ibsen's plays it is necessary to take into account the nature of the country of which he is one of the most distinguished sons.

It is a land of striking contrasts—of summers which are one long blaze of light, of winters which are one perpetual gloom. It is the country of legend, where the supernatural enters deeply into the beliefs of the uncultured, and tinges at least those of the educated. It is the home of a daring and unconquered race, where personal liberty has reigned throughout untold ages, where aristocracy has long since ceased to exist, and where the wildest and most fantastic imaginings are to be found in combination with the most prosaic qualities. What wonder that, in such a land, the ideas of change, of development, of progress, which are in the air, should assume a somewhat different form from that which they wear elsewhere, and that poets and preachers should arise who clothe the doctrines they teach in forms which to the dwellers in other climes seem to border on the extravagant. Ibsen is essentially a democrat of the modern school, a man who believes that the old society is played out, that a new order of things must take its place, and that the shams and lies and conventionalities upon which the relations of man to man, and more especially of man to woman, have hitherto been based must be swept away with a ruthless hand; but these ideas he expresses in a form born of his country and his race. He has been described as “the idolater of women,” but this is hardly so. It is true that he looks upon women as powerful agents in the effecting of the revolution which he wishes to bring about, but his object is not merely to free women—that is only a subordinate part of his programme. When, in “The Pillars of Society,” Bernick says, “I have learned this in these days: it is you women who are the pillars of society”—Sona replies, “Then you have learned a poor wisdom, brother-in-law. No, no; the spirits of truth and of freedom—these are the pillars of society.” It is because by the liberation of women Ibsen hopes to revolutionise society, that he has ranged himself on their side in the conflict which has been long impending, and which is now close at hand. Whether women will gain much, even if they win the fight, may perhaps be doubted; whether they will not find that liberty is merely the right to be unhappy in one’s own way is more than probable; but that many women are dissatisfied with their social position, and that more become so every day, is an undoubted fact; and of this dissatisfaction Ibsen has made himself the mouthpiece. For “A Doll’s House” he has drawn a woman such as many men have met—such as, indeed, most modern women are in some degree. Nora Helmer is the daughter of an official of shady character. Her father has made her the plaything of his leisure moments, and has left her to be brought up chiefly by servants. She marries Torvald Helmer, a bank clerk, a man of the nicest honour in business matters, and who has made respectability his religion. To him the opinion of the world is everything. All he says, or does, is said or done with an eye to the judgment which the world will pass upon it. He is a bourgeois of the bourgeois, utterly commonplace, utterly incapable of comprehending any rules of life or conduct save those which he himself obeys. His child wife—for Nora is a mere child—is of a loving nature, good-hearted, romantic, but absolutely unmoral. She has, in fact, no

morality, for she has never felt the weight of responsibility—her conscience has never been awakened. To gain her ends, at times, from sheer wilfulness, she lies with the most engaging readiness. Her husband pets and spoils her, and treats her as a baby. She is a favourite with the world, which is in itself sufficient recommendation for him. He fees the same pride in her possession that he might have done in the ownership of a dog of rare qualities that he had bred and reared himself. Some time after the marriage Helmer is taken seriously ill. His life hangs upon a thread. Nothing but a change of climate, say the doctors, can save him; but he has a horror of debt, and will not borrow even to live. Nora has no such scruples. She goes to a disreputable money-lender, Nils Krogstad, who has committed a crime in his youth and has been an outcast ever since. Krogstad agrees to advance the required sum, but insists that Nora's father shall sign the security. He is at the time dangerously ill, so Nora, merely to save him trouble, forges his name. Shortly after Helmer's return cured, Krogstad, who is passionately desirous to work his way back to respectability, manages to obtain a subordinate situation in the bank in which Helmer is a clerk. When later Helmer is appointed manager, he dismisses Krogstad, alleging various reasons, the real one being that he and Krogstad have been schoolfellows, and that Krogstad insists on calling him by his Christian name. Krogstad, who has discovered the forgery, threatens Nora that he will inform her husband unless she intercedes for him. She does so, and meets with a rebuff. Krogstad then sends a letter to Helmer, telling him everything. Helmer overwhelms Nora with a torrent of reproaches, dwelling entirely upon the effect which her crime, when known, will have upon himself and his position. In the midst of his tirade another letter arrives from the repentant Krogstad enclosing the forged security. At once Helmer's selfish sorrow changes to equally selfish joy. Everything is now all right again. He will take back to his heart the woman whom but a few moments before he had denounced as infamous, and as unfit to associate with her children. But the wife's eyes are opened; her love is dead; the golden god of her idolatry has turned out a miserable image of worthless clay, and she leaves it, abandoning everything—children, husband, and home. Those who have not read "*A Doll's House*," or seen it acted, can have no conception with what a master-hand the characters are drawn. Of Nora, Helmer, and Krogstad we have already spoken, but there are two other persons who play a part in this tragedy of marriage—Dr. Rank, a medical man, dying of inherited disease; loving life, yet doomed to an early and terrible death, and passionately attached to Nora; and Mrs. Linden, a widow, who has thrown over Krogstad, to whom she had been engaged, and made a loveless marriage to save her mother and brothers from want.

All the parts were admirably played. Miss Janet Achurch, as Nora, lived and breathed and moved the very incarnation of the wilful, wayward, houghtless, loving child who is suddenly changed in one moment of

agonised awakening into a woman weary of the existence she has been leading, and ready to abandon everything if thereby she may only end it. The character presented enormous difficulties to the actress, all of which she triumphantly overcame. Throughout she played with the utmost intelligence, subtlety, intensity, and truth. Mr. Herbert Waring had completely grasped the idea of Helmer's character, and reproduced with life-like fidelity the pitiful Philistinism of the man. The cynical doctor was very well rendered by Mr. Charles Charrington. The scene in which he declares his love for Nora was one of the best in the play. Mr. Royce Carleton was excellent as Krogstad, acting powerfully, but without the least exaggeration. Miss Gertrude Warden showed very considerable ability as Mrs. Linden, and the minor parts were well filled. The play, which has been admirably translated by Mr. William Archer, was well mounted and stage-managed, and was received with the greatest favour by a most attentive audience.

R. K. HERVEY.

"WHICH WINS?"

New and original four-act Comedy-Drama, by J. W. PIGOTT.

First produced at Terry's Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, June 12, 1889.

Frank Pennington ..	Mr. FRANK K. COOPER.	Perkins	Mr. GEORGE BELMORE.
Hon. Cecil Fenton ..	Mr. SANT MATTHEWS.	First Detective ..	Mr. S. HERBERT BADING.
Percy Carew, Esq. ..	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.	Rose Norris	Miss ALICE LINGARD.
Lord Lawton	Mr. GEORGE DALZIEL.	Mrs. Carew	Miss M. A. VICTOR.
Jack Norris, alias ..		May Carew	Miss ENID LESLIE.
Count Baroski	Mr. H. COOPER CLIFFE.	Marie	Miss MADGE HERRICK.
Captain Briggs	Mr. E. W. GARDEN.		

The "comedy-drama," as the author calls his uninteresting play, is by no means so clever a work as its predecessor, "The Bookmaker," from the same pen, and its hopeless failure should teach Mr. Pigott that farcical comedy rather than drama is his *forte*. The story is of an old type, and very conventionally told. A villain, who numbers murder and forgery among his other desperate misdeeds, disguises himself as a Polish count to seek an alliance with a rich English heiress who is engaged to an honourable captain in the Scots Greys. The count—assisted by a bibulous and sharpening friend, and egged on by the promise of a rich reward from his whilom mistress—an American woman, herself desperately in love with the gallant hero—clumsily contrives to make it appear that his rival is a blackleg. The ancient plot only temporarily succeeds, for a Scotland Yard detective and the joint confessions of the confederates confound the guilty, and the English lovers are left happy after their brief estrangement. It took four acts to present this commonplace play, the chief incidents of which are the counterpart of those in Sardou's "Dora," and neither in construction nor brilliancy of dialogue was there found any relief. The company did their best with the poor materials at their command, but found it impossible to put any life or soul into the piece. Miss Alice Lingard was earnest and impassioned as the guilty Rose Norris, repulsively forcing her unsolicited love upon Mr. Frank K. Cooper, who, as the blameless hero, by sheer talent and strength of acting contrived to invest the part with some touch of nature. Both artists were wasted. Miss Enid Leslie was

colourless in the colourless character of the English girl, Miss May Carew; Miss M. A. Victor playing her rich, vulgar and "h"-less step-mother in a creditable manner; Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe was of necessity stagey as the stage villain Count Baroski, very badly dressed; while all the tact and experience of Mr. E. W. Garden as the bibulous and rascally turfite could not save that character from condemnation. Messrs. W. F. Hawtrey, Sant-Matthews, George Dalziel, and S. Herbert-Basing were ill at ease in their respective and subordinate parts. Mr. Pigott's friends gave him the barren honour of "a call," but we are not likely to hear again of "Which Wins?"

S.

"ÆSOP'S FABLES."

An original Farcical Comedy in three acts by J. P. HURST.

Produced at the Strand Theatre on Wednesday, June 19, 1889.

Horace Rudderkin ..	Mr. W. S. PENLEY.	Fritz	Mr. DAGNALL.
Æsop Brooks ..	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Paquita	Miss ALMA STANLEY.
Major Haviside ..	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.	Mrs. Harrington-	
Baron Achille de		Cunliffe	Miss ROSE SAKER.
Volnay	Mr. WALTER EVERARD.	Lucy Maynard ..	Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.
Captain Hector Sabre-		Madame de Volnay	Miss GABRIELLE GOLDNEY
tache	Mr. WILTON HERIOT.		

"Æsop's Fables" has a moral, as have those earlier and better known fables written by the Phrygian Æsop. It is that a plot which may be admirably adapted for a one-act farce will not bear spinning out into a farcical comedy of the conventional length. "Æsop's Fables," moreover, is not even strictly a farcical comedy. It is a mixture of farce, burlesque comedy, and comedy proper, the farce predominating. The story is of the slightest. Horace Rudderkin is a gentleman by no means desirous of exposing himself to danger. Through an accidental encounter with the police at the time of the Trafalgar Square riots he wins an undeserved reputation for courage, and becomes an object of admiration to Paquita, a young lady of Spanish extraction, romantic disposition, and volcanic temperament, who adores heroes. Horace and Paquita become engaged, but as the gentleman finds it difficult to live up to the character which has been thrust upon him, he departs ostensibly for Africa; and, after a decent interval, conveys to Paquita, through his friend Æsop Brooks, the news of his own death. Æsop is a contemptible poltroon, with a diseased liver and a squeaky voice; nevertheless, he wins the hand, if not the heart, of Paquita. But his happiness is disturbed at Nice, where he comes unexpectedly upon the defunct Horace. Paquita, true to her old love, lavishes caresses upon the unwilling Rudderkin. To get rid of her embarrassing attentions, he brings about a duel between Major Haviside, a retired officer, and a Baron Achille de Volnay, and then, taking advantage of the fact that the circumstance which caused the duel would have placed the major in a compromising position, and have lost him the hand of Mrs. Harrington-Cunliffe, he induces that gentleman to allow Æsop to represent himself as the successful combatant. Paquita, enchanted by her husband's heroism, takes him to her heart, and dismisses Horace with contempt, much to his satisfaction. The character of Horace Rudderkin was filled by Mr. Penley.

Very amusing at first, he soon grows tiresome. The truth is Mr. Penley's manner is not suitable for a long part; it wants variety. Mr. George Giddens, as Æsop Brooks, gave a clever sketch of a semi-idiotic, gluttonous coward. But it is very sad to see so sterling an actor wasting his powers upon so contemptible a part. Major Haviside was remarkably well played by Mr. Forbes Dawson. Dress, air, bearing, and walk were alike excellent, but the acting was comedy, not farcical comedy. Mr. Walter Everard, as the Baron, conveyed a good idea of Gallic excitability, but of the grand manner which still characterises the French gentleman there was no trace. He should have seen the creator of the part of the Duke in "Tricoche et Cacolet." Two small parts, Captain Hector Sabretache and Fritz, a German waiter, were creditably filled by Mr. Wilton Heriot and Mr. Dagnall respectively. Miss Rose Saker, as Mrs. Harrington-Cunliffe, did very well what little she had to do. Miss Ellaline Terriss made a charming Lucy Maynard, the lady to whom Rudderkin is engaged. This young actress has much improved of late. Miss Gabrielle Goldney was satisfactory as Madame de Volnay. The best bit of acting in the piece was that of Miss Alma Stanley, but then it was rather burlesque comedy than farcical. It was delightful to see her lavishing caresses on the diminutive Rudderkin at one moment, and at the next turning upon him with indignation for daring to put his arm round her waist; now prostrate at his feet in adoration, now withering him with scorn. Her force and go were most refreshing. What an excellent Tilburiza she would make! The author was called at the end of the piece, and, after some delay, appeared, but a good deal of disapprobation was expressed both during the performance and at its conclusion.

"THE OLD HOME."

A new three-act Comedy-Drama, by ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Produced at the Vaudeville Theatre on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 19, 1889.

Mr. Septimus Porter	Mr. THOMAS THORNE.	Lady Fenton	Miss WINIFRED EMERY
Matthew Bramble ..	Mr. FREDERICK THORNE.	Mrs. Waldegrave ..	Miss MARION LEA.
Sir Charles Fenton ..	Mr. WALLACE ERSKINE.	Hon. Mrs. Hackabout	Miss FANNY ROBERTSON.
Major Dashwood ..	Mr. C. W. GARTHORNE.	Dolly Drew	Miss EDITH BRUCE.
John Hackabout ..	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.	Whisper	Miss ROSE DUDLEY.
Bangle	Mr. F. GROVE.	Mary Mason	Miss ELLA BANNISTER.
Stanhope	Mr. J. WHEATMAN.		

"Convey, the wise it call." "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier" is a good play, "The Profligate" is not a bad one, but "Le Gendre" and "The Profligate" mixed, and spoilt in the mixing, do not produce a satisfactory result. In "The Old Home" Mr. Buchanan has been kind enough to alter these plays for our benefit, and to introduce us to many old friends. There is the heavy and confiding father, the sweet and equally confiding daughter; the husband who flirts, but means no harm; the widow who flirts more, and whose intentions are less praiseworthy; the empty-headed but good-hearted swell, who marries the free and easy but marvellously virtuous chorus-girl; the seduced maiden—in mourning and

tears ; the impudent servant who wants kicking out, and other characters the like of whom have been seen often on the stage, but in real life never. The story is a well-known one. Septimus Porter, an old and very green "colonial," with no h's but lots of money, marries his daughter Mignonette to Sir Charles Fenton, a gentleman rich in debts. He loves his wife much but flirting more, particularly with a widow, Mrs. Waldegrave. Lady Fenton objects to this, though she does not seem a bit put out when she catches her husband kissing a good-looking country girl, Mary Mason. Perhaps she shares old Weller's opinions as to widders. Mary Mason is seduced by Major Dashwood, a very thorough and impossible scoundrel, who, in the hope of ingratiating himself with Lady Fenton, informs her that Sir Charles is the author of Mary's ruin, thus proving himself as great a fool as he is a knave. Thereupon Lady Fenton, without asking any explanation from her husband, leaves him at once, and proposes returning with her father to Australia. Dolly Drew, however, the virtuous chorister, clears up the whole matter, husband and wife embrace, and every one stays quietly in England.

Mr. Thomas Thorne, as the o'd "colonial," played with humour in the earlier scenes, his pathetic passages were given in homely style. A rather crusty old gentleman, Matthew Bramble, the old "colonial's" partner, was soundly if somewhat conventionally acted by Mr. Fred Thorne. Mr. Wallace Erskine, as Sir Charles Fenton, did not give one the impression of being a man of fashion. Major Dashwood, the villain, was played in the good old impossible stage manner by Mr. C. W. Garthorne. John Hackabout, the youthful swell, was one of Mr. Cyril Maude's perfect studies of brainless Johnnies, all of whom live, and no two of whom are alike, except in excellence. His acting, and that of Miss Fanny Robertson as the Hon. Mrs. Hackabout, his mother, and Miss Edith Bruce as Dolly Drew, did much to reconcile the audience to the piece. The flirting widow was played by Miss Marion Lea. This young lady is clever, and has already done good work ; but all her parts do not need the same stereotyped smile nor a face averted from the person with whom she is conversing. Mary Mason was carefully played by Miss Ella Bannister, but she lacks the experience to give her pathetic utterances the ring of truth. Mr. F. Grove, by his manner, added to the impossibility of the manservant, Bangle. Miss Winifred Emery was a charming Lady Fenton. Her acting, so fresh, so unstagey, so genuine alike in smiles and tears, held the audience in a part every word of which has been heard upon the stage again and again. The audience seemed perfectly satisfied with the comedy-drama, applauded loudly at the finish, and called the author. "The Old Home" was placed in the evening bill on Friday, June 21.

R. K. HERVEY.

A Glance Round the Galleries.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—If all the works here are not of a very high order, the general standard of the exhibition is above the average of past years, and there are several pictures on the walls which alone would make the exhibition worth repeated visits. Both in portraiture and in landscape Sir Coutts Lindsay and his new manager, Mr. E. F. Prange, have cause to congratulate themselves. Hung in the place of honour in the principal gallery is Sir John Millais' gift to his friend, Sir Frederick Leighton, a portrait sketch of a beautiful, fair girl, entitled "Shelling Peas." The exquisite face is painted with all the bewitching skill of the master, but granted even that it is only a study, exception must be taken to the lumps of dough that represent the shapeless hands. Mr. Keeley Halswelle has chosen a difficult subject, in the third scene of the first act of *Macbeth*, and to a certain extent he has grappled successfully with it, though the smallness of the figures and the daylight realism of the witches naturally rob it of its effectiveness. To those who have only judged M. Jan Van Beers by the rather vulgar examples of his art lately exhibited in Bond Street, "*Le Prie Dieu Improvisé*" will come as a surprise, not only on account of its irresistible fancy, but its clever execution and minute finish. In the *Marchioness of Granby*, Mr. J. J. Shannon has had a very beautiful woman to paint, and the artist has done both himself and his sitter full justice, it being one of the most successful portraits in either of the three exhibitions. In an exquisitely simple grey dress the *Marchioness* stands at the foot of a staircase, looking back, over her right shoulder. The easy pose is admirable, and the management of the drapery is excellent. If Mr. W. H. Margetson has not quite succeeded in portraying Miss Ellen Terry as *Lady Macbeth*, in the sleep-walking scene, he has nevertheless given us an interesting study, in which there is much earnest thought. Miss Annie Rose (Mrs. Horace Nevill) might have sat, or rather stood, to Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood for his picture of *Pauline* in "*The Lady of Lyons*," so like is it to that lady. An awkward stiffness in the attitude prevents this being a graceful work. In her portrait of Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay, H.R.H. Princess Louise shows the steady advances she has made in art, and the *Marchioness of Granby* proves herself possessed of no mean ability by her pencil sketches of Miss Dallas Yorke and Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P. One of the most interesting portraits in the exhibition is that of Mr. Frederick Villiers by Mr. William Logsdail. The well-known war correspondent is in his military dress, and the expression on the face is one of fearlessness and strong determination. Departing from his usual subjects, Mr. Briton Riviere gives us in "*Prometheus*" a work of deep sincerity and thought, while on the other hand it is a matter of regret to find such a brilliant and promising young

painter as Mr. Solomon J. Solomon exhibiting such ill-drawn, ill-painted, commonplace, unfinished work as his portrait of Mrs. Emile Enoch and children. Mr. David Murray, Miss Gertrude May, Mr. A. Le Gros, and Miss Louise Jopling contribute interesting works.

THE NEW GALLERY.—Following up their brilliant success of last year, Messrs. Comyns Carr and Hallé have covered the walls of their handsome galleries this spring with a collection of pictures, many of which are unique in beauty, while on the other hand it is to be regretted they have seen their way to hang several which do not come within the category of art. It would be impossible to over-estimate the amount of indebtedness due on the part of the management to Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., whose generous contribution of some eight pictures gives an absorbing and unique interest to the exhibition. Though veteran now in years, the painter appears here in all his pristine power, and in no exhibition in London are there to be seen such a triumph of painting, such draughtsmanship, and such glowing gorgeousness of colour as are displayed in the “Fata Morgana.” Unlike most artists whose ambition it is to paint their pictures as quickly as possible, it is Mr. Watts’ custom, after having got the picture well through, to put it aside, often for many years. This is the case with the present work, and hence its astounding mellow richness of colour. All the other works by the same artist are worthy of especial attention, while a portrait of himself, by Mr. Philip Burne Jones, is a very faithful likeness. Three other very striking and interesting portraits are those of Mr. John Tenniel, by E. A. Ward (“Spy”), of Mr. Edmund Yates, *Moi Même*, by Mr. Cecil Round, a rising young artist, and of Mr. W. E. Wills, by himself. Mr. J. T. Nettleship’s eccentric stuffed bear is one of those pictures for which it is difficult to find any *raison d’être*. After the glowing accounts which appeared in the papers almost every week concerning the progress and wondrous beauty of Mr. Sargent’s portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, expectation naturally rose high, and curiosity to see it became very great. Never perhaps was general expectation so thoroughly deceived, except in the case of those who knew the artist’s work and his limits. Blatant and brazen, it is more the likeness of some flaunting virago strutting on the boards in Whitechapel than of Miss Terry, who even in such a part as this cannot disguise her ethereal grace and beauty. Painted in the very worst style of art, a style in which everything is sacrificed to aggressive effect, it offends the senses as much as the eye itself. “The Death of Ulysses,” by Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., is a grand and solemn work, conceived in the spirit of a true and earnest student, and designed and painted by the hand of an accomplished master. Amongst many well-known contributors whose works deserve special attention are Messrs. C. Napier Henry, Alma Tadema (seen at his best here), C. G. Hallé, W. Holman Hunt, and the Misses Montalba.

ENGLISH HUMORISTS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.—After the plethora of oil and water-colour pictures with which we are flooded every year,

anything in the shape of novelty is welcome, as was proved by the success of the late pastel exhibitions. To the energetic efforts of Mr. Joseph Grego we are now indebted for one of the most interesting collections, both pictorially and historically, of English humorous art ever shown in London. That it might have been made more complete is of course admitted, but it would be ill-timed now to suggest a something wanting in a series which embraces Hogarth and the late Mr. W. G. Baxter, of "Ally Sloper." Here, on the walls of these galleries, we may see now for the first time all the follies and the weaknesses, the loves and hatreds, every vice and virtue of our forefathers, down to the minutest detail and surrounding of their lives, as we in our turn shall be seen by our descendants. Except for the well-known sketch of "Wilkes and Liberty" and a few others, Hogarth is but weakly represented; and it is not until we come to Rowlandson that we find the strength of the exhibition. Two hundred and sixty drawings in all, every one of which is worth attention, do ample justice to this master, in whom were wonderfully combined the strongest power of satire, often indecent, but always witty, and the grace and fascinating delicacy almost of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His remarkable versatility is well shown in such drawings as "Didelot and Theodore at the Pantheon" and "Fox Hunting; the Return from the Run," both beautiful examples of very opposite styles. Very different, and, though cruelly powerful at times, in my opinion vastly inferior, are the drawings of James Gillray, Rowlandson's predecessor. When judging these works, however, one must not forget how the drawing inevitably suffers from the garishness and crudity of the pigments used in colouring them. A bitter hater, his political lampoons were simply venomous in their spite. Passing on, we must not forget George Morland, R. Dighton, W. H. Woodward, and Isaac Cruikshank, until we come to the son of the last named, the immortal George, whose works here are almost monotonous in their abundance, and which suffer somewhat on this account. W. M. Thackeray, Richard Doyle—alas! why is he so poorly represented?—Hablot Browne ("Phiz"), Randolph Caldecott, whose beautiful touch and inimitable sense of humour fully establish his claim to sit amongst the greatest here, and George Leech, naturally well to the fore, bring us down to the men living amongst us now. As we glance round at their works, at the works of Mr. Tenniel, whose political cartoons for the last thirty years, apart from their merit as works of very high art, showing consummate draughtsmanship, have always been distinguished for the high ideal of their purpose—at the drawings of Mr. Charles Keene, not only the greatest living humorist in art at home or abroad, but gifted with the greatest power of expressing every phase of a certain class—at the unflinching severity of style and academic accuracy shown in Mr. Linley Sambourne's works—at the exquisite grace of Mr. Du Maurier—the irrepressible fun of humour and flight of fancy in Mr. Furniss' sketches—when one looks at these men alone, the staff of "Punch," one cannot help being struck with the prodigality of this form of genius amongst us now. Other names there are, too numerous to mention, chief amongst which may be

included the late Mr. W. G. Baxter, Mr. Hal Ludlow, Mr. J. F. Sullivan, Mr. Barnard, and Mr. Charles Green—how different each in style, and yet how excellent both!—and Mr. Leslie Ward ("Spy"), of "Vanity Fair." In conclusion, those who miss paying a visit to this exhibition will lose a very great pleasure and an intellectual treat.

HERBERT LEE COLLINSON.



Our Omnibus=Box.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, June 4, 1889, there was produced at the Strand Theatre a domestic drama in four acts, written by J. Stanley Little, and called "Doubt." It cannot be said to have been a success except in so far as it succeeded in exasperating the audience by a series of tiresome scenes without action, filled with endless and perpetually repeated conversations. The story is slight and improbable. Dick Crossley and his wife Mary are deeply attached. They have a common friend—Jack Forsyth—who has seduced Eva Furlong, Mary's foster-sister. Mary discovers this, and, in order to induce Forsyth to repair the wrong he has done, conceals the matter from her husband, and is perpetually found by him alone with Forsyth under circumstances which almost justify the jealousy which seizes upon him. Crossley has evidently been studying Ibsen; for though he is under the impression that his wife is about to fly with his friend, he announces to the audience his intention not to interfere with her movements. At last Forsyth marries Eva privately, and is straightway thrown out of a trap and killed, whereupon everything is cleared up; though why the life of the unfortunate man should be sacrificed to bring about an explanation which would have been given in two minutes, if the husband would only have had the common-sense to ask his wife a single question, it is difficult to see. The actors engaged in this very wearisome piece did everything in their power to save it. Mr. Nutcombe Gould was excellent in the part of Crossley—easy, gentlemanlike, pathetic. Mr. Stewart Dawson made a great deal of a small part—that of Sir Humphrey Banyard, Forsyth's father-in-law. Two young lovers who, as usual, had nothing to do with the action of the piece, were very neatly played by Mr. Alec France and Miss May Whitty. Miss Georgie Esmond was pathetic, without being melodramatic, as Eva Furlong. Mr. Wallace Erskine was a fair Jack Forsyth, but his delivery was somewhat monotonous. Miss Alma Murray played with intensity and earnestness, but the way in which she jerks out her words does much to detract from the effect of her powerful and intelligent acting.

Miss Carlotta Leclercq, that estimable lady, admirable actress, and experienced instructress in the art dramatic is to be warmly congratulated upon

her special *matinée* at the Vaudeville on June 11, when Tobin's "Honey-moon" was presented, efficiently acted, and well received. Miss Norah Wray was the *débutante*, and as Juliana, the proud wife of the Duke Aranza, tamed into submission like Shakespeare's "Shrew," won a distinct success, showing herself an apt and intelligent pupil. Divinely fair, and more than common tall, and with a low, well-tuned voice, the lady has a good stage presence, no nervousness, and a graceful carriage. She plays with naturalness, the absence of artificiality in her acting being prominently marked. Her "potion scene" from "Romeo and Juliet" was hardly so successful, being a higher histrionic flight than her present state of pupilage justifies. It was, however, distinctly promising, and with hard work Miss Wray should do well. She was greatly honoured by the excellent support accorded her by the chivalrous Aranza of Mr. Macklin, the artistic Montalbin of Mr. Fuller Mellish, the picturesque Balthazar of Mr. S. Dawson, the roystering woman-hater, Rolando, of Mr. Bassett Roe, the intensely comic Lopez of Mr. Arthur Williams, the sprightly Volante of Miss May Whitty, and the exceedingly graceful and earnest Zamora of Miss Violet Vanbrugh. The rustic dance arranged by Miss Leclercq had to be repeated in response to a hearty encore. The "ruff scene" from "The Hunchback" set off the youth and vivacity of another earnest student, Miss Blanche Ellice, who has been carefully trained, but as yet is scarcely able to conceal her art. Mr. Fuller Mellish played Modus to this young lady's Helen with delightful point and finish.

Like many actors of the present day who have made a reputation in England, Mr. George Giddens, the subject of our photograph, has visited both America and Australia, and, though these visits were paid comparatively soon after his entering the theatrical profession, and when his experience was not so great, his humour, artistic skill, and, above all, his sympathy with his audience made him a universal favourite. It was in Edinburgh, under the management of Mr. Robert Wyndham, that Mr. Giddens first made his bow to an audience, and after some touring in the English provinces, accepted an engagement from Mr. Charles Wyndham for a tour in America, in which country he remained for some four years as stock comedian in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, &c. From thence Mr. Giddens sailed for Australia under one year's special engagement, and returned to England in 1877, making his first appearance in London at the Folly Theatre under the management of Mr. Alexander Henderson. The following season Mr. Giddens enlisted under Mr. Charles Wyndham's banner at the Criterion, and manager and actor have been so mutually satisfied as not to have parted since, save for a short time, when they almost immediately joined forces again. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is borne in mind what a universal favourite Mr. Giddens has become both with his audiences and in the drawing-rooms, where he is equally well received, and it may almost be said fêted.

Miss Marion Terry, who has for some time been winning such golden opinions as Mrs. Errol in "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the Opera Comique, may be said to have commenced her stage career as Ophelia in an arrangement by Mr. Tom Taylor of "Hamlet," produced at the Crystal Palace some sixteen years ago, but her first London appearance was in 1873 at the Olympic in "A Game of Romps," remaining for the season at that theatre. In 1874-5 Miss Marion Terry joined Miss Swanborough's company at the Strand, where she not only gained experience, but attracted the favourable notice of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who, in 1876, selected her to play Dorothy at the Haymarket in "Dan'l Druce," to the success of which piece her sympathetic acting in a great measure contributed, and the young actress also appeared as Zeolide in "The Palace of Truth," Galatea in "Pygmalion and Galatea," and created the part of Belinda in "Engaged." A short engagement at the old Prince of Wales's was followed by a return to the Haymarket on its re-opening under the Bancroft management, and Miss Marion Terry appeared as Clara Douglas in "Money," Bella in "School," and Mabel Vane in "Masks and Faces." At the old Court Theatre, under the late Mr. Clayton's *régime*, the subject of our photograph played in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "The Millionaire," "Parvenu," and "Danicheffs." Among Miss Marion Terry's most brilliant successes may be quoted her rendering of Viola in "Twelfth Night" at the Lyceum at a few hours' notice, and her exquisite performances of Margaret in "Faust" during her three months' tour with Mr. Henry Irving's company. To these must be added the reputation gained under Mr. Beerbohm Tree's management in "The Red Lamp," "The Ballad Monger," and "Partners." Miss Marion Terry is a talented member of a clever family, and joins to the possession of bright intelligence, humour, and pathos, earnestness, application, and a love of study that cannot fail to secure to her the high rank she has already taken in her profession.

The Musical and Dramatic Recital given, under high patronage, by Madame Liebe Konss-Baylis and Mr. Frank Heath-Saunders filled Steinway Hall, on May 15, with a friendly audience. Those taking part in the programme were:—Madame Konss-Baylis, Mdlle. Vera Coroux, Mdlle. Iphnia de Negri, Mr. Newton Baylis, Mr. Emile Deplanche, Mr. Harold Russell, Mr. Thurley Beale, Miss Lillian and Master Willie Baylis. Mr. Reginald Groome was summoned elsewhere a moment's notice, Mr. Harold Russell giving an extra song instead, and singing it in a pleasing manner. The great success of the evening belongs to Mr. Thurley Beale, who was in first-rate voice, and sang with great effect and spirit. He was encored twice, and refused a third encore. The rest of the concert calls for no special notice. The reciters were Mr. Frank Heath-Saunders, who gave "Saved by a Christmas Hymn" (Clement Scott), and was rather overpowered by the hymn-singers, who made the recitation incidental to the music. The programme was long, and I was unable to hear Mr.

Saunders's second piece. In this one, perhaps from nervousness, he lacked power, and his enunciation was marred by a lisp. The reciter is very young and inexperienced, and is perhaps premature in coming before the public. Miss Amy Elstob is also inexperienced, but she is naturally gifted. She is earnest, and has both feeling and humour, well brought out in "An Old Maid" (Re Henry) and J. R. Lewis's "Lion." She should beware of short gestures and of short sentences; the habit of making a short pause after each half-dozen words is fatal to good recitation. But this prepossessing young lady should be encouraged to study; her faults are easily conquered, and she has the gift of holding and interesting her audience.

On Thursday, May 9, Mr. Edward Solomon, the composer, followed up at the Comedy his musical setting of "Pickwick" with another sketch on the same lines, a musical version of the old farce "The Area Belle," by Messrs. Brough and Halliday, being produced under the title "Penelope," Mr. Hawtreys contributing the lyrics. There were some pretty and effective numbers, the more attractive being Penelope's song, "Look at me;" Chalk's "When the new-laid egg;" and "I know what it is to die." The piece was underplayed, and one could scarcely recognise in it the rollicking, rattling farce of long ago. The exponent company were Messrs. Dan Leno, Barrington, and G. Hawtreys, and the Misses Zerbins and Everleigh; the occasion the benefit of the Holborn Lodge for Shop Girls.

Jean Richepin's "Le Filibustier," originally brought out at the Théâtre Français a year ago almost to the day, has been done, and done well, into English by Mr. Archer Woodhouse, and produced by Mr. George Alexander at Terry's on Wednesday, May 15. Styled "The Grandsire," it follows closely the original dramatic idyll; of plot there is little. Grandsire is piously deceived into accepting a young sailor for his supposed drowned grandson, who, when he actually returns, quarrels with his double because they both love the same girl. The diction is charged with poetry, the sentiment is pure and refreshing, and the interpretation was thoroughly artistic. Messrs. Alexander and Fred Terry were the rivals, playing with sincerity and effect. Mr. Maclean was superb in the name-*rôle*, while Miss Calhoun as the young Brittany maiden and Mrs. Billington as her mother completed a competent company. The St. Malo fisherman's cottage, by Mr. Harker, was an exceedingly pretty picture, to which Mr. Jacob Hood's quaintly-designed costumes lent the necessary animation. Mr. Irving with Miss Ellen Terry personally patronised the performance.

Monday, May 16, witnessed at the Vaudeville the first production of two pieces. The first of these was a dramatic sketch in the school of Henrik Ibsen, by Alec Nelson, who names the slight but thoughtful work "Dregs."

It is a duologue in which is graphically shown how a youth, abandoned to evil courses, is visited by his sweetheart, fresh and pure from the country, who, learning the truth of his degradation, leaves him heart-broken. In it Miss Norreys acted with much winsomeness and pathos, and was intelligently assisted by Mr. Charles Myers. Messrs. Edward Rose and John Douglass were responsible for the second piece, a strong melodrama, "Her Father," founded upon the Spanish dramatist Echegaray's "Conflicto entre Dos Deberes" (the conflict of two duties). There are several dramatic situations in the course of a powerful story of a romantic character, which sets forth how the children of a murdered man forego their vengeance on the murderer. The conflicts between love and duty and between revenge and justice are the occasion for two at least very strong scenes, played magnificently by Messrs. Hermann Vezin and Bernard Gould and by Miss Annie Irish. Miss Cowen was scarcely equal to the part of the Mexican maiden thirsting for revenge, while Miss Kate James and Mr. W. F. Hawtrey supplied the comic scenes.

A new version of André Theuriet's exquisite dramatic idyll, "Jean Marie," this time in prose, has been done, and well done, in English by Mr. F. Wedmore, who produced it as a curtain raiser to "Angelina" at the Vaudeville on the afternoon of May 29. It scored a complete success, and has been repeated at several *matinées* since. The story, the familiar one of "Auld Robin Gray," is very well known, and is here delicately handled. Mr. Fred Thorne acted carefully, but was scarcely in his element, as the true-hearted old farmer Noel, Mr. Frank Gillmore playing admirably as the returned sailor lover Jean, supposed to be drowned, while Miss Marion Lea surprised everybody with the intensity of her acting as the sorely tempted but loyal heroine. The little gem is called "The Farm by the Sea"

At St. George's Hall, May 28, the Irving A. D. C. gave the first of two performances in aid of the British Home for Incurables and the Girls' Home, Charlotte Street. The attendance was good, the audience appreciative. It is always very creditable for amateurs to endeavour to represent Shakespeare in the best possible manner. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was produced under the direction of Mr. H. D. Shepard, who for many years has done excellent work for the club, both as stage manager and actor. Mendelssohn's music was efficiently rendered by a competent orchestra conducted by Mr. Battison Hagues. The scenery was wonderfully good for St. George's Hall, the dresses bright and picturesque. Madame Katti Lanner was responsible for the elves' dance, encored as a matter of course. The performance went off smoothly, but might have played closer, and there was a general tendency to pause at the end of the verse, a fault begetting monotony. Mrs. Kennedy was a pretty and letter-perfect Oberon, but delivered her lines in an absolutely colourless manner. Miss L. Webster was pleasing and fairylike as Titania. Miss E. Inderwick was

an inaudible Hippolyta. Puck in the hands of Miss L. Davis proved a saucy fellow, full of mischief and fun ; merry and natural, the young lady deserves praise, and met with success. Miss N. De Silva rendered good service as Hermia, but is rather too fond of attitudinising, and gave rather too lackadaisical a complexion to the part. Miss Webster, on the contrary, gave rare strength to Helena, and the other performers would have done well to take pattern from her management of her voice. In one scene she may have mistaken over-rapidity of delivery for vehemence ; but it was an earnest and spirited impersonation. Miss Webster clothed the character with such feeling and dignity as to impress her audience, never giving occasion for the faintest smile in situations so nearly bordering the ludicrous. Mr. William Bell was a fair Theseus. Mr. F. A. Roberts was indistinct in his delivery as Lysander. Mr. F. Rawson Buckley was an earnest Demetrius, and spoke his lines well. Mr. Fred W. Permain, Mr. J. B. Edwards, and Mrs. H. Marsh were good as Snug, Snout, and Starveling. Mr. C. H. Kent, as Flute, gave a capital performance of Thisbe. Mr. F. Sherblookey as Quince, excellent throughout, was especially so in the play scene. To Mr. J. O. Grout was entrusted Bottom. Mr. Grout does not lack confidence ; his fault is not amateurishness, but being stagey. Certainly it was a very creditable performance, but the dialogue that pertains to Bottom was spoken as that set down for Pyramus. In short, clever though it might be, it was Mr. Grout *acting* Bottom, not *impersonating* him. Taken as a whole, the faults are few, and the performance reflects credit on the club and stage manager, who was called before the curtain and heartily applauded.

On the afternoon of May 30, at Steinway Hall, Miss Josephine St. Ange gave a most interesting dramatic and musical recital. The vocalists were Miss Blanche Van Neddegham, Miss Meredyth Elliott, Mr. Arthur Blackmore, Mr. Templer Saxe, Mr. Charles Chille, Mr. George Stedman, Mr. Arthur Wills. Violin, Herr Louis Schmidt. Piano, Miss Maud Holdom. All received their share of applause, but do not call for any special mention. Miss Eweretta Lawrence recited "In the Usual Way" (Weatherley) in a quaint and delightful manner, but unfortunately at times allowed her voice to drop so low as to be almost inaudible. This is a grave fault in recitation. Miss Eweretta Lawrence is otherwise so charming that she should hasten to correct this. Miss Genevieve Ward gave "La Besace" (La Fontaine) and "Voisin and Voisine" (Hamilton Knight) in the purest French of the Comedie Française, and with a *finesse* and *esprit* that it would be impossible to excel and almost so to equal. Mr. Macklin told Whittier's "In School Days" in a most sympathetic and touching manner, following it up with "Queen Mab." Mr. George Barrett in "The C'rect Card" (Frank Desprez) carried away his audience by his spirit, and moved them to tears by his true pathos. He was admirable. Miss Rosa Kenny showed much power and depth of feeling in "The Dandy Fifth" (Gassaway), certainly one of the best things she has ever done. All this was good, very

good, and far superior to the musical element. Miss Josephine St. Ange recited "The Story of the Faithful Soul" and another piece about a human sacrifice made that a famine might pass away. The title of this was not given. Miss St. Ange is a good elocutionist and evidently has experience, but she lacks the true ring of feeling that moves an audience. She was much applauded, but left her public cold.

"The Shaughraun," one of the most amusing if not one of the cleverest of Dion Boucicault's dramas, was revived at the Adelphi, on Saturday, June 22, with all that wealth of scenic display that distinguishes the Messrs. Gatti's productions. Mr. Bruce Smith, the artist, fairly surpassed himself. The cast was an excellent one. Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward, as Captain Molyneux and Claire Ffolliot; Mr. Robert Pateman as Harvey Duff; Mr. Beveridge as Mrs. O'Kelly, all distinguished themselves, and Mr. J. L. Shine was inimitable as the happy-go-lucky Conn. "The Shaughraun" should draw good houses until Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's new drama is ready.

The Actors' Benevolent Fund profited to the tune of £450, thanks to the efforts of those who so kindly gave their services, and to Mr. Irving, who not only generously lent the theatre on the evening of June 22, but who, after playing Macbeth in the afternoon, appeared as Mathias in "The Bells." Mr. J. L. Toole, too, worked as hard, for, in addition to his regular performance at his own theatre, he played John Grumley in "Domestic Economy." Mr. Sims Reeves sang, and M. Coquelin gave an amusing recitation, "La Mouche."

Mr. Willie Edouin was so well satisfied with the success of "Our Flat" at the *matinée*, that, on Tuesday, June 25, he opened with it at the Opéra Comique, preceded by Mrs. W. Greet's play, "To the Rescue," and had every reason to be hopeful of his venture from the reception accorded to the two pieces.

"Doris," which has been steadily increasing in public favour at the Lyric, was made a still greater attraction by the reappearance in the title-*rôle* on Saturday evening, June 22, of Miss Marie Tempest, who sang the music with great charm and vivacity.

Miss Kate M. Forsyth, who has entered on the management of the Comedy Theatre, was to produce Ramsey Morris's play, "The Tigress," on Saturday, June 29, too late for notice this month, but it shall have every attention next. Manageress and play are both highly spoken of in America.

"Still Waters Run Deep," though still playing to overflowing houses at the Criterion, must shortly be withdrawn for a revival of "David Garrick," to be followed by the production of Mr. F. C. Burnand's new play, prior to the departure of Mr. Charles Wyndham and his company for America.

New plays produced and important revivals in London, from May 16, 1889, to June 19, 1889 :—

(Revivals are marked thus *).

- May 18. "The Silent Witness," new five-act drama, by John Coleman. Olympic.
- „ 24. "Tecalco," drama, in one act, by M. H. Spier. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 24. "Parson Jim," drama, in one act, by C. H. Dickinson. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 25.* "A White Lie," new three-act play, by Sydney Grundy. Court.
- „ 25. "In the Corridor," new and original comedietta, by Rudolf Dircks. Court.
- „ 28. "Locked In," musical comedy, by Walter Frith. Matinée. Savoy.
- „ 29. "The Farm by the Sea," one-act drama, adapted from the French of André Theuriet by Frederick Wedmore. Matinée. Vaudeville.
- „ 29. "The Scarecrow," comedy, in three acts, by Charles Thomas. Matinée. Strand.
- „ 31. "Marah," new comedy-drama, in prologue and three acts, by W. Sapte, jun. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 31. "Pets," comedy, in three acts, by Brandon Ellis. Matinée. St. George's Hall.
- „ 31. "A Capital Joke," operetta; libretto by F. de Lara, music by B. Brigata. Matinée. St. George's Hall.
- June 3.* "True Heart," drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Henry Byatt and Sir William Magnay (first time in London). Princess's.
- „ 3. "Aliens," new one-act play, by "Bedford Rowe." Matinée. Lyric.
- „ 4. "The Jew's Eye," original three-act play, by Florence Lane-Fox. Victoria Hall, Bayswater.
- „ 4. "Doubt," domestic drama, in four acts, by J. Stanley Little. Matinée. Strand.
- „ 4. "True Colours," drama, in four acts, by D. Stewart. Matinée. Vaudeville.
- „ 6. "The Two Johnnies," new three-act farcical comedy, adapted by Fred Horner and Frank Wyatt from "Durand et Durand," by MM. Maurice Ordonneau and Albini Valabrègue. Matinée. Comedy.
- „ 7. "A Doll's House," play, in three acts, translated by William Archer from "Et Dukkehjem" of Henrik Ibsen. Novelty.
- „ 8.* "Jim the Penman," four-act play, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart. Shaftesbury.
- „ 11. "Esther Sandraz," play, in three acts, by Sydney Grundy, from the French novel by Adolphe Bélot. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 12. "Which Wins?" new and original four-act comedy-drama, by J. W. Pigott. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 13. "Donellan," domestic drama, in four acts, by Lieut.-Col. P. R. Innes. Matinée. Strand.

- June 13. "To the Rescue," one-act drama, by Mrs. William Greet. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 13. "Our Flat," new farcical comedy, in three acts, by Mrs. Musgrave. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 15. "A Broken Sixpence," comedietta. Toole's.
- „ 19. "The Old Home," comedy-drama, in three acts, by Robert Buchanan. Matinée. Vaudeville.
- „ 19. "Æsop's Fables," farcical comedy, in three acts, by J. P. Hurst. Strand.

In the Provinces from May 9, 1889, to June 17, 1889 :—

- May 16. "Constable Jack ; or, the Bobby's Bride," operetta, in one act, by C. Forbes Drummond and Stratton Rodney. T.R. Bath.
- „ 18. "Both of Them," comedietta (authors unannounced). Royalty, Glasgow.
- „ 20. "My Nadine ; or, André the Mountaineer," new musical comedy, by Hal Collier and Jules de Croix. Exhibition Palace, Folkestone.
- „ 24. "The Witness," original play, in three acts, by G. H. R. Dabbs, M.D. Prince of Wales's, Southampton.
- „ 24. "Stop Thief," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Mark Melford (copyright purposes). T.R. Halifax.
- „ 27. "Deception," three-act farcical comedy, by Andrew Longmuir. T.R. Edinburgh.
- „ 28.* "The Kidnapper" (revised version), farcical comedy, in three acts, by H. Graham. Lecture Hall, Greenwich.
- June 10. "A New Apollo," original *pétite* comedy, in one act, by Creswick Grey. New Royal, Everton, Liverpool.
- „ 17. "The Beechborough Mystery," comedy-drama, in four acts, by Elliot Galer and James Mew. Grand, Birmingham.
- „ 17. "A Stranger to Himself," four-act drama, by Gerald Holcroft. Queen's, Birmingham.

PARIS

(From May 16 to June 31, 1889.)

- May 16. "Trop-Aimé," three-act farcical comedy, by MM. Grenet Dan-court and Vallady. Cluny.
- „ 20. "Le Premier Baiser," comedy, in one act, by M. Emile Bergerat. Français.
- „ 20. "Alain Chartier," play, one act, in verse, by Vicomte Raymond de Borelli. Français.
- „ 21. "Le Chien de Garde," drama, five acts, by M. Jean Richepin. Menus-Plaisirs.
- „ 23. "Les Deux Nido," three-act farcical comedy, by MM. Henri Cernpoise and E. Gugenheim. Déjazet.
29. "La Tour de Babel," opera-bouffe, three acts ; book by MM. Elzéar and Paër, music by Paul Fauchey. Renaissance.
- „ 30. "L'Esprit d'Ernest," vaudeville, by M. Maurice Varet. Cluny.
- „ 31. "Mam'zelle Pioupiou," military spectacle, in five acts, by Alexandre Bisson, music by M. William Chaumet. Porte St. Martin.

THE THEATRE.

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Balzac as a Playwright.

BY PHILIP KENT.



DOUBT whether it be generally known that Balzac began his literary career by writing a play. Of this unfortunate effort, first christened "Cromwell," then "Henriette d'Angleterre," and lastly by some other name which I cannot now recall, it will be enough, for the present, to say that, on its being submitted to Andrieux the Academician, he pronounced it hopelessly bad, though the best of which its author was capable. If by "best" he meant best literary work of any kind, we have good reason to believe him as grossly mistaken, as that other friend of the Balzac family who, on the same evidence, declared the youthful Honoré fit for nothing but a copying-clerk. The tragedy was faultlessly penned—from a purely caligraphic point of view! Ah! the time was coming when publishers would compete for the honour and profit of publishing that stripling's "copy," and compositors protest against more than "one hour" of it. But that time was yet far distant. It seems that it is not given, even to academic eyes, to pierce the veil which hides the future; also, that incessant scribbling is apt to spoil the fairest handwriting that ever did its owner "yeoman's service."

After the damnation of "Cromwell"—which would seem to have perished beyond recovery—Balzac turned his hand to novel writing. And, with a short interlude, during which he

was author, publisher, and printer combined—"like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once!"—to novel writing he confined himself for twenty years, during which he produced an immense mass of work, much of which, I venture to predict, will never die. But after all these years of comparatively poorly-paid toil—the pigmy Sue earned his thousands where the giant Balzac earned only hundreds—the indefatigable workman still found himself deeply in debt; mainly to his mother, who had extricated him from the heavy liabilities in which his publishing enterprise had ended. Casting about for the means of ridding himself of this galling load, he bethought himself of writing for the stage. For play-writing—or play-wrighting, if you please—was then, as now, in France, as in England, far more profitable than novel-spinning. We shall presently see how he proceeded to re-open the "vein" which he had abandoned for "twice ten tedious years." But first, by way of foil to the picture of Balzac the playwright, let us take a peep at Balzac the novelist, in his shirtsleeves, or—to be historically accurate—in the Dominican robe of white flannel in which he loved to labour, turning day into night, spending this at his desk, and that in bed.

Doubtless, the novel, even in its highest form—the psychological—admits of dramatic situations; but they must be most carefully, artfully, artistically worked up to, that they may seem perfectly natural—nay, inevitable. Lugged in by the head and shoulders, a situation is not dramatic, but melo-dramatic. With due allowance for inherent difference of aim and method, this is evidently as true of grand drama as of grand fiction. But we are now dealing only with fiction. The novels of Dickens abound in such pseudo-dramatic situations, which alone would suffice to exclude them from the domain of high art. Take, for example, the death of Bill Sikes. Let us say nothing of the absurd way in which he hangs himself; though, whatever the "groundlings" may think of the feat, it is enough to make any "judicious" young tyro in athletics exclaim, "Why, man alive! that's not the way to let yourself down by a rope! Call yourself a burglar! A bungling sort of a burglar *you* must have been!" But whence springs the howling crowd that hunts the homicide to the house on whose roof he and his dog play those amazing antics? Absolutely from nowhere! The novelist

deigns not to give us the faintest hint that any solitary unit of that mob had gained the slightest inkling of the murderer's whereabouts. No, the mob knew it "by instinct," as Falstaff knew the "true prince." And even thus, throughout his novels, does Dickens "scamp" his bastard-dramatic scenes. He is the "jerry-builder," by pre-eminence, among English novelists of any note. Not thus worked Balzac, the novelist. Not thus, let me rather say, did he shirk his work. Indeed, he ran into the opposite extreme, which proved fatal to his contemporary popularity, and must ever render his works unpalatable to those who read solely for the sake of relaxation, or for the ignobler object of killing time. His dramatic situations are genuinely dramatic. Granted! But then they are so maturely and elaborately prepared that not the ordinary reader only—Charlotte Brontë complained to George Henry Lewis that she found the first chapters of Balzac's "*Illusions Perdus*" dreadfully tedious—even the extraordinary reader, then, is apt to weary long before the majestic "*Minstrel of Despair*"* has worked his symphony of words up to the tremendous close, which, when it comes at last, comes with an effect as sweeping as that of the grand full-toned finales of Beethoven the Great. There is nothing finer in the whole range of fiction than the one rebellious moan of Balzac's spotless "*Lily of the Valley*," the irreproachably virtuous Madame de Mortsauf, wedded to a man to whom she was strictly faithful, but whom neither she nor any woman could possibly love. Dying of what the doctor calls "gastroitis," but, in reality, of her suppressed affection for the admirer who, kicking at the platonic yoke she had imposed on him, had sought consolation in the arms of a more indulgent mistress, Madame de Mortsauf summons him to her deathbed, to bid him a last farewell. And then, for the first and only time in her long martyrdom to duty, her fortitude forsakes her, and she cries, "Must I die, Felix, I who have not lived?—I who have never stolen out by moonlight to meet my lover on the

* The name conferred on Balzac by one of the most discerning and appreciative of his critics. But he overlooked the fact that Balzac firmly believed in a future state—in a "world that was to set this right." And, surely if this world were the "be-all and the end-all," the creed of despair would be that of every thoughtful mind; "but for the life to come we might well despond!" *That*, it should never be forgotten, is the all-pervading *leit-motif* of Balzac's "*Comédie Humaine*." Forget this, and you lose the key to the whole painful riddle!

moor!" But before you reach this "touch of nature"—which is at the same time a supreme touch of art; therefore before you can appreciate its beauty—you must wade through three hundred pages of sometimes rather tiresome details. Now a novelist had need make large allowance for the frailty of the general reader. And whether he makes it or not, the reader will imperiously claim it. See what happened when Balzac—then clothed with all the renown he ever attained during life—the full harvest was not yet reached—for "glory is the sunshine of the grave"—see what happened when he published his "Paysans" in "La Presse!" Why, eight hundred subscribers—a formidable fraction of the whole body—threatened to withdraw their subscriptions unless the publication of the "Paysans" was instantly stopped. And stopped it was! Yet Gautier styles it a masterpiece, blames the readers of the "Presse," and damns the editor. Well, a masterpiece the "Paysans" may be; but I must candidly confess that when I first read it, not even my profound veneration for the "Master" could hinder me from thinking, sorrowfully, that the foundations of the very finest catastrophes might be too, too solidly laid.

But—whether, when achieved, we can stomach it or not—literary work of this Cyclopean construction cannot be achieved without Cyclopean labour. And to achieve it Balzac lived like a hermit and worked like a horse. Talk of the fabled "Labours of Hercules!" They sink into utter insignificance compared with those which Balzac exacted from himself in the endeavour to build a monument that might defy the tooth of Time—a κτῆμα ἐς αἰετός.* I must pass lightly over this well-known theme, lest I vex the reader's ear with a "twice-told tale." Everyone knows how Balzac pondered his subjects, cast and recast his "copy," and thrice revised his thrice-revised "proof." But it may be news to some that, before writing "Gambara"—which is loaded with musical lore—he studied thorough bass for six months; that he kept "Le Médecin de Campagne" seven years upon the stocks before he launched it into the world; and that one single page of "La Torpille" cost him a whole night's toil.

* The memorable words in which Thucydides forecast the fate of his "History." Now Balzac meant his "Comédie Humaine" to be a history of French manners, morals, and customs, from the age of Louis XV. to that of Louis Philippe. Hence the allusion is perfectly appropriate.

Turn we now from Balzac the novelist to Balzac the playwright. The slow-working, painstaking, conscientious bookwright attacked the stage with headlong haste. "Instead of casting and recasting his pieces ten times," says Théophile Gautier, "he never wrote them out at all. The leading idea of the contemplated drama once seized, he would summon his friends—often at the most unearthly hours—to concoct it in collaboration with him. Ourliac, Lassailly, Laurent-Jan, my humble self, and others have often been knocked up by him at dead of night to knock off the play that was to make millionaires of us all. Naturally, the golden scheme brooked no delay. I remember Balzac once sending for me in hot haste—by daylight, this time!—to the Rue Richelieu, where he then lodged, over a tailor's shop. 'Ah! so here you are at last, Théo!'—'twas thus he greeted my very prompt appearance—'you lazy sluggard of a sloth, look sharp! You ought to have been here at least an hour ago! Don't you know I've got to read a grand five-act drama to Harel by midday to-morrow?'

"'Indeed! and you want my opinion of it?' I replied, settling myself resignedly in the snuggest armchair I could see.'

"'Not exactly! the play isn't written yet.'

"'The deuce it isn't. Then you must send Harel a note, postponing the reading for six weeks.'

"'Devil a bit! We must polish the *dramorama* off between us and snap the coin at once. I've a heavy bill to meet within a day or two.'

"'And pray—to waive the impossibility of scribbling a five-act play in four-and-twenty hours—how on earth could you get it fair-copied for reading in the time?'

"'Done it can and must be, thus: you'll write the first act, Ourliac the second, Laurent-Jan the third, de Belloy the fourth, myself the last. And I read the whole at noon to-morrow, as agreed. An act contains how many lines?—five hundred at the outside! Surely, a fellow can spin five hundred lines of dialogue in a day and a night!'

"'Well,' replied I, not without an inward qualm, 'give me the subject, the plot, and a sketch of the chief characters, and I'll buckle to and do my best.'

"'Oh! I say, Théo,' cried Balzac, with an air of superb contempt for my dulness of wit, 'if I have to squander precious

time in telling you the *subject*, we shan't have done by Dooms-day!'

"To *me*, however, the demand for some inkling of the nature of the plot, &c., seemed not so perfectly idle and preposterous as it appeared to Balzac. So I persisted, and did eventually succeed in dragging out of him the indispensable outline. With that, I set to work and dashed off a couple of scenes, only a few words of which survived the pruning-knife and adorned the acted play, which, I need hardly add, was *not* read to Harel on the morrow. How much, or little, the other collaborators contributed I wot not. But I know that Laurent-Jan was the only one who seriously put his shoulder to the wheel. And to him the play was ultimately dedicated."

That play was "Vautrin." In any case, one might reasonably suppose its chance of success would have been slender. As it happened, its first representation was also its last! Staged at the Porte-Saint-Martin, on March 14, 1840, its further representation was summarily suspended by order of the Government. It appears that, in one of the scenes, Frédérick Lemaître—who played the title-part to oblige his friend and admirer Balzac—had to assume the disguise of a Mexican General. Nothing, however, would serve but he must cover his head with a pyramidal periwig which bore a fatally close resemblance to the natural wig that crowned the pear-shaped countenance of Louis Philippe—see the early numbers of "Punch." What! ridicule the reigning monarch!—and *that* by aping his anointed head in the counterfeit presentment of a double-dyed scoundrel masquerading as a great personage! "Flat burglary!" as ever was perpetrated, deemed the Dogberrys at the helm of the State. And so "Vautrin" vanished from the playbills—never, so far as I can learn, to be restored to them. Balzac's other plays—to name them in the order of their production—and damnation—were "Les Ressources de Quinola," "Paméla Giraud," "La Marâtre," and "Le Faiseur," alias "Mercadet."

Meanwhile their author's capacity for stage-writing is still a moot point, and likely to remain so. Gautier insists that he had it in him to become a successful dramatist; and, not content with stating the *à priori* probabilities in favour of this view, he pronounces the "Marâtre"—the inner history of which may be found in a former number of this magazine—to be "next door

to a masterpiece." He also adduces the fact that "Mercadet"—naturalised among us as "The Game of Speculation"—enjoyed a long run at the Gymnase in 1852, two years after its author's death. But M. Jules de Pétigny, on the other hand, believes the posthumous success of this piece to have been merely a *succès d'estime* offered to the shade of the mighty novelist whose might was never fully recognised till he was gone. And he does not scruple to call "Mercadet" "a good novel spoilt by dramatisation."

"Who shall decide where doctors disagree?" Far be it from me to seek to arbitrate between such high authorities. Yet, subject to correction from those infinitely more competent to judge, I would venture to throw out the following, for the most part, purely tentative suggestions. For reasons the full assignment of which would need an essay—within an essay—the novel appears to me as bad a training-school for the dramatist as the drama for the novelist. If this view be just, it follows that the twenty years of assiduous novel-writing—and such novel-writing!—that intervened between Balzac's ill-starred "Cromwell" and his equally ill-starred "Vautrin" must have gone far to crush whatever latent talent for stage-work he may ever have possessed. May I hint, in passing, that one might point to a somewhat analogous case much nearer home, and of far more recent date, in support of this suggestion? Then, thanks to Gautier, we have a tolerably vivid notion of how Balzac set to work when he did at length resume his labours—if labours we may term them—for the theatre. Was any sound and lasting work likely to result from such "scamping" as that? Bating the difference in kind, and looking only to degree, does not the production of a thoroughly good play involve quite as much care and thought as the production of a thoroughly good novel? These questions seem to me to answer themselves.

One word of warning to wind up with! It might possibly be inferred, from Balzac's method of working for the stage, that he held it and its artists, creative and executive, in slight esteem. No inference could be more fallacious. He reckoned it an honour to rank Frédéric Lemaître, Henry Monnier, and Madame Dorval among his friends. In his "Fille d'Eve," he goes out of his way to remark that, in proportion to its relatively small numbers, the dramatic profession has been, of all professions,

the most prolific in really distinguished characters. The memory of Molière—playwright and actor—he worshipped. And when, in his fine essay “Des Artistes,” he wanted to show how, by dint of choice elocution and dignified gesture, the most prosaic sentence might be elevated into poetry, he sought his illustration—not from the Bar, not in the Senate, not in the Pulpit, but on the Stage. What was the sentence? *Par tout ce qu’il y a de plus sacré, messieurs les jurés, je suis innocent.* Surely, at first sight, one might have thought that he would have chosen Dupin or Berryer to dignify those simple words. But neither of those eminent advocates would serve his turn. No, he puts the words into the mouth of Talma.



A Living Picture.



TERRACE backed with parapet of stone,
And framed by trees, and hazy distant blue
Of ripened summer time which should atone
A thousand winters: perching on his stand
A gaudy-plumaged bird: and all around,
On the stone bench, the parapet, the ground,
Are fragrant roses of a varied hue.

And in their midst, in shimmering silk attire,
With laughter on their lips and in their eyes,
Both mutely eloquent of gained desire,
And all that makes youth beautiful, and dear,—
Two women who would draw the sunshine down
Through clouded skies to weave a haloed crown,
So sweet they are, so queenly is their guise.

The tender mockery of town-born wits,
Sparring with wisdom that is country-bred,
Adds the last touch as delicately flits
Their rippling banter; and with senses charmed,
Both eye and ear woo'd by soft blandishment,
We watch the picture in a rapt content,
And breathe hushed blessings on each dainty head.

At Charles Terry's benefit, July 5.

M. E. W.

Thespian Thoroughfares.

BY GODFREY TURNER.



NOTHING absolute or pronounced, in relation to the idea of practical piety, honoured in the person of the most worthily and popularly remembered of the long historical line of Ashley-Coopers, can be said exactly to jar with the naming of a new boulevard; still, one is constrained to grant that some fitter title than that worn by Anthony, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, philanthropist and Bishop-maker of Palmerstonian times, might have been found for the broad and handsome highway which, cutting away a gangrenous ganglion of decayed lanes, courts, and alleys, has become part of the great pleasure-mart of western London, and is particularly well stocked as regards theatrical entertainment. Garrick, a name for managers to conjure by, had already been appropriated: first as a street-name, and more recently as the title for Mr. Hare's quaintly old-fashioned play-house in Charing Cross Road, nearly-opposite St. Martin's Church. The locality is so changed that the exact position of this most theatrical of theatres, according to old ideas, can hardly be indicated by the statement that it is at the bottom of St. Martin's Lane, the long-accustomed recruiting-ground where one may be made a soldier before he knows it.

The age has fairly dawned for the happiest blendings of old and new, and Mr. Hare's roomy and comfortable house is a notable instance. Every appliance that can promote the feeling of public security, assist the senses of sight and hearing, and afford the rare advantage of breathing fresh air, unites with the charm so welcome to the veteran playgoer—so welcome because so long missed—the charm of old, familiar associations. The ruddy warmth of the decorations is as the after-glow of theatrical memories which have set in night. The immemorial green curtain is there, to strengthen the crimson and intensify the gold, with a refreshing contrast. One could almost wish

back again the proscenium-doors, with "their frappend and tintinnabulary appendages," as Dr. Johnson was made to say by those wicked wags the authors of "Rejected Addresses." The playbills—and for this I, for one, tender Mr. Hare my heartiest thanks—are at once legible and comely, not all over fussy impertinent traceries, like a dandy-Gothic clock-face observing the time of day. Very plainly and unmistakably is everything fitting to be known set forth in clear type on those good, stout cardboard bills of the play, embellished with the representation, in miniature, of Sir Joshua's picture, Garrick hesitating between Tragedy and Comedy.

Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue cross at the *round-point* which has been named Cambridge Circus, after H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, by whom the road was ceremonially opened. At the junction formed thereby stands the newly-erected theatre for which Mr. D'Oyly Carte, at the time I write these words, has not yet found a name. It is a singularly fine example of modern terra-cotta masonry, the design of Mr. T. E. Collcutt, F.R.I.B.A., whose *début* as an architect may be remembered in the "street of the nations," at the Paris Exhibition of 1879, where he built for Messrs. Collinson and Lock a delightfully quaint little Hanoverian mansion, which, if I remember rightly, was bought and carried off into Hungary by a wealthy Magyar gentleman. A few yards from Cambridge Circus, in Shaftesbury Avenue, is the Shaftesbury Theatre, which is completely isolated. So, too, is Mr. D'Oyly Carte's theatre, except that it has shops annexed to it, like the Pavilion.

Another new theatre, of great interior beauty, is the Lyric, which stands at the Piccadilly end of Shaftesbury Avenue, opposite the west wing of the Pavilion, and not many yards from the sumptuously improved and extended establishment of the Messrs. Monico.

I have already commented on the fact that what might have been a more appropriate name than Shaftesbury for the Thespian boulevard so called had been forestalled both by a theatre situate elsewhere and a street of earlier celebrity, distinguished by the presence of the leading theatrical club. Other names, both historic and histrionic, hover in flocks round the once patrician neighbourhood, invaded and broken up by the two thoroughfares which cross at Cambridge Circus.

Shaftesbury Avenue, stretching in stately breadth from St. Giles's to St. James's, intersects or passes midway between the squares of Leicester and Soho, such high-named streets as Compton and Wardour; the first, fallen into poor estate, mindful no more of Northampton marquises and earls, from whom its name proceeds. Hardly need my readers be reminded that this same name, assumed by that free right of choice which is almost prescriptive in the theatrical world, has notably adorned the stage, on which it is at this day borne by a well-known actor, esteemed in his profession and by the public, both as comedian and manager. His father, Henry Mackenzie, son of a leading physician of his day, dropped a name of equally honourable distinction when he assumed the mask-name of Compton some fifty years ago. Son, as we have seen, of a physician in good practice, he was uncle of another, whose name during his useful lifetime, which happily endures, already lives in history. How the years creep and fly! It was in 1841, I think, that a tall young actor, who had tried tragedy with indifferent success, appeared on the boards of Drury Lane in "As You Like It," playing William to Keeley's Touchstone in a most memorable cast, which included Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Priscilla Horton (Mrs. German Reed), Macready, Phelps, Anderson, Ryder, Elton, Hudson, Allen, the tenor, who sang the songs, "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," and Sims Reeves, who was chorus-master at the time, and sang in the part-music with Leffler and other good vocalists, afterwards to achieve fame. In certain reminiscences of first nights, in *THE THEATRE*, I have recorded this cast of the beautiful pastoral, "As You Like It," which may be pardonably lingered over, like an old piece of music;

"And the child loves and praises
Its magical strain;
And age sees the daisies
Bloom round him again."

It was said, in my boyish hearing, after the performance, under Macready's direction, that if Keeley should break with his manager, there was another Touchstone in the theatre. The augury was fulfilled in time; and it was as Shakespeare's moralising fool, notwithstanding the part is indeed one that

Keeley himself seemed born to play, that the tall young actor afterwards confirmed the reputation he had modestly founded on his performance of the clownish shepherd, William, when his very height served as a foil to the little man's assumption of hectoring importance, Compton's Touchstone in later times being a very proverb of excellence. Yet, in his youthful and ambitious tragedy-days, "handsome Harry Mackenzie" little thought of playing either the courtly fool or the awkward swain.

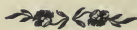
The old Metropolitan Board of Works, which should rather have styled itself a Board of Faith, seeing that, on Mrs. Gamp's principle, it gave no trust itself, and put a deal of trust elsewhere, shrewdly foresaw the value of sites adjacent to the newly-planned lines of main thoroughfare, and gave a promising start for extended enterprise, at the Piccadilly end, which is chiefly the direction taken by the advancing course of theatres and restaurants, designed to meet and combine with the knot of pleasure-palaces formed by the Criterion, Monico's, the Pavilion, and, with a short interval to the east, the Prince of Wales's, in Coventry Street. Quitting for the time this immediate convergence of theatres, in which, by a dive to the south, we come upon the Comedy Theatre, in Panton Street, let us turn back into Shaftesbury Avenue. Renovation, with his seven-league boots, strides over time-honoured precincts, toppling down old landmarks, leaving improvements in their place, some of them dubious, others undeniable, clearing away much dry-rot and unwholesome decaying rubbish, in any case; and supplanting danger by safety, dirt and disease by cleanliness and health. Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road have both broken in upon a region of Doran-like gossip knowledge, the haunt of roving epicurism and happy hunting-ground of curious research; where the connoisseur, who rather thinks he knows a Reynolds or a Gainsborough, an Old Crome or a Wilson, too well to be taken in, and the dilettante who will back himself against any man in Europe to tell a true Cremona from a Romany fiddle, are free to stalk on the stilts of their opinion. Every modern Brillat-Savarin, every Fin Bec, knows that a little way down Wardour Street to the south, on the side opposite Hart's, where his musical crony goes fiddle-hunting, is the daintiest, if not the only charcuterie, in London. *Qui dit truffe*—says the poet and

philosopher, the physiologist and prophet of taste—*prononcé un grand mot*. Similarly, who says Benoist, speaks a great name. I fancy the prime luxuries of life are more talked of than indulged in, more discussed with innocent gusto than in gross realism. At least, I hope so.

“ Even Redi, when he chanted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his Dithyrambic sallies.”

And surely a convivial dyspeptic may talk truffles, yet eat none, or content himself with sniffing their fragrance without fleshing teeth in them. Is it to be supposed that the appreciative reader of Hayward and Sala cannot relish the wit and erudition of those writers, unassisted by Périgord pie and Pommery sec? It is in this same realm of Doran-gossip that the frequenter of old vanishing *cari luoghi* finds himself puzzled by the recurrence of unlooked-for names amid the growing grandeur. Burridge's and similar places, both in the line of Shaftesbury Avenue itself and in the northern section of Wardour Street, remain untouched for the picker-up of old furniture, pictures, prints, and bric-à-brac to revel in as usual. Sinclair, with a broad frontage in the Avenue, makes a far more imposing show of art-furniture, among which was lately visible a noble fireplace, part of the spoils of the dismantled and since obliterated Carrington House, whence the sculptured marble relic was removed hither on the demolition of that historical mansion to make room for Whitehall improvements. While Shaftesbury Avenue has thus extended rapidly from Tottenham Court Road to Piccadilly, Charing Cross Road has reached from Bloomsbury to Chandos Street at the bottom of St. Martin's Lane, thus forming touch with and almost seeming to threaten the classic region of Maiden Lane, where Voltaire lodged, and Turner, the painter, was born. It was the birthplace, too, in later times of the brilliant writer of *vers de société*, Henry S. Leigh, whose “Strains from the Strand” stamped him a candid and confessed Cockney, notwithstanding his youthful rambles in Spain, and mastery as well as love of the “soft meandering Spanish” language. In fact, Maiden Lane is redolent of literary and artistic memories, especially such as are associated with the better Bohemianism of a bygone generation, the generation of Albert

Smith and a coterie enshrined now in the playbills carefully preserved at Rule's by the appreciative Mr. William Harling Baylis, who has developed the old oyster-shop into a delectable resort, known to all who have acquired the art of lunching, dining, and supping to perfection.



To Thee.



YES, I love you! As I own it,
From my heart a sigh of anguish
Breaks, and mingles slowly
With a breath of summer air
That is stealing through my window,
And which seems to bear upon it

The sweet and clinging perfume
Of the orange-blossom rare.

And the tear-drops fast are falling
From my eyelids hot and smarting,
Till they almost blot the meaning
Of the words I write to you.
If they could but drown the past, love!
But it is *beyond* recalling.
God alone can move the barrier
You have placed between us two.

Tho' we're parted save our love-dream,
Just one corner in your heart,
Let the sweet "what might have been," love,
In your lifetime play some part.
Live your life and end it nobly;
Do not question God's decree.
Love, our parting is but earthly—
There is still eternity!

PHILLIPPA FAIRFAX.

A Good Librettist.



AFTER the scourgings to which our English comic opera librettists have from time to time been subjected in the pages of *THE THEATRE*, it is refreshing to turn to the other side of the picture, and to remember that there is at least one bright spot which does much to redeem the character of the whole.

Peradventure, we would plead, if there be one clever librettist found, thou wilt not condemn the race. The indictments against the majority are too manifestly just for any valid defence to be set up, so we will simply admit that they are a bad lot, and produce a genuine character as a set-off. Mr. Gilbert needs no advocate to establish his claims as a humorist. His writings have become classics, and the essayist turns greedily to them for apt quotations. He is so severely original that, as has been observed of him, he has only to fear comparison with himself. The main theme of his librettos is, of course, nonsense, but, as Sapphin remarks in "Patience," "what precious nonsense." It is a nonsense which only a clever man can produce, and which beneath the surface reveals the germs of a philosophy of a man who has an acute knowledge of human nature. "For, look you," he makes Point say, "there is humour in all things, and the truest philosophy is that which teaches us to find it and to make the most of it." It is in this spirit that Mr. Gilbert goes to work in his writings, and it is this element that gives to his librettos what few others possess, the quality of improving upon acquaintance. A dramatist appeals to the world in two ways—from the stage, where he is interpreted by actors who may or may not convey the full force of the author's skill; and from his published works, where there is no one to come between himself and the public. It is essentially, therefore, in printed form that the test of the playwright's merits is severest, and it is in this form that Mr. Gilbert shines most brilliantly.

"True humour," says Carlyle, "issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper," and if, in reading the words of Mr. Gilbert's opera, one is not continually bursting into the loud laughter that the tricks of actors may call forth, yet one always realises a keen sense of satisfaction, and a quiet admiration for a man who can say such odd and clever things in so unconventional a manner. It is in fact only by reading them that Mr. Gilbert's writings can be fully appreciated, and a previous knowledge of them adds to the enjoyment of witnessing their performance. It is not my intention to draw any comparisons between the respective merits of Mr. Gilbert's plays for stage representation, but so far as genuine wit is concerned their literary merit is, with some exceptions, far more apparent in his later works. With years Mr. Gilbert has mellowed, and his fun, though perhaps cleverer now than formerly, has lost something of its rollicking qualities, of which "The Pirates" gives some of the best examples. The very argument of this play, of a nursemaid being sent to apprentice a boy to a pilot, and by mistake leaving him in the hands of a pirate, is a situation that no other present-day writer could invent, and the idea of Frederick being found to be aged only five and a quarter after twenty-one years owing to his having been a victim of the "clumsy arrangement" of leap-year, is a rich specimen of the paradoxes in which these operas abound. There is a very original specimen in the dialogue between Ruth, the nursemaid of forty-seven years, and Frederick, in which the former offers her heart and hand to the latter:—

FRED: Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me, as you know, but I must be circumspect. . . . A lad of twenty-one usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

RUTH: A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife of a thousand!

FRED: No; but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough. Ruth, tell me candidly and without reserve—compared with other women, how are *you*?

RUTH: I will answer you truthfully, master. I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

FRED: I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring rather to your personal appearance. Compared with other women—are you beautiful?



MISS CICELY RICHARDS.

"Merry, or sad, shall't be?"

"WINTER'S TALE," Act ii., Sc. 1

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

RUTH (bashfully): I have been told so, dear master.

FRED: What do you think of yourself?

RUTH: It is a delicate question to answer, but I think I am a fine woman.

And then when Frederick discovers by comparison with other girls that Ruth is plain and old, the devoted woman urges a further plea to the match on the score that,

“ *My* love unabating
Has been accumulating
Forty-seven years.”

This surely is what Jack Point would call “original light humour.” The King of the Pirates affords a smart example, too, in his observation to Frederick, “I don’t think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it’s comparatively honest.”

The light philosophy that underlies some of the sayings of Mr. Gilbert’s characters gives just that tinge to his writings which places them above the ordinary level of comic opera libretto. Nanki Poo displays a philosophic mind when, condemned to die within a month of his marriage, he proposes to efface the popular and arbitrary impressions as to time. “We’ll call each second a minute, each minute an hour, each hour a day, and each day a year. At that rate we’ve about thirty years of married happiness before us!” And how artlessly clever is Yum-Yum’s defence of her self-admiration. “Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely, and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and I take after my mother!” The operas abound in pretty, fanciful ideas such as these, which may be had for the seeking, and are well worth the search.

Mr. Gilbert is on favourite ground when he makes little playful stabs at the fads and foibles of society. When the æsthetic craze was at its highest he made considerable capital out of it in “Patience,” and showed up the motives of the average æsthete in Bunthorne’s soliloquy—“In short my mediævalism’s affectation, born of a morbid love of admiration.” Koko’s reference to the many social offenders who “never would be missed,” the Mikado’s invectives against specified society sinners, and Robin Oakapple’s suggestion to well-to-do squires, “who found athenæums and local museums with a view to a

baronet's title," that "the titles are uncommonly dear at the price," are only a few instances of this form of gentle satire.

There is nothing more marked, in Mr. Gilbert's writings than his sudden changes from grave to gay and from gay to grave, and it is in his pathos that his strongest efforts lie. His pathetic songs and passages, distributed very freely throughout most of his librettos, but more refined and tender in his later works, stand out in bold relief compared to the sentimental songs of the average comic opera. His is a pathos of the truest kind, which is found in fullest perfection in humorists. To quote Carlyle once more, "The essence of humour is sensibility; warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence." He describes love with a felicity that is unsurpassed, and his characters in distress appeal direct to us for sympathy. The burden of Patience's song runs through many of his operas in a slightly different form, and the same philosophic mind that so many of the personages possess prompts the utterances. Patience is wondering at the sadness of the love-sick maidens, and she says :

"If love is a thorn, they show no wit
Who foolishly hug and foster it.
If love is a weed, how simple they
Who gather and gather it day by day!
If love is a nettle that makes you smart,
Why do you wear it next your heart?
And if it be none of these, say I,
Why do you sit and sob and cry?"

There is something grandly poetic in the madrigal from "The Mikado" :

"What though mortal joys be hollow?
Pleasures come if sorrows follow.
* * *
Let us dry the ready tear,
Though the hours are surely creeping,
Little need for woful weeping
Till the sad sundown is near.
All must sip the cup of sorrow—
I to-day and thou to-morrow:
This the close of every song
Ding dong! ding dong!
What though solemn shadows fall
Sooner, later over all?
Sing a merry madrigal!"

Where is there another comic opera librettist that can write

lines like those? But for the fullest development of Mr. Gilbert's pathos we must turn to "The Yeoman of the Guard," a work which he has not dared to call a *comic* opera.

The character of Point is one that throughout calls for genuine sympathy. From the time he enters, pursued by the crowd, and trying to discover the "humour in all things," and sings "the song of the merryman moping mum, whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum, as he sighed for the love of a lady," to the end of the opera, where, after the loss of Elsie's love, "Jester wishes he was dead," one can feel nothing but pity for the "poor salaried wit," "the poor dull heart-broken man who must needs be merry or he will be whipped; who must rejoice lest he starve." The lighter parts of this opera only tend to throw into higher relief its exquisite tenderness, and in the final scene where Point enters dejected and worn, and breaking down in his song—

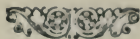
"Sung to the moon
By a love-lorn loon,
Who fled from the mocking throng, O!"

falls insensible at Elsie's feet, the audience or the reader is strung to the highest pitch of emotion by the most powerful climax that any light opera has ever boasted.

One could fill whole numbers of THE THEATRE with clever extracts from the wit and wisdom of Mr. Gilbert's writings, an inexhaustible vein, but space is a terrible enemy with which to deal, and the pleasure of reading these librettos is open to all who are wise enough to avail themselves of the chance. Enough has already been said, if it were needed, to show that Mr. Gilbert may claim with Point:

"Oh, winnow all my folly, and you'll find
A grain or two of truth among the chaff!"

ARTHUR WINTON.



The “*Ædipus Coloneus*” at Cheltenham College.



Speech days at our public schools recur with no less annual regularity than did the festivals of Dionysius in ancient Attica. With different associations and purposes, but not, therefore, with less intellectual profit, the works of a classical tragedian may contribute to a modern festival something of the pleasure which they produced of old under the shadow of the Acropolis. The authorities of Cheltenham College rightly perceived last year that a revival of “*Sophocles*” would be appropriate to the annual festival of a great classical school; and what Dr. Kynaston did with the “*Electra*,” his successor, Dr. James, has, with equal good fortune, done with the “*Ædipus Coloneus*.” Such a representation cannot fail—at least in the mind of thoughtful boys—to give a meaning and reality to these classical studies which may both stimulate their endeavours and help the teaching of the masters. Doubtless it was this sense of educational utility which recently prompted some of the authorities of the Ladies’ College in the same academic town to present, though in a somewhat private way, a most effective rendering of the “*Antigone*” of the same tragedian.

By a stroke of good fortune a very similar cast was available for the “*Ædipus*” to that which had figured last year in the “*Electra*.” Mr. A. S. Owen still remains at Cheltenham to delight his audience by the skill with which he can declaim the lengthy speeches of the royal wanderer, or grope his blind way among the olives of the sacred grove. The character is complex, but the youthful actor successfully portrayed his horror for past offences—a horror chastened by the consciousness that he had sinned unwittingly; love for his daughters—love, however, which discriminated between the touching devotion of *Antigone* and the less pronounced filial affection of *Ismene*, and which is yet consistent with the furious outburst of rage against the self-assertion of the selfish *Polynices*, and pious reverence for the

gods whose oracles were to be fulfilled in him. Mr. Vans Best again was Coryphæus, and conducted his chorus of old men with skill through the mazes of orchestral processions at the same time that he led the plaintive, touching melodies of Mendelssohn's music. Mr. Hibbert was a charming Antigone, and may be congratulated on playing with a feminine grace and aspect which were needful to the character. The dash and vigour of Creon were well delineated by Mr. Mugliston. The part of Polynices, short but important as giving the keynote to the following play of "Antigone," was ably represented by Mr. C. Woodhouse with a pathos and fire very rare in so young an actor.

The scenery was most skilfully painted by Mr. Nesbitt, of the college, and represented the grove of Colonus, with a view of the Parthenon and its neighbouring buildings on the Acropolis. On the right of the foreground appeared the equestrian statue of the ἐπιστάτης Κολωνου. To the same artist belonged the arrangements of the dresses, in the varied hues of which might be recognised some symbolism of the dramatic character of the wearers. Mr. George Hawtrey was stage-manager, and his admirable groupings interpreted, for such of the modern audience as were not versed in the original Greek, the varying pathos and incidents of the play.



Our Musical-Box.

The two red-letter events of the past opera season were the production, on the 5th ult., of Verdi's "Otello" for the first time in this country, and the first performance in Italian of Wagner's "Meistersinger von Nürnberg." It is true that nothing like actual excitement was manifested by musical Londoners over either of these artistic occurrences; nevertheless each in turn aroused a considerable amount of interest. For the undertaking which has placed Verdi's latest opera in a splendid manner before the English public we are indebted to Mr. M. L. Mayer. It was that gentleman's misfortune, when he originally took the Lyceum Theatre, that he could not foresee the likelihood of Her Majesty's being at his disposal in July for the purpose of this production. It would have been better in every way had Mr. Mayer been in a position to bring out "Otello" at the opera house in the Haymarket—better for the work, better for the artists, and better for

Mr. Mayer's pocket. But this was not to be. The arrangements were already completed and past alteration, the scenery which was painted in Milan being measured to exactly fit the Lyceum stage, and therefore too small for the larger house. But the disadvantages attendant on the size of the Lyceum auditorium have not prevented opera-goers from forming a tolerably accurate estimate of Verdi's work, nor from fully enjoying the remarkably fine performance there presented. So much has been written about "Otello" that I should only tax the reader's patience were I to enter into a minute description of either the libretto or the music. Suffice it that one has reproduced the spirit of Shakespeare, if not the "letter" also; while the other constitutes the best imaginable alliance between the two great lyrical schools of the past and the present. One thing which has been frequently said with regard to "Otello" I am fain to re-echo here. It is Iago and not the Moor of Venice whom Boïto has made the central figure, the great predominating personage of the play. He has to some extent modified—it might be more exact to say amplified—the Shakespearean conception, but herein undoubtedly lies a manifest gain to the musical and dramatic effect of the opera. Take Iago's drinking song in the first act. Its weird, "uncanny" tones and odd melodic progressions at once strike the keynote of the character. Again the marvellous "Credo" of the second act—embodying Iago's declaration of belief in a "cruel God" whom he "calls upon in anger"—is not only suggestive of a being swayed by no ordinary human motives, but, in its musical aspect, is one of the most striking and masterly pages to be found in modern opera. The great duet between Iago and Otello in the same act is regarded by many as the finest example of sustained dramatic writing that Verdi has given to the world. Bar the final act, which illustrates with intense force and pathos the culminating episodes of the tragedy in Desdemona's bedchamber, I know no grander moments in Verdi's opera than those above referred to, and with each of which Iago is most intimately associated.

Let us reckon ourselves fortunate that we have been enabled to witness at the Lyceum the superb performance of M. Maurel in the part which he created at La Scala. It is not too much to say that there is no other baritone living who could invest it with the same delicate subtlety and perfection of detail. A fine singer and a clever actor I have always thought M. Maurel, but his delineation of Iago places him in the light of an absolute genius. His ever-constant changes of facial expression may be open to the charge of over-elaboration, but on the whole the impersonation is one that invariably affords the spectator interest and food for reflection. Fortunate, too, have we been in seeing here the original Otello—that most expensive and most robust of tenors, Signor Tamagno. He has a noble voice with phenomenal high notes; and, whatever his precise claims to admiration as an actor or a singer, his combined gifts have unquestionably enabled him to realise this character. At two points in the opera Signor Tamagno is great—when he declaims his magnificent farewell to the

"tranquil mind" in the Jealousy duet; and in the last act, from the moment he enters the bedchamber during the wonderful passage for the double-basses to the moment when he finally drags himself to the bedside to kiss the cold lips of his dead victim. How much has been due to the glorious conducting of Signor Faccio and the faultless playing of his Milanese orchestra it can scarcely be necessary to repeat. Faccio is simply a past-master of his art. He has every *nuance* of the work at his fingers' ends; he knows how to impart his ideas to all who come under the influence of his bâton. Imagine a band of seventy players at the Lyceum under an everyday conductor. The result would simply be a din. As it is the orchestral playing heard there has been extraordinary in its refinement and delicacy. The chorus was up to its work, and the remaining members of the cast may be dismissed as efficient. The Desdemona of Madame Cataneo was, perhaps, the sole embodiment that seriously left much to be desired, but on this point it would be unfair to grumble. The heroine of Verdi's opera has not yet been satisfactorily represented by any artist, either in or out of Milan.

A unanimous verdict of approval was bestowed upon the Italian production of "Die Meistersinger," which took place at Covent Garden, on Saturday, the 13th ult. The thick-and-thin partisans of Wagner, who had freely declared that the rendering of Wagner's comic opera in Italian would be little better than a travesty, may fairly be said to have reckoned without their host. That the experiment bristled on every side with exceptional difficulties there can be no doubt; but Mr. Harris knows his business too well not to have fully perceived this, and he laid his plans accordingly. Signor Mazzucato supplied the first desideratum—a translation of Wagner's libretto reproducing at once the poetic force and character of the original in words fitting the rhythm and accent of Wagner's music. In Signor Mancinelli again, Mr. Harris had a conductor who was thoroughly in sympathy with the Bayreuth master, and who had last year accompanied him to that "Wagnerian Mecca" to study the manner in which the "Meistersinger" was put on the stage—for the first time there, by the way, and with Hans Richter as conductor. The Covent Garden assistant stage-manager, M. Lapissida, and *maestro al piano*, Herr Saar, were also well acquainted with the traditions of the work, and therefore largely helped to lighten the labours of preparation. On the other hand it is worthy of note that, with the exception of M. Isnardon (who came from Brussels expressly to undertake the part of Beckmesser), not a solitary artist in the cast had ever played in the "Meistersinger" before. Comparing the number of actual rehearsals held at Covent Garden with the number allowed for the same opera at Bayreuth, or even for the Lyceum production of "Otello" (which was rehearsed I know not how many times before the company left Milan for London), the results obtained on the first night of the "Meistersinger" at the Royal Italian Opera were truly marvellous. The sceptical Wagnerites did not attempt to conceal their astonishment at the smooth-

ness and accuracy of detail that characterised the entire performance. But what amazed them even more was the new charm and grace that Wagner's vocal writing assumed through its Italian medium in the mouths of the cosmopolitan company of artists by whom it was now rendered. The German performances witnessed at Drury Lane in 1882 and at Covent Garden in 1884 have not, from a purely musical standpoint, left behind a more favourable impression than this Italian version. The only exception I would make is in favour of Richter's orchestra, which splendidly-trained machine did simply perfect justice to Wagner's instrumentation; but I am not sure that the contrast between the playing of the Richter and the Mancinelli orchestras will always be so strong. The Italian conductor and his English players were alike affected on the first night by the excitement of the occasion and the magnitude of their task.

The selection of Madame Albani for the rôle of Eva must be deemed rather as a tribute to her previous achievements in Wagnerian opera than the outcome of her suitability for the character. That the accomplished artist, who had already created in Italian the heroines of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," should be entrusted with a similar responsibility in the "Meistersinger" was well enough; but her lack of the juvenility essential for an ideal Eva was regarded by some as fatal to the dramatic consistency of the comedy. In the opening scene on the Katharinenkirche and the charming episodes with Hans Sachs and Walther in the second act, Madame Albani did not appear to such advantage as in the scene in Sachs' cottage, where the value of the dramatic artist was palpably felt. Nevertheless she sang her music throughout with the utmost charm and intelligence, and always acted her part admirably, even if she could not look it. M. Jean de Reszke, as Sir Walther von Stolzing, more than realised expectations of a treat by his exquisite rendering of the songs with which Mr. Edward Lloyd has made us so familiar. Never on the stage, indeed, have Walther's long-drawn melodies been invested with such beauty of voice and passionate feeling. To hear M. de Reszke warble the "Preislied" in the final scene was to understand how the Nurembergers came to instantly acclaim him as a Mastersinger. Another exceedingly fine impersonation was the Hans Sachs of M. Lassalle. I never before knew the gifted French baritone so thoroughly to sink his individuality in a part. He made up perhaps a trifle young for the middle-aged poet-cobbler, but that did not much signify. He imparted to his famous monologues a rare intensity of poetic significance, conveyed with all the vocal charm that his grand organ and dignified style could bring to bear.

Opinions have differed concerning the acting of the Beckmesser, though all agree that M. Isnardon sang his music excellently. For my own part I admit a tinge of exaggeration in the general delineation, but certainly not a suspicion of buffoonery. A better David than M. Montariol, or a more reliable Magdalena than Madame Bauermister, it would have been

difficult to find; both were first-rate. Signor Abramoff was one of the best Pogners I have seen, and M. Winogradoff made a particularly good Kothner. The remaining Mastersingers were efficiently represented, while the Apprentices had been carefully instructed in the business of the various scenes. Not even at Bayreuth was the terribly difficult finale to the second act better sung than at Covent Garden; but it might have been better acted. Folks who come out of doors in their bedclothes to complain of their night's rest being disturbed are hardly likely to stand and address each other in a semicircle. This, however, was one of the few blemishes that marred an otherwise remarkable representation—one that redounds immensely to the honour of Signor Mancinelli, and immeasurably enhances the artistic prestige of the establishment directed by Mr. Harris.

“How to manage a prima donna.” I know one or two gentlemen who could write a capital code of instructions on this subject. The utility of such a thing would obviously be great, but in all probability those who understand the business do not care to divulge their *modus operandi*—I had almost written *comic operandi*—to the world at large. The necessity for the management, however, is beyond dispute. As much—quite as much—depends upon the manner in which a prima donna is “worked” as upon the actual artistic qualifications of the lady. This has been demonstrated over and over again in connection with every operatic celebrity, from the *diva* downwards, and it has just received its latest illustration in the person of that gifted vocalist Madame Sembrich. At first blush it may seem strange that a singer of Madame Sembrich's renown, coming to London during the height of the season, immediately after a series of brilliant successes in Paris, should have been able to appear only once in public, and then before a meagre audience at St. James's Hall. But really there is nothing strange in the affair. Madame Sembrich placed the management of her visit in incompetent hands, that was all. She arranged to appear at two orchestral concerts given on her account by a resident German professor of the pianoforte, whose name, associated with her own, was imagined a sufficient attraction to draw all London. The compositions of the professor and the solos of the prima donna accordingly formed the staple of the programme, and the result, as we know, was an empty room for the first concert and the abandonment of the second. Then, in another weak moment, Madame Sembrich yielded to the plausible protestations of Mr. J. H. Mapleson, and promised to sing at Her Majesty's. Ere she could do so, however, the opera season there collapsed, which occurrence may have been for her a kindly and considerate dispensation of Providence. Anyhow, the clever *cantatrice* had to leave us out of pocket by her visit, consoled only by the thought that next time she comes to London she will be under the ægis of one who understands the management of prima donnas.

The Richter Concerts this summer ended less successfully than they

began. It was, in fact, the "old tale" reversed. They used to start off with mixed general programmes and moderate attendances, and wind up with selections from Beethoven and Wagner that crammed St. James's Hall to the doors. This year Dr. Richter played his trump cards at the outset of the game. He made Wagner more than ever a "feature," giving one or two concerts made up wholly of this master's works, and introducing excerpt after excerpt from the "Nibelungen" that had never been done here apart from the stage since the Wagner Festival at the Albert Hall in 1877. Well, after this kind of thing how can you expect Richter Concert audiences at the approach of dog days to settle down to the comparative insipidity of a new symphony by an English composer? Yet, because Dr. Hubert Parry's "C minor" draws a poor house, the Viennese conductor forthwith declares that he has done for ever with modern novelties! The decision is scarcely fair. Besides, its effect will be more sweeping than Dr. Richter now imagines. There is such a contrivance as a judicious compromise, as he will doubtless discover later on. And, moreover, if modern novelties are to be "boycotted" because they fail to draw, what is to be done with choral works like Berlioz's "Faust," which on the last night of the season not only "played" to moderate receipts, but once more proved the Richter Choir to be the least reliable body of singers we have in the metropolis.


In future the authorities of the Royal College of Music are likely to choose less difficult operas for the pupils to perform in public than Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew." The representation of this masterpiece given at the Prince of Wales's on Wednesday morning, July 10, was extremely creditable; but the work, both in a musical and a histrionic sense, was manifestly beyond the grasp of its youthful interpreters. The pick of those who appeared were Miss Emily Davies (Katharine), Miss Maggie Davies (Bianca), Mr. John Sandbrook (Petruchio), Mr. C. J. Magrath (Baptista), and Mr. Lemprière Pringle (Hortensio). Professor Stanford conducted.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann gave his third and last Chopin recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, July 8. As an interpreter of the music of the gifted Pole, this pianist is certainly without a rival. His playing was as neat, as brilliant, and as refined as ever. The programme consisted for the most part of pieces performed at the previous recitals. The Allegro de Concert (Op. 46) and the "Funeral March" sonata were the most important items. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, and at the conclusion of his labours Mr. Pachmann received a laurel wreath from one of the audience.

A large audience assembled at the Prince of Wales's on Thursday morning, the 18th ult., to witness the production of Mr. Walter Slaughter's comic opera "Marjorie," which was mounted with as much care and com-

pleteness as though Mr. Horace Sedger intended to place it at once in his evening bill. That proceeding, however, would scarcely be wise until some very serious alterations are made in the "book," the joint work of Messrs. Lewis Clifton and Joseph J. Dilley. At present the story is dull and uninteresting; its incidents hang loosely together, and the dialogue is sadly in need of enlivenment. The lyrics, too, are of the most conventional description, and their humour, even when humour is intended, does not strike one as particularly spontaneous. The period of action—early in the thirteenth century, during the brief invasion in which the French were repulsed by the Earl of Pembroke—is well chosen as a medium for stirring incident and picturesque display; but of the former there is little, and it is hard to rouse much interest over the love affairs of Marjorie and Wilfrid, or the selfish scheming of the profligate Earl of Chestermere. Mr. Slaughter's music is for the most part exceedingly tuneful and cleverly written. The old-fashioned ballad form is largely employed for the solo numbers, and piquant valse rhythms may be said to abound. These devices, if they do not tend to favour originality, at least produce popular effects; and that, I imagine, is the first thought of the ordinary comic-opera composer. But, if his melodies are not new, Mr. Slaughter has certainly furnished some charming concerted music, and has scored his entire work with exceptional skill and variety of colour and resource. He conducted a capital performance, and at the close shared with all concerned the hearty applause of the audience. Of the principals, Miss Wadman as Marjorie, Miss Fanny Brough as Cicely, Mr. Celli as the Earl, Mr. Tapley as Wilfrid, Mr. Burgon as Sir Simon, and Mr. Harry Monkhouse as Gosric carried off the chief honours. They worked hard, and were ably supported. The band and chorus were also excellent, and the stage management did infinite credit to M. Marius.

HERMANN KLEIN.



Our Play-Box.

"THE TIGRESS."

A Play, in a prologue and four acts, by RAMSEY MORRIS.

Produced for the first time in England, at the Comedy Theatre, June 29, 1889.

Gerard Troubert	..	Mr. ROYCE CARLETON.	Countess Beaudry	..	Miss R. G. LE THIÈRE.
Count Barrotti	..		Etienne	..	Little NELLIE BOWMAN.
Victor Valjean	..	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.	Madame Lanine	..	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.
Monsieur Brigard	..	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.	Lise Troubert	..	} Miss AMY ROSELLE.
Count Beaudry	..	Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY.	Stella Barrotti	..	
Lord Billsbury	..	Mr. J. C. GRATHAME.	Lara	..	} Miss KATE M. FORSYTH.
A Servant	..	Mr. W. A. AYSOM.	Angela Roma	..	
Gabrielle	..	Miss ADELAIDE GUNN.			

An actress of whom we had not previously heard much, and a play about which much had been said, have come to us from America. The actress has undoubted ability; the play is absolutely worthless. Originally

produced and taken on tour, it was launched out in the following fashion. So at least say the notes printed for the private use of the American press, and sent out by the management. I quote verbatim :—

“One sunny morning last summer, Selena Fetter was hurrying down Broadway, New York, in quest of a prominent playwright. She encountered Charles MacGeachy hastening up the same great thoroughfare to overtake a well-known actress who had just started from her residence near by, to take a boat to the seaside.

“‘Oh, where are you going in the same haste as myself?’ he asked.

“‘To look for a play,’ she said.

“‘And I am after a star for a play I have,’ he rejoined. ‘Perhaps neither of us need hurry any further.’

“Then he told her about the dramatisation Ramsay Morris had made of his new novel (“Crucify Her”), which had just been published, and was the rage of the city and watering-places. She besought an immediate reading of the play that very noon, which was granted by Mr. Morris, to whom Miss Fetter at her request had been conducted by Mr. MacGeachy. At the conclusion of the reading the three signed a contract to produce the dramatisation, with Miss Fetter and the author as stars, and Mr. MacGeachy as manager. The play then had the same name as the novel, but the title was soon after changed to ‘The Tigress.’”

Enthusiastic quotations from country papers followed; but New York was only represented by the “New York Dramatic News,” and Boston not at all. We were told nothing so good had been written since Wilkie Collins’s “New Magdalen;” that the book “Crucify Her” had run through five editions of ten thousand copies each. Indeed, if I could have believed all I read I should have said that America had been bitten by “The Tigress” and gone mad. Miss Kate Forsyth, evidently infected by this rage of admiration, has thought fit to test the opinion of London on the subject. She has so far been well advised on her arrival in a foreign country that she selected for the leading character an artist of merit and experience, whose great talent nearly saved the play, and whose earnestness prevented the spectators from laughing wildly over situations intended to be powerful. Indeed all in the cast worked so loyally, against their own conviction (one could see the parts fitted uncomfortably), that never was so bad a play so courteously received. But the verdict was unanimous that never was such rubbish placed on the stage. The story opens at Monte Carlo. Lise Troubert and her supposed brother (the part created by the author) have ensnared Victor, who, for the sake of the handsome adventuress, has abandoned a young flower-girl, Lara, whom he had tempted to love him not wisely but too well. Victor having lost all his money, Lise tells him coolly that she has never loved him. Maddened with despair he shoots himself, and over his body Lara swears to be revenged on Lise, the cause of the suicide. Five years later we meet the Trouberts, now called Count Barrotti and his sister, as honoured guests at the Château de Beaudry; and Lara, known as Angela Roma, governess in this same Château. How the poor flower-girl has found the money and means of educating herself we do not know. Of course the women recognise each

other, and of course they are again in love with the same man, Count Beaudry. Previous to seeing the play, we had been told that the author had preached a healthy and moral sermon; that the piece was a sort of duel between the bad woman and the good, virtuous, noble girl, who in early youth had made one false step, and must be pardoned and enlist all sympathies. I did not find any such thing. Stella Barrotti is a bad woman, but Angela Roma is a sharp-tongued vixen of the most violent order. In a scene with her rival when she threatens to expose her real character, and is met with the natural counter-threat that her past shall be revealed to Beaudry and his mother, her convincing argument, sweet injured dove that she is, is to seize Stella by the throat and try to strangle her. In a moment of oblivion I thought I was witnessing the last act of "Madame Angot." Interrupted by the Count, Stella passes it off with a laugh, saying that they were rehearsing private theatricals. This little bit was made really effective by Miss Amy Roselle's admirable acting and perfect tact. It would take volumes to recount the endless absurdities. A French young girl allowed to take moonlight walks alone with a young man. A young French widow so lost to all sense of, I will not even say propriety, but *coquetterie*, as to make violent love to a man who does not care for her. An adventuress bold enough to steal the Beaudry diamonds, but who faints at the mere mention that they have been missed, and who, later on, coming uninvited as a "tigress" to the masquerade at the Hôtel Beaudry, wears the diamonds round her neck with a mere ribbon over them so as to lead up to a situation, and giving Angela the opportunity of branding her as a thief. After this Angela's story is revealed by the Tigress, but the Count thinks fit to make her his wife, and persuades his aristocratic mother to be content with such a match. Stella has one last interview with Count Beaudry, telling him that she loves him. She also informs him that she has murdered her brother in his sleep, because he was not her brother, but the man who has made her what she is, alludes to his present abode, which she does not believe is heaven, and poisons herself as a finale. Poor Tigress! after all she is a mild creature beside the violence of the dove or virtuous heroine. It speaks volumes for Miss Roselle's dramatic powers that she should have acted so well in so bad a part. Miss Kate Forsyth appeared as Angela. The part is throughout so unsympathetic that it is difficult to know if the actress has the power of moving her audience. Miss Forsyth is intelligent and experienced; her enunciation is good. She was at her best in the last act when confessing her story to the old Countess. She has earnestness, but whether she possesses the true ring of emotion remains to be seen when she will appear in a part written in a true key. Mr. Royce Carleton could not help being conventional in so conventional a part. Miss Le Thiere impersonated the old Countess with dignity and distinction. This did not seem to be hereditary as presented by Mr. Charles Glenney's Count Beaudry. To see two clever people like Miss Susie Vaughan and Mr. Grahame struggling with such impossible parts was a sad sight. Miss Kate Forsyth

should bear in mind that we are ever ready to welcome most heartily the good things that come from our kinsmen over the water. But the old country has not yet fallen into its second childhood, or lost all discernment, and it will never accept trash for good stuff.

“FORGOTTEN.”

A new and original Play, in four acts, written expressly for Miss Ward, by F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Produced for her benefit at the Grand Theatre, July 5, 1889.

Arthur Clare	Mr. W. H. VERNON.	Miss Grimstone . . .	Miss JOSEPHINE ST. ANGE.
Sir Percival Hope . . .	Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD.	Grace Hargrove . . .	Miss ROBINS.
Charles Passmore . . .	Mr. SIRRELL.	Agnes Mowbray . . .	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.
Morgan	Mr. EDWARDS.		

Destined at first to be called “A Woman Scorned,” the new play is now entitled “Forgotten,” a prior claim having been made to the former name. Neither are quite satisfactory; but one knows that a good title that really fits is like a will-o'-the-wisp, always flitting before the dramatist's eyes, but seldom within his grasp. The theme of “Forgotten” is woman's fidelity rewarded with man's fickleness. A considerable amount of compressing will be necessary in the early parts of the play. Nervousness and uncertainty as to words in most of the performers prevented it being played as closely as it should. Miss Ward's engagement at the Grand terminating on the following night, it was, however, impossible to delay this production for additional rehearsals. This slight dragging was the only fault to find with the acting, for one and all gave good readings of the parts, and thoroughly entered into the spirit of their characters. From the middle of the second act the play gains nerve and strength, and we are given some powerful scenes and forcible language, which roused a somewhat apathetic house to something like enthusiasm. Thus runs the story. For ten years Agnes Mowbray has been awaiting the return of her betrothed. Arthur Clare, an African explorer, was at one time reported dead, but her heart would not believe it. Now he comes back with fame and honour, she forgets all her past sorrow in the one great joy of expectation. But the smile dies on her lips when he does not recognise her. There is an improbability here which should be altered. Ten years of weary waiting have faded the youthful freshness of the girl he swore to love for ever; but meeting her in the very same room, and expecting to see her there, he could not fail to know who she was. A pause at the door, a hesitating “Agnes?” would be quite enough as preceding her question, “Am I then so changed?” It is he who is changed, as she soon finds out. On the voyage home, crushed by the recent and terrible news that his brother had been murdered in his own park, Arthur Clare had met with deep sympathy from a fellow-passenger, an orphan girl. After ten years of absence, his conversation to the woman who hungers for words of love is all about this young girl. He has no sooner left the room with Agnes's cousin, a boy who provides the comic element of the play, than Grace Hargrove appears. By one of those strange accidents which often occur in real life, Grace's mother had in years past been a great friend of Agnes's, and her dying thought was to bequeath her child

into her care. Welcomed with open arms, Grace brings a sealed letter written by her mother to Agnes. It contains a terrible secret. Grace does not know the name of her father, from whom she had been separated since childhood, to be brought up by her grandfather abroad. That name, which the mother would not reveal later on, is that of the murderer of Arthur's brother, condemned to penal servitude for life. Agnes keeps silent, and sees the growing love of Arthur and Grace. The one in the blindness of his infatuation, the other in her innocence, do not spare her one drop of bitterness in the cup of sorrow they press to her lips. They are happy; how can they think of others' sufferings? At last conscience asserts itself, and he confesses his faithlessness to Agnes, saying he must break his promise to her. He reviles himself, talks of the shame he feels, but fate compels him against his will. "When a pretty face comes between a man and his honour he calls it fate, and gracefully yields," answers the wronged woman. But she sets him free without words of reproach, and he thinks himself forgiven. But Agnes has suffered too cruelly not to seek revenge. She waits until two or three days before the wedding, and then, in a powerful scene, she tells him who was the father of Grace. The young girl, having accidentally found and read her mother's letter, also learns that she is the daughter of the man her lover has so often cursed in her hearing. There is but one thing to be done; he will go back to Africa. Is Agnes happier because she has brought down misery on an innocent girl and a selfish man? No, for she is a good woman, and would undo what she has done. The opportunity soon presents itself. She learns that Grace's father was wrongly accused, and she sends a messenger after Arthur to recall him at once to the side of his *fiancée*. But she has a moment of fearful agony. Some equivocal words in a letter from her dying brother makes her believe that he was the murderer; this, however, is soon cleared up. The play ends with these words from a man who has long loved her and would have made her his wife had she not loved Arthur: "There is hope in the future, and all may be forgotten."

Certainly "Forgotten" requires a considerable amount of revising and much compressing; it would prove more effective in three acts than in four. Certainly, also, there is "good stuff" in the piece; much of the dialogue is excellent, smart, and in no way commonplace. No doubt there is future success in it. The part of Agnes, if not so powerful as that of Stephanie, gives scope for some admirable acting. Miss Genevieve Ward, slightly nervous, like most great artists on first nights, gave a true and sympathetic study of the character. A fine reading, powerfully rendered, and which requires but a little ripening to be pronounced a grand impersonation. Mr. W. H. Vernon showed much tact in his delineation of his unsympathetic character. Miss Robins was bright and earnest. Miss St. Ange, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, and Mr. Sirrell all did well, and will do better. In Mr. Moore's words, adapted to my meaning—There is hope in the future, and the play will *not* be forgotten.

A most successful and interesting *matinée* was that given at the Shaftesbury Theatre on July 9, when Mrs. Stephens took leave of the stage to retire into private life. The tangible result was something over two hundred guineas for the dear old lady affectionately called "Grannie Stephens" by the younger generation of actors. The programmes were sold by pretty young ladies, comprising Misses Maud Millett, Jessie Bond, Susie Vaughan, Blanche Horlock, Florence Smithers, Bealby, Hetty Dene, Daisy Brough, and Cissy Grahame, and you were allowed to give as much as you pleased, generosity being rewarded by an autograph. After an overture under the *bâton* of Mr. Walter Slaughter, Cecil Raleigh's "The Spy," compressed, showed Miss Vane Featherston to great advantage; she was well supported by Miss Dorothy Dene, Miss Florence Haydon, Mr. Bassett Roe, and Mr. Laurence Cautley. The scene between Hubert and Prince Arthur in "King John" was well rendered by Mr. Frank Tyars and Miss Bessie Hatton. This young lady not only acted excellently, but in an unprepared and natural manner fell into attitudes that would have delighted a painter. Mr. George Grossmith gave a musical sketch—need I say how good it was? "My Aunt's Advice" was delightfully played by Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Willard and Mr. Herbert Waring. Mrs. Kendal recited a short poem by Miss Annie Hughes, clothing it with all her fine sense of comedy and humour. The first act of Bronson Howard's "Truth" brought forward for the last time Mrs. Stephens in her original part of Mrs. Stonehenge Tattle, supported by Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Walter Everard, Herbert Standing, E. Maltby, and Mdles. Mary Rorke, Rose Egan, Kate Rorke, Annie Hughes, and E. Vining. At the close of the act Mrs. Stephens was presented with a very handsome bouquet, and in a very few words thanked all for their kindness. The dear old lady has long worked most loyally for the stage and has well earned a rest; but all were glad to see there was no need of this from any falling-off in her histrionic power. Mr. C. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Ben Davies, Miss Florence St. John, and Mr. E. J. Lonnen gave songs; Miss Rose Norreys recited. "High Life Below Stairs" closed the programme, Messrs. William Herbert, Forbes Dawson, C. H. Hawtrej, George Giddens, William Blakeley, Charles Collette, E. Righton, Mdles. Lottie Venne, Fanny Brough, Emily Miller, Alma Stanley, and Kate Vaughan being in the cast, and doing well.

"THE STILL ALARM."

Princess's Theatre, July 15, 1889.

Revived for a fortnight, there is nothing new to relate about a play that has been so fully discussed. Suffice it to mention that the fire-station act remains as thrilling and effective as ever. With the exception of Miss Fannie Leslie and Miss Cicely Richards, excellent in their old parts, the cast is a new one. Miss Grace Hawthorne fills adequately the rather colourless part of the heroine. Mr. George Dalziel is the heaviest of heavy fathers. In the thankless task of representing the meanest cur of a villain





MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

"Let each man do his best."

1st Part HENRY IV., Act v., Sc. 2.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

ever seen on the stage, Mr. Charles Macdona acquits himself satisfactorily. A capital bit of character is given by Mr. Charles Goold as the old volunteer fireman, and the messenger-boy makes a hit in the person of Master R. Warton. Mr. D. G. Longworth shows a considerable sense of humour as the hero's brother. Last, but not least, Jack Manley has a very good representative in Mr. Edwin Cleary. It is a quiet but by no means tame impersonation, effective in its light and shade and natural simplicity. Jack Manley looks to the life what he ought to be—an earnest, frank, and honest man—and so wins all sympathies.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.

"FAUSTINE'S LOVE."

A new Emotional Drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Mr. WALTER STANHOPE.

Produced at the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 25, 1889.

The Hon. Cecil Wilton	Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER.	Felise St. f in Prologue	Miss NELLIE BOWMAN.
Lord Vere Danvers ..	Mr. MATTHEW BRODIE.	Croix { in Drama ..	Miss LOUISA PEACH.
Père Jerome	Mr. LEONARD OUTRAM.	Nina Rosa, otherwise	
The Count Besançon ..	Mr. WILTON HERIOT.	St. Croix	Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.
Marco Rosa	Mr. GEO. CECIL MURRAY.	Mère Thérèse	Miss EMILY MILLER.
Phil Strange	Mr. LEONARD CALVERT.	Sœur Stephanie	Miss MERTON.
Abe Jephson	Mr. MARK KINGHORNE.		
Thé d'Égmont, other- wise Faustine.. ..	Miss ALMA STANLEY.		

Had any person unaccustomed to our English ways entered the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 25th, he must have thought he was in the midst of a company of lunatics. Here, on a beautiful summer's day, when there was everything to tempt one to sit beneath the shade of the green trees, were a number of people gravely listening to an extraordinary play, the characters of which were each one more improbable than the other, and the language of which was sesquipedalian tattle. What the story was it is difficult to say, but it appeared to be somewhat to the following effect:—A certain priest, Père Jerome, has, before he entered the Church, been married. His wife is dead, leaving two daughters, the Marquise de St. Croix and Faustine. The Marquise also has two daughters, and dies. Père Jerome has them stolen, puts one into a convent, and hands the other over to the keeping of a Roman musician, Marco Rosa. Having thus comfortably disposed of them, he takes possession of their dead father's property for the Church. Père Jerome has seduced a certain Stephanie, whom he also immures in a convent. Of Faustine he makes an actress, and uses her to inveigle young men and swindle them of their money, also, as far as could be made out, for the Church. One of her victims is the Hon. Cecil Wilton, but in this case she is caught in her own toils, and falls in love with him. Père Jerome disapproves of the attachment—1st, because Wilton is a heretic; 2nd, because he wants Wilton's father's money for the all-devouring Church. So he forges some letters—which Wilton accepts without any ado—to prove that Wilton's mother was unfaithful, and that Wilton is a bastard, which, somehow or another, the author's law being somewhat different to that commonly recognised by the English courts, puts the Church into possession of the worldly wealth which should have been Wilton's. How

Lord Vere Danvers, a friend of Wilton's, and a rejected lover of the Marquise, discovers the two kidnapped children; how the Hon. Cecil proposes to marry one, and Lord Vere Danvers the other, each of them being old enough to know better; how Père Jerome becomes a cardinal, and is straightway stabbed by Stephanie's brother, who seems to take it all in the day's work, makes no attempt to escape, but proceeds to act as the sole second in a very oddly conducted duel between Wilton and Count Besançon, Faustine's husband, to both of whom he is an utter stranger; and how, as a matter of course, Faustine rushes in just in time to receive both bullets, and die, it is the business of this play to narrate, and it does so at enormous length. Over the acting of the gentlemen engaged in this wearisome production it is as well to draw a veil. They were all equally bad, stogy, and unnatural. The ladies showed to greater advantage. Miss Alma Stanley played with tenderness and grace as Faustine, and proved that in a better piece she might achieve as great a success as a serious, as she has already done as a comic, actress. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Miss Louisa Peach were both good in their respective parts, but it is to be hoped that never again will they have such long-winded talk to speak or to listen to.

"PHYLLIS."

A Dramatic Play, in four acts, by Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Produced at the Globe Theatre on the afternoon of Monday, July 1, 1889.

Wilfred Barrington ..	Mr. H. B. CONWAY.	Mrs. Duval	Miss WATT-TANNER.
Philip Dysart	Mr. C. W. SOMERSET.	Miss Susan Bayham ..	Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS.
Ernest Duval	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.	Miss Dolly Bayham ..	Miss NORREYS.
Barney Bayham	Mr. E. W. GARDEN.	Maid	Miss MAGGIE BARNARD.
Edward Ruthven ..	Mr. MATTHEW BRODIE.	Phyllis Dysart	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
Mrs. Oswald	Miss ROSE LECLERQ.		

Mrs. Burnett has written some charming books, but she certainly knows but little about dramatic construction. "Phyllis" started well, and, though rather weak and composed of often-used and well-worn materials, was rather pleasing till the end of the second act. After this the play fell utterly to pieces, a fact apparently obvious to some of the actors, who thereupon gave up all attempts to remember their lines, which was a pity, as some of those which were not forgotten were remarkably good. Phyllis is the only daughter of Philip Dysart, one of the most unnatural and selfish of parents. In the hope of marrying her to Wilfred Barrington, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and £50,000 a year, he induces her to accept the invitation of Mrs. Oswald, a lady whose mission in life seems to have been to entertain young lovers. Mr. Dysart, having swindled his tailor out of £1,000, informs him somewhat prematurely that Phyllis is to marry Mr. Barrington; and, when some weeks elapse without the marriage coming off, Mr. Hibbert, the tailor in question, comes down to Mrs. Oswald's house, calls Dysart a swindler, and makes himself otherwise disagreeable. Barrington, although Hibbert has plainly stated that Phyllis is an accomplice with her father in the plot against Barrington's hand and fortune, proposes to her before the assembled company. Phyllis, however, faints, and gives him no answer. The third act goes over almost exactly

the same ground as the second, except that the person who interferes between Barrington and Phyllis is one of those particularly odious women who are always doing malicious things from a sense of duty. In this case Mrs. Duval's sense of duty is very much heightened by the fact that she has been married for her money by a man whom she discovers to have been a former admirer of Phyllis. Mr. Barrington being a very weak person, Mrs. Duval succeeds where Hibbert had failed, and, a proper misunderstanding having been brought about, Phyllis goes home to her father, who, coming opportunely into a fortune of £500 a year—a sum which, as he sensibly remarks, is not enough for two—deserts his daughter, who is immediately and without any reason reconciled to her repentant lover. A number of other people wander aimlessly through the piece, amongst others the pair of squabbling young lovers who are now *de rigueur* in every play of any pretensions. The piece was very well played by all engaged, but without any attempt at originality except in the case of Mr. Somerset's Philip Dysart, which was a really remarkable impersonation. The author was called and applauded.

"CHRISTOPHER'S HONEYMOON."

A new and original Farce, in three acts, by MALCOLM WATSON.

Given at the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 3, 1889.

Christopher Jeffson ..	Mr. CHARLES GLENNY.	Gregory	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFEY.
Benedict Budd	Mr. HERBERT WARING.	Mrs. Sumpty	Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS.
Mr. Sumpty	Mr. GEO. RAIEMOND.	Eva	Miss ENID LESLIE.
Mr. Blinkie	Mr. HAROLD MAXWELL.	Mrs. Blinkie	Miss ELSIE CHESTER.
Inspector Collins ..	Mr. JOHN AYLMER.	Mrs. Topling	Mrs. T. E. SMALE.

"Christopher's Honeymoon," though not very brilliant in dialogue, is by no means unamusing. But it is useless to put farces on the stage unless they are played by farce actors—actors possessed of humour, go, and lightness of touch. These requisites were certainly not found amongst most of those who constituted the cast. With the exception of Mr. Charles Glenny, Mr. Geo. Raiemond, and Mrs. T. E. Smale, all were round pegs in square holes. Mr. Christopher Jeffson has been married in America. He and his wife separate by mutual consent. Some years after he hears of her death, and marries Miss Eva Sumpty. At the wedding breakfast, which is, in accordance with stage manners, laid in the grounds of a Hampstead hotel, Jeffson meets an old American friend, Budd, who informs him that his first wife is still alive, or, at any rate, was so six months before. In order to get away and make inquiries, Jeffson appropriates a telegram, signed Tottie, which had been dropped by its real owner, Mr. Blinkie, and which summoned that gentleman away on important business. Jeffson declares it is from his solicitor, and rushes off. He then retires to his rooms, where he remains for a week, sending a letter to Mrs. Sumpty, Eva's mother, to say that he was in Paris. As, however, he posted the letter in London, Mrs. Sumpty's suspicions are aroused; so she, her husband, and daughter pay a visit to Jeffson's rooms, where they find his laundress. They assume she is Tottie. Jeffson tries to explain. Mrs. Sumpty declares her intention of accompanying him to his solicitor's,

and, to escape from her, on the entrance of a policeman to make some inquiries as to a burglary in the flat below, Jeffson declares himself to be the burglar, and is taken off to prison. A week elapses, and Budd, who has informed the Sumptys of Jeffson's previous marriage, takes them to Hampstead to lunch. Here come also Blinkie and his wife. Mrs. Blinkie, in an interview with Eva, declares herself to be Tottie. Eva imagines her to be Jeffson's American wife, and Mrs. Blinkie, from a card of Jeffson's found in her husband's pocket, thinks Mr. Blinkie has married Eva under an assumed name. The gentlemen are confronted with the respective ladies, with the result, of course, that they turn out to be perfect strangers to one another. The matter is cleared up, and a telegram is received from Jeffson's solicitor announcing the death of his American wife previous to his marriage with Eva.

"BRAVADO."

A Play, in one act, adapted from the French by Mrs. T. E. SMALE.

First produced at the Strand Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, July 3, 1889.

John Robinson ..	Mr. FRED THORNE.	Fritz ..	Mr. SYDNEY HERBERTE-BASING.
Col. Furnace ..	Mr. HORATIO SAKER.	Helen ..	Miss ADRIENNE DAIROLLES.
Greville Fairleigh ..	Mr. HARCOURT BEATTY.	Carrie ..	Miss MAY SCARLETT.
Bob Buckstone ..	Mr. W. GREGORY.	Sarah ..	Miss ELSIE CHESTER.
Capt. Robespierre ..	Mr. HERBERT ELLIS.		

"Bravado" is an amusing farce, very neatly adapted. The plot turns on the efforts made by Helen Robinson to lead her father, a fire-eating Colonel, to believe that her husband, John Robinson, whom she has married during her father's absence in India, is a man of undaunted courage, whereas he is really a poltroon. The parts of Helen and John Robinson were particularly well acted by Miss Dairolles and Mr. Fred Thorne. It is not sufficient, however, for the success of a play that the principal characters should be word-perfect; it is desirable that the minor personages should condescend to learn their parts, and should not substitute their own nonsense for the author's sense.

"OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK."

A Comedy, in four acts, from the German of ERNEST WICHERT, English by METRICK MILTON.

Produced at the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of July 11, 1889.

Arthur Strudwick ..	Mr. F. H. MACKLIN.	Herr Julius Pap-	
Ellen ..	Miss NORREYS.	pelheim ..	Mr. H. H. MORELL.
Frank Fane ..	Mr. METRICK MILTON.	Karl ..	Mr. EUGENE MAYEUR.
Prince Rupert Stern-		A Peasant ..	Mr. J. HERBERTE-BASING.
helm ..	Mr. FREDK. TERRY.	Frau Strauss ..	Miss KATE HODSON.
Dr. Laner ..	Mr. H. DE LANGE.	Eva ..	Miss ENID LESLIE.
Herr Strauss ..	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.	Fraulein Rosetta	
Herr Zimmermann ..	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS.	Sauerteig ..	Miss KATE LESLIE.

"Ein Schult aus dem Wege," by Ernest Wichert, is a play which enjoys great popularity in Germany, but much, if not all, of its peculiar humour seems to have evaporated during the process of adaptation into English. Englishmen, though they travel much in Germany, are too little acquainted with German society to appreciate the characters of this piece. They are all well known in the Fatherland, and in the Fatherland alone. A young English couple—one of them an ordinary common-sense husband, the other a romantic wife—are travelling in Germany. The husband throws

away his purse and pocket-book to please his wife. This lands them in considerable difficulties, and to raise the wind they have to give a concert, where they are patronised by a wandering prince, who makes love to the wife. This is the plot of the play, but there are a number of minor characters and incidents, which, well understood in Germany, fail to raise any interest in an English audience. Miss Norreys, as the young wife, was excellent, and the other characters were well acted.

"THE MARQUESA."

A New Drama of Spanish life, in four acts, by JOHN UNIACKE.

Produced at the Opéra Comique Theatre on the afternoon of Thursday, July 11.

Juan, Marques de Marjal	Mr. HENRY BEDFORD.	Dolores de Marjal ..	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.
Rafael de Marjal	Mr. H. V. ESMOND.	Beatriz de Marjal ..	Miss KATH JAMES.
Lord Karne	Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER.	Brigida	Miss PATTIE BELL.
John Beard	Mr. R. S. BOLEYN.	Mercedes, Marquesa de Marjal	Miss LOUISE MOODIE.
Dr. Araquil	Mr. J. E. PEARCE.		

"The Marquesa" is said to be a drama of Spanish life. It may be so, but it certainly deals with a Spanish life which has hitherto escaped the observation of English travellers in Spain. That a jealous woman should poison her husband has nothing specially Spanish about it. Such things have happened even in moral England. But, considering the extreme, and almost Oriental, strictness with which women, both married and single, are guarded in Spain, it is difficult to believe that two young Spanish ladies of high rank would be allowed to be alone with young men, and that one of them should volunteer to accompany an English lord to his room for the purpose of assisting him to pack his portmanteau. Nor do Spanish young gentlemen attire themselves like English lawn-tennis players, nor do young ladies of high position lend an ear to the twaddle of what the talkers of it are pleased to call "philosophical radicalism." The ignorance of most English dramatists of the customs of Continental good society is appalling, and the writer of "The Marquesa" seems to have a very ample allowance of it. He seems, too, equally unacquainted with the usages of English society. Two Englishmen are introduced such as, it is to be hoped, are seldom to be met with either at home or abroad. One is a gentleman who poses as a philanthropist, and is both a bore and a boor; the other is an English lord who talks like a Whitechapel costermonger, and whose manners are on a par with his conversation. The play is made up of good materials, but is fearfully long-winded. With ruthless cutting and condensation, it would be interesting and act well, as there are some good dramatic situations, and the language is well chosen, and often forcible and poetic. The story is as follows:—Mercedes, Marquesa de Marjal, though of the bluest blood of Spain, has married the son of a cattle dealer, whom she passionately loves. He, however, prefers a gipsy. When the Marquesa discovers this she poisons her husband with great promptitude. The dying man, left alone, writes a statement of his wife's guilt, and places it in a secret drawer. There are evidently no coroners' inquests in Spain, so twelve years afterwards we find the Marquesa still living in her castle in very straitened circumstances. An Englishman, Mr. John Beard, the aforesaid Radical

philanthropist, now appears upon the scene. He has had a sunstroke in the neighbourhood of the castle, and has been nursed back to life by the Marquesa's two daughters, Dolores and Beatriz. On his recovery he straightway informs the Marquesa that he is going to marry Dolores, and he also proposes to put her son, Rafael, into trade. The proud Marquesa very naturally objects to the son of a working tanner as her son-in-law, and objects still more to her son being a wine merchant. She therefore refuses Mr. Beard's kind offers. Thereupon he threatens her with the law, having got on the scent of the murder, and knowing that the written statement exists somewhere. The Marquesa goes into the room where her son, Rafael, is lying dead, he having been killed in a gambling brawl, finds the paper, and goes mad. This is all, with the exception of some amusing, but very improbable, scenes between the costermonger nobleman, Lord Karne, and Beatriz. The play was remarkably well acted. Miss Louise Moodie had caught to perfection the tone of a haughty and high-bred woman. Miss Kate James was a delightfully coquettish Beatriz, but she should try and get rid of a somewhat Cockney accent. Brigida, a servant who knows the secret of her master's murder, was played with considerable skill by Miss Pattie Bell. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, as Dolores, was unequal. In some situations she was excellent, but in the scene where her mother confesses to her guilt she was weak. Granting the possibility of such characters as John Beard and Lord Karne, they could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. Boleyn and Mr. Chevalier respectively. The latter was extremely amusing throughout. The Marques was well played by Mr. Bedford. Mr. H. V. Esmond was very good as Rafael, both in his light and serious scenes, but he is fidgety; and should learn to stand still. His death scene was exceedingly touching and natural, and was played with great discretion and without the slightest touch of exaggeration. Mr. Pearce, as a doctor, did good work, though his conduct in confiding to a wife the misdeeds of her husband was hardly in accordance with English notions of professional etiquette. Perhaps this, however, is one of the distinguishing features of Spanish life. The piece was well received, and the author was called, but did not put in an appearance.

"THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY."

A Play, in four acts, by HENRIK IBSEN. Translated from the Norwegian by WILLIAM ARCHER.

Produced at Miss Vera Beringer's Benefit Matinée, Wednesday, July 17, 1889.

Consul Bernick ..	Mr. W. H. VERNON.	Mrs. Bernick ..	Mrs. DAWES.
Johan Tønnesen ..	Mr. J. G. GRAHAME.	Martha Bernick ..	Miss ROBINS.
Dr. Rörlund ..	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Dina Dorf ..	Miss ANNIE IRISH.
Hilmar Tønnesen ..	Mr. E. HENDRIE.	Mrs. Rummel ..	Miss FANNY ROBERTSON.
Aune ..	Mr. A. WOOD.	Mrs. Postmaster Holt	Miss ST. ANGE.
Kraft ..	Mr. G. CANNINGE.	Mrs. Doctor Tyngne ..	Miss M. A. GIFFARD.
Mr. Rummel ..	Mr. E. SMART.	Miss Rummel ..	Miss MAY BERINGER.
Mr. Vigeland ..	Mr. E. GIRARDOT.	Miss Holt ..	Miss BRAKSTAD.
Mr. Sandstad ..	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.	Tona Hessel ..	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.
Olaf Bernick ..	Miss VERA BERINGER.		

"The Pillars of Society" introduces us to a state of things which can hardly be said to have any existence in a capital like London, but which may still be found in some English provincial towns, and is very common in many foreign ones. Ibsen shows us a man who, by force of

character and industry, has raised himself far above his fellow-citizens. He is the guiding spirit of the community, and to him all turn when anything has to be attempted, anything ventured for the welfare of all. Naturally he has come to look upon himself as indispensable, and to think that everything and everybody are to be sacrificed to the success of his schemes. Such a man is Consul Bernick. In his youth he has travelled, and returns to his native town only to find the old-established house of Bernick in a state of bankruptcy. He seeks distraction in a liaison with Mrs. Dorf, the wife of an actor. The husband discovers the wife's guilt, but not her paramour. Johan Tønnesen, brother to the woman to whom Bernick is engaged, and a clerk in Bernick's employment, takes upon himself the blame, and leaves for America. When he is gone a rumour gets afloat that he has carried with him the money of the firm. This rumour suits Bernick's purposes, as it induces the creditors of the firm to give him time; therefore, though there is no truth in it, he does not contradict it. Fifteen years elapse. Bernick has become wealthy and powerful. The past is unknown to others, almost forgotten by himself. A new railway is in contemplation. Bernick, foreseeing its success, has bought up much of the land through which it will pass, letting Rummel, Vigeland, and Sandstad into the secret and a future share of profits. To carry the scheme through he must induce the community to think well of it, and of him as its promoter. But at this critical moment Johan returns from America, accompanied by Tona Hessel, to whom Bernick had once been secretly engaged and whom he had deserted for her younger step-sister, when he found that the fortune of an aunt would come to the latter. In Bernick's house Johan finds Dina Dorf, daughter of Bernick's former mistress. He falls in love with and proposes to marry her. Naturally this causes the utmost indignation in the community, where he is looked upon as the seducer of her mother. Johan pays no regard to their scruples, but when he finds that Bernick had allowed his name to be associated with theft, and when Rörlund, a narrow-minded but honest man, who has constituted himself the guardian of the morals of the community, denounces him to Dina as her mother's lover, he demands from Bernick the rehabilitation of his character. Bernick implores him not to speak, and explains to him and Tona how much hangs upon his silence. Tona persuades Johan to go away, to which he agrees, stating, however, that he shall return in two months, shall marry Dina, and shall settle down in the town. Rörlund having learnt his intention, claims Dina as his wife, she having, previous to Johan's arrival, given him a conditional promise to accept him. Johan, however, with the aid of Martha Bernick, who has secretly loved him for many years, induces Dina to go with Johan to America. Johan has already announced to Bernick his intention to sail in the *Indian Girl*, a ship, to Bernick's knowledge, in an unseaworthy state. Bernick has hesitated about allowing her to sail, but now, although a tempest threatens, he insists, in spite of the remonstrance of his clerk, Kraft, and his foreman, Aune, upon her departure. But Johan has left in

another ship, entrusting to Tona the letters which prove his case against Bernick. Tona tells Bernick that she had come to Norway, not for revenge, but to urge him to escape from his false position by confessing the truth. She then tears the letters to pieces before his eyes. At this moment news is brought to Bernick that his only child, in whom all his hopes are centred, had fled from home, and gone off in the Indian Girl. Bernick sinks speechless on the sofa. His wife enters. She had suspected Olaf's determination, and gone out to the ship with Aune, and found Olaf hidden amongst the cargo. Better still, Aune, despite Bernick's orders, has brought the ship back into port. Before Bernick can recover himself the townspeople enter in procession to present him with an address of congratulation. In reply, Bernick tells the whole story of the purchases in the valley; that it was he, not Johan, who was guilty in the matter of Dina's mother; and that the story of the theft was false. The deputation goes out silently, and Bernick is left alone with his wife, Tona, and Martha to begin a new life, and to win his way back to honour and reputation.

It is impossible in a short article to do justice to this remarkable play, in which Ibsen pours out his withering satire upon the lies and conventionalities of society. Not a line is inserted without a reason. All the characters are drawn with a master hand. Admirable as is the comedy vein of many of the scenes, the tragedy of others is no less admirable. Bernick's unconscious revelations of selfishness are marvellously true to nature, and Mr. Vernon brought out the meaning of every syllable. He played throughout with a grasp of his subject, an intelligence and a force which left nothing to be desired. The half chivalric, half indifferent character of Johan Tønnesen was excellently portrayed by Mr. Grahame. Mr. John Beauchamp as Rørlund was a schoolmaster all over. Hilmar Tønnesen, a nervous dyspeptic who is always talking of "holding high the banner of the ideal," and is capable of nothing but loafing around and smoking, found an excellent exponent in Mr. Hendrie. Aune was remarkably well acted by Mr. Wood. The part was one where the temptation to overact must have been great, but it was played with an artistic moderation and truth to nature which cannot be too highly praised. Mr. G. Canninge was a very good Kraft. Mrs. Dawes, as Mrs. Bernick, and Miss Robins, as Martha, the latter more particularly, contributed greatly to the success of the piece, and Miss Annie Irish was excellent as Dina in the earlier scenes, where we see her hard, wilful, and headstrong; in the later ones more gentle, though without losing her independence of character. No one could have played Tona Hessel better than Miss Ward. We are accustomed to associate this admirable actress with parts of a cynical and hard nature, but in Tona Miss Ward had a tenderness, a lovingness, and a womanliness which touched all hearts. It is difficult to say whether she was best in the lighter or the more serious scenes, but in both she was as good as could be. The minor parts were well filled. A scene in the first act, where Mrs. Rummel narrates the story of Dina's mother and Johan's flight to Mrs. Tynge, was

excellent comedy, and reflected the highest credit upon Miss Fanny Robertson, Miss St. Ange, and Miss M. A. Giffard. Miss Vera Beringer was an intelligent and pleasing Olaf.

R. K. HERVEY.

"AUNT JACK."

Original Farce, in three acts, by RALPH R. LUMLEY.

First produced at the Court Theatre, Saturday evening, July 13, 1889.

S. Berkeley Brue ..	Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.	Associate	Mr. QUINTON.
Caleb Cornish ..	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.	Usher	Mr. L. HART.
Mr. Juffin ..	Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH.	Joseph	Mr. J. WILLOUGHBY.
Colonel Tavenor ..	Mr. A. M. DENISON.	Foreman of the Jury	Mr. H. FAJR.
Lord St. John Bromp-		Joan Bryson ..	Mrs. JOHN WOOD.
ton	Mr. E. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.	Mrs. Ephraim B.	
Swoffer	Mr. W. PHILLIPS.	Vanstreek ..	Miss ROSINA FILLIPI.
Mr. Justice Mundie	Mr. FRED CAPE.	Mildred	Miss FLORENCE WOOD.

Attractive as was the performance given at the Court Theatre during Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's engagement, it seems more natural to look for a play of that class with which the name of the house has of late years been associated, and one in which we could once more enjoy Mrs. John Wood's irresistible power of making us forget our troubles in good honest laughter. In "Aunt Jack" Mr. Lumley has provided her a part in which she fairly revels from the moment that she enters, bringing in with her the little attorney laden with a huge bag containing the "documents" in support of her case, till in the last scene she falls lovingly in the arms of the love-stricken barrister, who has been compelled by cruel fate to pose as an adverse and cross-questioning counsel. "Aunt Jack," as she is familiarly called, is a maiden lady of a certain age, who has had an offer of marriage in the past from an impecunious Colonel Tavenor, who, finding that her money is strictly settled upon herself, backs out of his engagement. But Joan Bryson is not a lady who will calmly sit down under such treatment, and forthwith commences an action for breach of promise. In the interest of her case she comes to town and to the chambers of her nephew, Caleb Cornish, who shares rooms with S. Berkeley Brue, another barrister. Without knowing her name Brue immediately falls in love with the handsome Joan. Caleb, believing that his aunt has an unconquerable aversion to matrimony—for he has up to now heard nothing of her engagement—is in the greatest dread lest his secret marriage with Mildred should be discovered either by Aunt Jack or the Colonel, his wife's guardian, from whom she has expectations. Caleb has a friend, Lord St. John Brompton, who, being anxious to discover a fascinating American widow, Mrs. Ephraim B. Vanstreek, with whom he is desperately smitten, inserts an advertisement that if the fair widow will call on Cornish she will hear of something to her advantage. She accordingly pays him a visit, and as Mildred happens to come to the chambers at the same time, and is very jealous, Caleb, knowing that his wife has never seen his aunt, introduces Mrs. Vanstreek as his relative. In the second act a great deal of amusement is got out of the various characters meeting at the same hotel, and the ludicrous events that arise from their being shown into wrong rooms. It is in the third act, however,

that the fun grows fast and furious. Brue's passion has so grown upon him that he has proposed to and been accepted by Aunt Jack. Colonel Tavenor is a client of his, and he finds to his horror at the last moment that he must defend him and cross-examine the lady of his love. The Colonel's plea for breaking off the engagement has been that the plaintiff has sung at a penny reading a comic song, which he does not consider she should have done, and to prove that there is nothing objectionable in the ditty the plaintiff sings it in court. The effect this song produces when sung by Mrs. Wood may be imagined. As poor Brue has to admit that he is engaged to the plaintiff, the intelligent jury award her one farthing as damages! Though it will be seen that Mr. Lumley has used some old materials, he has certainly applied them to great advantage, and in the hands of Mrs. Wood, of Mr. Arthur Cecil as the unhappy counsel, whose misery whilst holding his brief was most ludicrous, of Mr. Eric Lewis as the nervous, love-smitten Caleb Cornish, and of Mr. A. M. Denison as the bombastic Colonel Tavenor, a promoter of companies and amusingly selfish man, the piece was done full justice to. Mr. Weedon Grossmith was very funny as the little attorney. Mr. Allan Aynesworth gave a new type of the fatuous swell, and Miss Rosina Fillipi was bright and sparkling as the American widow. Miss Florence Wood was thoroughly attractive and natural as Mildred, and Mr. W. Phillips particularly good as the barrister's clerk, Swoffer. Mr. Fred Cape was most excellent as Mr Justice Mundle; his petulance and fussiness, his byplay with the plaintiff, and his desire that the little joke he makes from the bench shall be duly reported, were inimitable. "Aunt Jack" was preceded by a new and original comedietta, entitled—

"HIS TOAST."

By A. M. HEATHCOTE.

Ralph Briscoe ..	Mr. E. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.	Lucy Briscoe ..	Miss FLORENCE WOOD.
Sir Algernon Foote	Mr. A. M. DENISON.	Lady Calverley ..	Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS.

This is a pretty story of a young honourable who, having married against his parents' wishes, refuses to be reconciled to them until they will receive his wife. The young couple have, in spite of this, been very happy, until Lucy Briscoe discovers amongst her husband's papers some loving verses addressed to Lilian, whom she imagines to be the lady that Ralph was intended to marry. Lady Calverley, however, who has come with a view to bring about a reconciliation, on reading the lines is charmed to find that they were intended for herself, and that her son Ralph, at the time he was heart-whole, had toasted his mother's name Lilian as belonging to the most perfect woman he knew. Miss Florence Wood was very tender and loving as the young wife whose happiness appeared likely to be wrecked; Mr. A. M. Denison excellent as a kindly old gentleman with an unfortunate knack of ever saying the wrong thing. Mr. Aynesworth was a manly Ralph Briscoe, and Mrs. Edmund Phelps made an aristocratic Lady Calverley.

"MY UNCLE."

New and Original Farceal Comedy, in three acts, by Miss AMY STEINBERG (Mrs. JOHN DOUGLASS).
First produced at Terry's Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, July 16, 1889.

Robt. Furnival, Esq.	Mr. REGINALD STOCKTON.	Mrs. Jessie Walters	Miss HELEN LEYTON.
Mr. Benjamin Browne	Mr. CHARLES GROVES.	Mrs. Marmaduke Morley	Miss ROBERTHA ERSKINE.
Felix Flutter, Esq.	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS.	Amelia	Miss CLARA ELLISON.
Cicero Agincourt		Nelly	Miss STELLA LEIGH.
Longebau	Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE.	Madame Nicolini	
Signor Nicollui Joskins	Mr. SAM WHITTAKER.	Joskins	Mrs. FRANK HUNTLEY.
Thomas Tompkins .	Mr. GEO. RAJEMOND.	Tony	Master TOMMY TUCKER.
Hon. Alcibiades Yorke	Mr. VALENTINE OSTLER.	Sally	Miss GEORGIE MARTIN.

If there be one description of play that should never be produced until thoroughly rehearsed, it is farceal comedy; the very essence of its success consists in its going trippingly and without a hitch. Such was not the case with Miss Steinberg's latest production, for one of the principals at least was at times quite at a standstill, and clever as he generally is at "gag," was unable on this occasion to conceal the fact that he had not sufficiently studied, for with him nervousness is an unknown factor. It is hardly fair, therefore, to pass judgment on "My Uncle," which contained much that was laughable, and which, when pulled together and done full justice to, will no doubt be as successful as other pieces of its class. Felix Flutter, a rising young architect, now engaged to Amelia, has an old uncle in India to whom he had written in the long past saying that he was engaged. Not liking to inform the old gentleman that the match has been broken off, and that he has had a breach of promise brought against him and lost it, he unwisely writes and says that he is now happily married. As there are rejoicings in India at this, and hope expressed that he will have a family, he announces the birth of first a boy and then a girl, to whom and to his supposed wife presents are sent. But suddenly the uncle returns from abroad most anxious to see his niece and the bairns, and Flutter is at his wit's end for a wife and children. The first, Mrs. Jessie Walters, the lady who had mulcted Flutter in damages, now a charming widow, consents for a consideration to represent, and Longebau, a bragging, mendacious scamp, hires two children from Signor Nicolini Joskins, an acrobat, to appear as the interesting offspring. Furnival, who is in love with Mrs. Walters, is frightfully indignant, of course, when he imagines that she is no other than Mrs. Flutter, and Longebau proves to be the husband of Mrs. Marmaduke Morley, a lady whom he had deserted after a week's experience of matrimony, when he discovered that instead of being wealthy she was nearly as poor as a church mouse. Mr. Charles Groves was inimitable as the genial, warm-hearted old Indian, with his little superstitions as to crossed knives, &c., and who puts down everything extraordinary that happens to the variableness of the climate. Mr. Yorke Stephens, though a little too restless, was very amusing as the gentleman whose fertility of invention as to wife and family has brought him into such scrapes, and Miss Helen Leyton was very fascinating as the self-possessed widow. Mr. George Rajemond was excellent as the sententious head-waiter Tompkins. There are the elements of so much amusement in "My Uncle" that I shall

hope to see it again. "My Uncle" was preceded by a new and original play, in one act, entitled

"THE RAKE'S WILL."

By H. P. GRATTAN.

Adolph Despard ..	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.	Madame de Lisle ..	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
Antoine Dubois ..	Mr. HENRY PAGDEN.	Elise de Lisle ..	Miss EDITH OSTLER.
Julien St. Valerie ..	Mr. E. HERRICK.	Marie ..	Miss COWEN.

This proved an agreeable *lever de rideau*, though not remarkably strong. Madame de Lisle and her daughter are in straitened circumstances, and learn suddenly of the death of a wealthy relative. They imagine themselves to be his heirs, and place the papers relative to the estate in the hands of their friend, Antoine Dubois, the notary. Among them he discovers a will which leaves everything to Adolph Despard, a reckless spendthrift. Dubois is strongly tempted to destroy the will, but the enormity of the offence prevents him, and he is compelled to announce to Madame de Lisle that she is a beggar, and to Despard that he is a millionaire. The latter, however, feeling the injustice done to those who really should inherit, as he has no claim beyond the caprice of the testator, generously burns the will, and joins the hands of Elise and Julien St. Valerie, a poor gentleman to whom she has given her heart. Mr. Fuller Mellish played with great spirit, and was well supported by Miss Rose Leclercq and Mr. Henry Pagden. The *matinée* was under the direction of Mr. Charles Groves and Mr. C. Irvine Bacon.

"MARJORIE."

New English Comic Opera, written by LEWIS CLIFTON and JOSEPH J. DILLEY. Composed by WALTER SLAUGHTER.

First produced at a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Thursday afternoon, July 18, 1889.

Ralf, Earl of Chester-		Witgills ..	Mr. ALBERT JAMES.
mere ..	Mr. FRANK CELL.	Herald ..	Mr. ALBERT SIMS.
Sir Simon Striveling ..	Mr. W. H. BURGON.	Marjorie ..	Miss WADMAN.
Gosrie ..	Mr. H. MONKHOUSE.	Cicely ..	Miss FANNY BROUGH.
Wilfrid ..	Mr. JOSEPH TABLEY.	The Lady Alicia ..	Miss EMILY MILLER.
Nicholas ..	Mr. FREDERICK WOOD.		

In "Our Musical Box" will be found a notice of "Marjorie;" it will therefore only be necessary to give the full cast as a matter of record, and to say that the plot turns on Wilfrid, a serf, having fallen desperately in love with Marjorie, the daughter of Sir Simon. The young lady returns his passion. Ralf, the Earl, is also smitten with Marjorie, but she contrives with the aid of Cicely to get the marriage put off till the French invaders are expelled. Wilfrid has fought in defence of his country, and performed prodigies of valour; and on his return, by feigning a love for the Lady Alicia, Ralf's sister, obtains not only his freedom, but a knighthood, for the Earl, of course, could not think of one of low degree wedding into his family. With the dialogue written up a little, there is small doubt in my opinion that "Marjorie" would attract. One reason is that the interest is English, and that the period treated of is one that has seldom been utilised before; the incidents can be worked up, and no doubt would be, as usual in comic opera. Referring merely to the acting, I must give great credit to Miss Fanny Brough and Miss Emily Miller, and to Mr. Albert James in a small part.

The lyrics appeared to me to be smoothly written, and some above the average.

"HER FATHER'S SIN."

New Drama, in four acts (author unannounced).

First produced at the Strand Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, July 23, 1889.

Richard Merron ..	Mr. FRANK COOPER.	The Mother Superior ..	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.
Louis Vaudais ..	Mr. C. S. FAWCETT.	Sister Mary Francis ..	Miss AGNES VERITY.
Hugh Powell ..	Mr. EDWARD O'NEILL.	Sister Therese ..	Miss FLORENCE CHATERTON.
John Horlock ..	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Louise Devorel ..	Miss WATT-TANNER.
Pierre Hendrie ..	Mr. CLAUDE LLEWELLYN.	Marie Bonheur ..	Miss ETTIE WILLIAMS.
Nat Morel ..	Mr. PHILIP DARWIN.	Maid ..	Miss MAGGIE BARNARD.
Hilda Douglas ..	Miss ROSE MELLER.		
Mollie Howell ..	Miss MARGARET EARL.		

Regular attendants at *matinées* must have been reminded of two plays that, within the last few weeks, they had seen represented, while passing judgment on "Her Father's Sin," the author of which elected to remain unknown, though the work was generally attributed to a well-known dramatic critic. There was no reason why the author should have preserved his *incognito*, for infinitely worse productions have worked into a success. The first act was really good, there was a clever comedy scene in the third, and the fourth, though too improbable, was strongly wrought out, but unfortunately the situation was an impossible one, and bordered so closely on the absurd that had it not been for the excellence of the acting of Mr. Cooper and Miss Meller the result might have been disastrous. The play opens in the Porter's Lodge at the Convent of St. Mary, Buffalo, N.Y., at the time of Vespers, and we hear the chants of the nuns in the background. The lay sisters in the lodge are startled by a loud knocking, and presently Richard Merron is admitted; he hurriedly asks the description of a young lady, who he learns was brought the day before to the convent ill. From what he is told he is satisfied that it is the person of whom he is in search; he leaves money with instructions that no expense shall be spared in restoring her to health, and as to where she may rejoin him on her recovery, and takes his departure abruptly. As he does so he almost brushes against John Horlock, who presently sees the Mother Superior, and informs her that the father of Hilda Douglas, a boarder in the convent, has been cruelly murdered. Hilda is fetched, and on seeing Horlock is in raptures, for she feels sure that he brings her news of a father whom she loves almost to idolatry. The horrible truth has to be broken to her, and the girl's nature seems at once to undergo a change—from a gay, laughing, impulsive almost child she becomes in a moment a stern, revengeful woman, and insists on hearing the full particulars of the story. She is told that her father was found dead, shot through the heart at the water's edge; that he had left the hotel with one Alfred Grayson, one of his greatest friends; and from the footprints of the latter and part of his clothes having been found on the spot, there appeared no doubt that he had committed the murder and then drowned himself. Hilda refuses to believe that he has committed suicide; looks upon it only as a feint to escape pursuit and detection, and then and there utters a solemn vow to Heaven that she will devote her whole life to the discovery of the truth and

to the tracking of her father's murderer. On this the drop scene falls. In the next act we are introduced to the *salon* in Paris of a Madame Devorel, an adventuress (a small part well played by Miss Watt-Tanner), who evidently gains her livelihood by the high play that goes on under her roof. Hilda, still intent on her project, is visiting the place, and is subjected to some impertinence. Richard Merron—a *blasé* man of the world, who seeks forgetfulness in any dissipation—surprised to see a lady in such society, offers himself as her cavalier, and from his giving his left hand and words he lets drop, induces Hilda to believe that she may perhaps in him see the Alfred Grayson of whom she is in search. For the better furthering of her plan she has assumed a false name, and Merron visits her at the Hôtel Cluny, where she is staying under the care of John Horlock. Hilda's schoolfellow, Mollie, has married Hugh Howell, and on his meeting Merron he at once accosts him as Grayson. Merron will not acknowledge the name, and says that Howell is a stranger to him. But after Merron is gone, Hilda learns from Howell that he is convinced he was not mistaken, and they arrange how they will satisfy themselves. Grayson was almost insanely attached to a sister in the past; it turns out that she was the young girl who was ill and died in the convent. Howell has come into possession of the last letters she wrote to her brother, and if Merron be Grayson he will hardly be able to restrain himself from taking them. If this fail, Hilda is to ask him whether he has not some tattooed marks on his arm which prove him to belong, like Howell, to a certain society. When Merron returns he does not take the letters, but when Hilda accuses him of being Grayson, and loving him as she now does, wishes him to disprove it by baring his arm, his fortitude breaks down, and he acknowledges that he is the man at whose hand her father fell, but not by murder. It was in fair fight, and he has to tell the daughter that the father, Alfred Douglas, whom she so honoured, was disgraced, for he had betrayed Merron's sister, who was the daughter of Douglas's oldest friend. Hilda cannot marry the man who has killed her father, and yet, loving Merron, she cannot give him up to justice, and yet she must keep her vow. She tells Merron that her intention had been from the moment she suspected him, to make him love her, and when he did so and asked her to become his wife—if she knew for surety he was the man she sought—she had determined to poison him. Will he accept the punishment at her hands? Merron, tired of life now that it can have no object for him, willingly accedes. Hilda takes from her bosom a phial, pours the contents into a glass of wine, filling another for herself, and then, after she has again told him how she loves him, contrives to change the glasses, so that she may take the one apparently intended for Merron, and, drinking off the contents, dies in his arms. Though giving the opportunity for powerful acting on the heroine's part, this was so utterly un-English and improbable that, as I have said, it was only the really magnificent acting of Mr. Frank Cooper, which in this act particularly had roused the house to enthusiasm, that saved a *fiasco*. Miss Meller also showed both sweetness and very

great power, but the character was one that it would require a Bernhardt to support; the more credit is therefore due to this young actress that she succeeded so well. Mr. John Beauchamp was, as usual, excellent. Mr. Edward O'Neill and Miss Margaret Earl played with delightful freshness and piquancy the parts of a newly married couple. Mr. C. S. Fawcett and Mr. Claude Llewellyn were natural and easy, and Mr. Philip Darwin told remarkably well at the gaming table the story of Merron's chivalry and eccentricities. Miss Agnes Verity was pleasing as Sister Mary Francis. The principals were called at the end of each act, and specially at the close. In reply to a demand for the author it was announced he was not in the house.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Omnibus-Box.

One of the most successful concerts of the season was given by Mr. J. M. Capel on June 24, at the Steinway Hall. Several of our most popular and distinguished artists gave noteworthy examples of their various talents, Mr. J. M. Capel's new song "The Soldier Dolly," beautifully sung by Miss Rosina Brandram, was perhaps most enthusiastically applauded. This is lively, and ought to become one of the most popular ballads of the day. Miss Lina St. Ives possesses a sweet and sympathetic voice; her rendering of "A Summer Night," by Goring Thomas, being especially appreciated. When added to this we had songs and recitations from Mr. Lawrence Kellie, Mr. Avon Saxon, Miss Grace Woodward, Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Gilbert Trent, and Mr. E. J. Odell, the success of the afternoon's entertainment may be well imagined.

Mrs. Horace Nevill was not well advised in giving a *matinée* of "The School for Scandal." With the exception of Mr. John Maclean and Mr. Fred Thorne all the actors engaged were quite unfitted for the parts entrusted to them. "The School for Scandal" is not a drama of the year 1889, and should not be played as if it were. Some knowledge of the stately and formal manner of our great-grandfathers is essential in any one who undertakes to play in old comedy. Such knowledge was, on July 10 at the Vaudeville Theatre, conspicuous by its absence. Lady Teazle's mode of delivering the exit speech in the screen scene might have done very well in a Surrey melodrama, but was quite out of place in Sheridan's comedy.

The revival of "David Garrick" at the Criterion on July 10 gave the London public another opportunity of seeing Mr. Wyndham's admirable

performance of the title-part. The play went with perfect smoothness, and was deservedly applauded, as the acting of all engaged in it was as good as it could be.

Mr. Cyril Maude was educated at the Charterhouse, a school to which Mr. Charles Allan, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Mr. F. Kerr also owe their training. It was here that the subject of our photograph first developed his powers as an actor, playing in all sorts of pieces, but principally in burlesque. With a view to qualifying himself for the stage as a profession, Mr. Cyril Maude, on leaving the Charterhouse, took lessons in elocution and fencing. Delicate health unfortunately compelled him to take a voyage to Australia in 1881, and subsequently to Canada, when, after leading an outdoor life on a farm for some time, he went to New York, and in April, 1884, obtained an engagement with Herr Bandmann, and often played four characters in a night in Shakespearean and other plays, and subsequently joined "The Colonel," "Impulse," and "Called Back" companies. Returning to England in April, 1885, Mr. Maude started on tour with Messrs. Wyndham and Smale's company, and played Boffin in "The Candidate," and in Miss Elliott's Criterion Comedies Company, Pilkie in "The Great Divorce Case," Penryn in "Truth," &c., and made his first appearance in town at a Criterion *matinée* as Pilkie. His regular London engagements may be said to have commenced on Sept. 5, 1887, at the Grand as the Duke of Courtland in "Racing," by G. H. Macdermott—a performance that was highly praised. A season at the Gaiety followed, where Mr. Maude played in "Woodcock's Little Game," and was understudy to Messrs. Stone and Lonnen. Among other characters undertaken most successfully were Austin Woodville in "Hand-fast," and Horace Newlove in "Lot 49." On March 8, 1888, Mr. Maude opened at the Vaudeville as Lord Fellamar in "Joseph's Sweetheart," and played the part over 250 times. On Nov. 27 he appeared at the Criterion *matinée* as Captain Dearlove in A. C. Calmour's "Widow Winsome," in which he fought a duel, and the excellence of his fencing was remarked. On Jan. 4, 1889, he played the Hon. Arthur Fane in Broughton's "The Poet," and on the 14th of the same month the stuttering Charles Farlow in "That Doctor Cupid." Charles Spangle in "Angelina" on May 9 was his next part, and his latest John Hackabout in "The Old Home," which character he will resume on the reopening of the theatre Nov. 25, when Mr. Thorne returns from his tour. Mr. Cyril Maude's acting is distinguished by originality of conception and perfection of finish, and he may lay claim to being one of the few young actors who know how to wear a sword and powdered wig.

Miss Cicely Richards, though she had played several important parts prior to January, 1875, at the Vaudeville, may be said to have made her first mark at that date as Belinda in "Our Boys," and remained at the same theatre for some years playing in all the comedies produced under the management of Messrs. James and Thorne, and looks upon Mr.

Cupps in "Two Roses," Mrs. Dismal in "Married Life," Lady Sneerwell in "School for Scandal," and the Confidante in "The Critic" as her conspicuous successes. Upon leaving the Vaudeville, Miss Richards was touring for some time with Messrs. Robertson and Bruce's companies, and afterwards with Messrs. David James in their season at the Strand and Opéra Comique. Miss Richards has for some time been a member of Miss Grace Hawthorne's company at the Princess's, and whilst there has appeared as Biddy Roonan in "Shadows of a Great City," Vera in "Siberia," Mrs. Rolleston in "Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Mrs. Manley in "The Still Alarm," &c., and is remarkably clever in Irish and Lancashire dialect parts, and in assuming a French or American method of speaking. On July 29 Miss Cicely Richards returns to the Vaudeville, her first theatrical home, to play Mrs. Treherne in F. K. Hamilton's pretty comedietta "The Postscript," which part, like every one she undertakes, is certain of being well acted.

It is not often that the weary critic, invited to attend a children's performance, finds himself rewarded. At Ladbroke Hall, on July 11, he at least had no occasion to grumble. "Bo-Peep," a fairy fantasy for the children by Miss E. E. Baker, is a little play in three ac's, and is just the sort of thing so many children long to see. It could be played in Drury Lane Theatre, or in a drawing-room; is perfectly English and entertaining enough for grown-up persons. In the first act we find that Bo-Peep (a fairy changeling) has been sent after her missing sheep by Mother Hubbard (her foster-mother). Boy Blue, fearing his little sweetheart will be lost, goes in search of her. The village children get a sound rating from Mother H., and then the curtain draws up on a very pretty scene, the fairy queen and her attendants on a bank. The other fairies enter separately and form a group, waving wands and doing homage to the queen. In the second act the lovers meet, and are compelled to realise the dreadful fact that the sheep have disappeared altogether. As night comes on Bo-Peep in despair calls the fairies after vainly trying to convince Boy Blue that there are such beings. He is very indignant when the Fairy Queen proposes that Bo-Peep shall return to fairyland. She refuses to leave Boy Blue, executes a very pretty dance, and accepts from the Queen the grant of three wishes. The sweethearts on exit of fairies sing a duet most charmingly, repose on a bank, and when asleep enter fairies, who weave fairy spells around them. The curtain rises in the third act on the assembled village children, who are making posies and consulting whom to make Queen of the May. The appearance of the sweethearts is welcomed heartily, and Bo-Peep is crowned. Some very pretty dances and songs follow. At Bo-Peep's wish the fairies appear, and all join in a dance round the maypole. Finale a country dance. The authoress knows exactly what she is required to do. She provides the drama, teaches the children, and she may be encouraged to continue an occupation which should become as successful as it is praiseworthy. Of the little actors and

actresses, we must give the palm to Miss Isa Bowman, who impersonated Bo-Peep. She has professional experience, and excelled in acting, singing, and dancing. Master Alpe, an amateur, seconded her loyally in his impersonation of Boy Blue. Miss E. Bowman played very prettily, and caused much amusement by her dignified rendering of the Fairy Queen. Several of the children showed exceptional ability; all were clever, and entered heartily into the fun. Original music was provided by Mr. H. L. Pringle; nearly every number was pretty and descriptive, but would have reflected more credit on the composer with more rehearsals. Those bilious persons who are lamenting the exertions of children engaged in theatrical performances may possibly grow less bigoted if they have witnessed the result of Miss Baker's efforts. The more performances of this kind the better, say we.

Mr. Henry Irving's season at the Lyceum closed on Saturday, June 29, the occasion of Miss Ellen Terry's benefit, and the 151st performance of "Macbeth." The fair *beneficiaire* "acted the character as she had never acted it before," and amidst congratulations, cheers, and good wishes the popular manager, in one of his usual happy little speeches, announced that the autumn season would commence in September with the production of "The Dead Heart," an old play that had been in his possession for many years, and he thought there could be no better time for its reproduction than this year 1889, the centenary of the capture of the Bastille, and announced that amongst many old favourites of the public who would appear in it, a prominent one would be his "old friend Bancroft, whose reappearance will, I am sure, be as welcome to you as to me."

Mr. R. D'Albertson gave his annual *matinée* at the Avenue Theatre on June 24, when "Girouette," the comic opera that has been so well received in the provinces, was artistically sung by Mr. Wibrow's Company. Miss Giulia Warwick, Mr. Durward Lely, and Mr. Charles Wibrow particularly distinguished themselves.

"Tuppins and Co.," written by Mr. Malcolm Watson, music by Mr. Edward Solomon, produced on June 24 at St. George's Hall, has proved a complete success. It is bright and amusing, and affords Mr. Alfred German Reed an opportunity to pose most whimsically as a jealous and tragic greengrocer who goes out "waiting." Miss Fanny Holland, too, is excellently fitted as Mrs. Tuppins. This, with Mr. Corney Grain's clever musical sketch, "My Aunt's in Town," make up a delightful programme.

"A Man's Love," adapted from the Dutch by J. T. Grein and C. W. Jarvis in a very capable manner, proved to be a strong play that in the second act particularly worked up to a powerful situation. But the subject is somewhat unsavoury, for it turns on the fact of Frank Upworth having discovered that he has married one sister, Georgiana, all the while loving

the other, Emily. As the latter lives with the married couple, Frank makes love to her, and she nearly gives herself to him to save his blowing out his brains. But husband and wife are brought together through the illness of their little child. The characters were well filled by Mr. Leonard Boyne (who was excellent), Miss Mary Rorke (Georgiana), and Miss Gertrude Kingston (Emily).

The revival of "David Garrick" has proved such a success at the Criterion that the production of Mr. F. C. Burnand's play, "The Headless Man," was deferred till the 27th, too late for notice this month.

"Our Flat" and "To the Rescue" are going capitally at the Opéra Comique, and "Æsop's Fables," considerably improved (in which Mr. Alfred Maltby now plays Mr. George Gidden's part), is drawing excellent houses at the Strand. As a curtain raiser, "The Beggar," Mr. F. W. Broughton's rather daring play, has pleased the audiences. It tells of one Martin Harringway, a man of good birth, following the profession of a mendicant by day, and at night changing his rags for respectable attire and posing as a respectable member of society in the bosom of his family, which consists of a sister and daughter, who are totally ignorant of the means by which he earns his living. A companion of Harringway, Rospin by name, betrays his secret, and nearly breaks off a match between a young clergyman (an unconventionally drawn character) and the beggar's daughter, Hetty. Mr. Dagnall, as Luke Rospin, and Miss Ella Terriss carried off the honours, though Mr. Forbes Dawson showed some skill as Harringway.

Mr. Scott Battams has scored another success with "The Parson's Play," produced for the first time at the Grand on July 8, if we may judge by the laughter, which was continuous. Without being quite original it is decidedly funny. The Rev. Titus Trotman has written a highly moral drama unknown to his narrow-minded spouse. Unfortunately his MS. is lost, but luckily falls into the hands of his future son-in-law, who, on the contents, finds a screaming farcical comedy, which is acted, and brings fame and money. Mr. E. Hendrie was most excellent as the nervous clerical gentleman who does not always adhere strictly to the truth to conceal his dramatic leanings from his vixenish better half.

Those who have not yet done so should certainly get a copy of "Stage-Land: Curious Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants," as described by Jerome K. Jerome and drawn by J. Bernard Partridge. The descriptions are full of humour and point, and the illustrations are specimens of some of the artist's best work, from their admirable drawing and truth to (stage) nature.

At the Festival Dinner on behalf of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, held at the Hôtel Métropole on Saturday, July 6, Mr. Henry

Irving was entrusted with the agreeable office of presenting to Sir Morell Mackenzie a solid silver bowl more than 150 years old, on the inside of which were engraved the autographs of thirty actors and actresses who had subscribed to its purchase. The bowl was tendered for Sir Morell Mackenzie's acceptance as a recognition of the deep debt of gratitude due to him by the theatrical profession for his uniform kindness to them.

The Alhambra has surpassed itself. The new ballet "*Astræa*" is by far the most gorgeous and beautiful that has yet been seen there. Mons. Jacobi's music is tuneful, the scenery exquisite, the dresses by M. and Mme. Alias of wondrous beauty, and Signorina Bessone, Signor Saracco, Mdle. Marie and Miss Thurgate maintain their high reputation as dancers.

"*Léna*," the French adaptation by M. Berton and Mme. Van de Velde of Mr. Phillips's novel "*As in a Looking Glass*," is but a poor reflex of English society, and it is only in the last act that it enables Mme. Bernhardt to show how great an actress she is. Her death from morphia, which occupies some minutes, during which she utters no sound, is such expressive pantomime as to keep her audience breathless and their attention riveted, and is the perfection of tragic art. Mme. Bernhardt has also strengthened her hold on the public by her marvellous acting in "*La Tosca*," in which M. Berton is again so excellent as Baron Scarfia, and M. Damala good as Cavaradossi.

A very talented young actress is lost to the stage, Miss Annie Webster having bid it adieu in consequence of her marriage to Mr. William Bell on the 25th ult. In offering her my very sincere congratulations, I can but express my regret that she will tread the boards no more. Another most famous and esteemed actress, Miss Kate Rorke, is to be married to Mr. E. W. Gardner on the 8th August. They have my best wishes.

"*Paul Jones*" will soon reach its 200th performance at the Prince of Wales's. Miss Agnes Huntington, who has contributed so much to the success of the opera, gave a concert at the Métropole a few days ago in the cause of charity, the result of which is that the fair singer has been able to send £52 10s. to the Johnstown sufferers, and has handed £72 10s. to Mr. Henry Irving for distribution among theatrical charities. Mr. Horace Sedger will also give the entire proceeds of the first performance of "*Marjorie*" to the Actors' Benevolent Fund and the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund.

The Adelphi is doing well with "*The Shaughraun*," which appears likely to fill the house till such time as the Messrs. Gatti think well to produce Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's new melodrama, which it is announced is to be entitled "*London Day by Day*."

Toole's Theatre and the Avenue closed on Saturday, July 6, but the latter will reopen on October 16 under the management of Mons. Marius with an opera by Tito Mattei, entitled "The Grand Duke." Richard Henry's burlesque "Lancelot the Lovely" is being taken on tour by Mr. Arthur Roberts, who in October will, with Mr. H. Watkin, most probably open the Royalty with a comic opera written by Cecil Raleigh, music by Mr. Walter Slaughter. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is having the Comedy Theatre thoroughly redecorated, and will reopen it later, probably with a new comedy by Sydney Grundy.

The eighth season of Promenade Concerts commences on August 10 at Covent Garden, as usual under Mr. Freeman Thomas's able management, who has engaged the most capable artists and orchestra, with Signor Arditì as conductor.—The Garrick Theatre closed on July 27, in the midst of a most successful run of "The Profligate," which will be resumed no doubt when Mr. Hare returns in September from his tour with his company. By-the-by, Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay has of late been playing Mr. Hare's part of Lord Dangers with much success.—Mr. Beerbohm Tree announced on Saturday night, July 20, the last night of the season, on which occasion he played Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and Gringoire in "The Ballad-Monger," that the Haymarket, of which he had obtained a long lease, was to be redecorated and reconstructed, would be reopened by him with "Roger la Honte," and that he (Mr. Tree) was so satisfied with the success of "Wealth" that he had asked Mr. H. A. Jones to furnish him with another play.—At the Princess's, after the run of "The Still Alarm," and pending the production of "Proof," Mr. J. W. Turner's opera company will appear for a fortnight, and give "The Bohemian Girl," "Robin Hood," "Traviata," "Fra Diavolo," &c.—Messrs. Willard and Lart brought their present season at the Shaftesbury to a close on Thursday, July 18, but only for a time, as they will commence again very shortly with Mr. H. A. Jones's play, "The Middleman." Mr. Willard has also accepted a new poetical play by Mr. Richard Lee, in which there is a character specially suited for him. Mrs. Willard has written a farce called "Tommy," which is to be produced in London for copyright purposes and secured by Miss Victoria Vokes for America.

Whilst Mr. Thomas Thorne is away his theatre will be occupied for a time, commencing July 29, with "In Danger," the three-act play by W. Lestocq and H. Cresswell, which was favourably noticed on its performance at a *matinée*. "In Danger" is preceded by Mr. F. Hamilton Knight's pretty comedietta, "The Postscript."

"Sweet Lavender" reaches its 500th performance to-morrow, Friday, August 2, and seems likely to reach its 1,000th. There have been one or two changes in the cast. Miss Annie Irish plays the part hitherto taken by

Miss Maude Millett, who, after a holiday, goes to the Shaftesbury, and Mr. Henry Dana appears as Horace Bream.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal closed their engagement at the Court Theatre on Friday, July 12, in "A White Lie." On Tuesday, July 16, a banquet was tendered to them at the Hôtel Métropole. The Right Hon. J. Chamberlain was in the chair, and made some clever speeches, and Mr. J. L. Toole an amusing one of his usual style. In the course of the evening Mrs. Kendal was presented with a handsome diamond ornament, the gift of many friends and admirers.

Miss Alice Chapin, a young American actress, essayed the rôle of Virginia, in the play of that name, at the Globe on June 28, but beyond being graceful and a fair elocutionist, made but little impression. Mr. E. F. Cole's adaptation of the French of M. Latour de Saint-y-Bars is not likely to supersede Sheridan Knowles' work.

Mr. Richard Davey's play, "L'Heritage d'Hélène," written in French and produced in Paris, is very highly spoken of. It is described by M. Sarcey as "weirdly powerful and dramatic," and "worthy the attention of Mmes. Bernhardt and Pierson."

New plays produced and important revivals in London from June 19, 1889, to July 23, 1889:—

(Revivals are marked thus *.)

- June 22.* "Head or Heart," operetta, in one act, by Arthur Chapman; music by Martyn Van Lennep. Ladbroke Hall.
- „ 22.* "The Shaughraun," Irish drama, in three acts, by Dion Boucicault. Adelphi.
- „ 24. "Tuppins and Co.," original bufferetta, in one act, by Malcolm Watson; music composed by Edward Solomon. St. George's Hall.
- „ 24.* "Girouette," comic opera, in three acts; music by M. Cædes, libretto adapted from the French of Hemery and Bocage, by Robert Reece. Matinée. Avenue.
- „ 25. "A Man's Love," new play, in three acts, adapted from the Dutch by J. T. Grein and C. W. Jarvis. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- „ 25. "Faustine's Love," new emotional drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Walter Stanhope. Matinée. Strand.
- „ 25.* "Our Flat," placed in evening bill, Opéra Comique.
- „ 25.* "To the Rescue," ditto ditto.
- „ 27. "Circumstances Alter Cases," original comedietta, by Isidore F. Ascher, B.C.L. Matinée. Gaiety.

- June 28. "Virginia ; or, the Soldier's Daughter," adaptation, in five acts, from the French of M. Latour de Saint-y-Bars, by Edward F. Cole. *Matinée. Globe.*
- „ 29. "The Tigress," play, in a prologue and four acts, by Ramsey Morris, first time in England. *Comedy.*
- „ 29. "A Golden Dream," floral ballet, invented by Oscar Barrett. *Crystal Palace.*
- July 1. "Phyllis," domestic play, in four acts, by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. *Matinée. Globe.*
- „ 1. "Bright Days," Irish musical drama, in four acts, by Horace Wheatley and C. A. Aldin (first time in London). *Elephant and Castle.*
- „ 3. "Christopher's Honeymoon," new and original farce, in three acts, by Malcolm Watson. *Matinée. Strand.*
- „ 3. "Bravado," play, in one act, adapted from the French, by Mrs. T. E. Smale. *Matinée. Strand.*
- „ 5. "Forgotten," new and original play, in four acts, by V. Frankfort Moore. *Grand.*
- „ 6. "The Parson's Play," new comedy, in one act, by Scott Battams. *Grand.*
- „ 8. "Astrea," mythological ballet, invented and arranged by Eugene Casati ; music by Mons. Jacobi. *Alhambra.*
- „ 8. "The Beggar," original one-act comedy, by Fred W. Broughton. *Strand.*
- „ 9. "Léna," four-act French drama, adapted by M. Berton and Mme. Van de Velde, from F. C. Phillips's novel "As in a Looking Glass. *French Plays. Lyceum.*
- „ 10.* "David Garrick," T. W. Robertson's three act comedy. *Criterion.*
- „ 11. "The Marquesa," new drama of Spanish life, in four acts, by John Uniacke. *Matinée. Opéra Comique.*
- „ 11. "Out of the Beaten Track," comedy, in four acts, from the German of Ernest Wichert, English by Meyrick Milton. *Matinée. Strand.*
- „ 13. "Aunt Jack," original farce, in three acts, by Ralph R. Lumley. *Court.*
- „ 13. "His Toast," original comedietta, by A. M. Heathcote. *Court.*
- „ 16.* "La Tosca," drama, in five acts, by M. Victorien Sardou. *French plays. Lyceum.*
- „ 16. "My Uncle," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Miss Amy Steinberg. *Matinée. Terry's.*
- „ 16. "The Rake's Will," play, in one act, by H. P. Grattan. *Matinée. Terry's.*
- „ 17.* "The Pillars of Society," play, in four acts, adapted from the Norwegian of Henrik Ibsen, by William Archer. *Matinée. Opéra Comique.*

- July 18. "Marjorie," comic opera, in three acts; libretto by Lewis Clifton and Joseph J. Dilley; music by Walter Slaughter. Matinée. Prince of Wales's.
- " 23. "Her Father's Sin," drama, in four acts (author unannounced). Matinée. Strand.

In the Provinces from June 17, 1889, to July 15, 1889 :—

- June 22. "Among the Amalekites," comedy, in three acts, by Emelie Bennett. T.R., Portsmouth.
- " 26. "Mid Ocean," nautical drama, in four acts, by Maurice H. Hoffman. Alexandra, Southend-on-Sea.
- July 1. "Day-to-Day," romantic drama, in three acts, by C. A. Clarke. Public Hall, Warrington.
- " 11. "Twixt Love and Duty," new piece, in one act, by Martin Harvey. P. of Wales's, Southampton.
- " 12. "Once Upon a Time," comedietta, in one act, by Haslingden Russell and Henry Furnival. Royal, Brighton.
- " 15. "The Squire's Wife," melodrama, in four acts, by Fred Jarman. T.R. and Opera House, Huddersfield.

PARIS.

(From June 3 to July 11, 1889.)

- June 3. "Figarella," comic opera, in one act, libretto by MM. Charles Grandmouguier and Jules Méry, music by M. Clerice. Bouffes Parisiens.
- " 6. "Le Vieux Corneille," *apropos*, in one act, in verse, by M. Angé de Lassus. Comédie Française.
- " 20. "Miel à Quatre," vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Henri Keroul and Maurice Varet. Cluny.
- " 26. "La Tempête," ballet, in six scenes, with singing, music by Ambroise Thomas, *scénario* by M. Jules Barbier, dancing arranged by M. Hansen. Opéra.
- " 27.* "Le Petit Ludovic," three-act comedy by MM. Henri Crissafulli and Victor Bernard. Menus Plaisirs.
- July 10. "La Fille à Cacolet," in three acts and five scenes, by MM. Chicot and Duru, new music by M. Edmond Audran.
- " 11. "Le Prince Soleil," spectacular piece in four acts and twenty-two scenes, by MM. Hippolyte Raymond, Paul Burani, and Charles Lauri, music by M. Leon Vasseur. Châtelet.

THE THEATRE.

Stage Children.



AN unbiassed opinion on any subject from a competent judge of the point under discussion is at all times valuable. Mr. Lewis Carroll, the accomplished author of "Alice in Wonderland," and a valued contributor to this magazine, has addressed the following letter to the editor of the "Sunday Times," a letter written in such a dispassionate and judicial spirit, as renders it most worthy of consideration by all those who wish to arrive at a just conclusion on the merits or demerits of the employment of children on the stage:—

SIR,—I am neither a stage manager nor a dramatic author ; I have no children of my own on the stage, or anywhere else ; and I have no pecuniary interest in anything theatrical. But I have had abundant opportunities, for many years, for studying the natures of children, including many stage children, and have enjoyed the friendship of many dear children, both on and off the stage.

To these reasons for writing I may, perhaps, be allowed to add that I have given some attention to logic and mathematics, which help so largely in the *orderly* arrangement of topics of controversy—an art much needed when so many controversialists are ladies. Long experience of that delightful sex has taught me that their *system* of arrangement is that of a circulating decimal, that with them analogy is identity, and reiteration proof, and that they always lay the *onus probandi* on their opponents. A beautiful instance of this occurred in a newspaper letter on this very controversy a few days ago (I forget the signature, but it was surely a lady's writing). She stated that the Americans are stricter in this matter than

the British, and asked, "Why should not we do as the Americans do?" forgetting that it might be asked, with exactly the same logical force, "Why should not the Americans do as we do?"

My contention is:—

I. That the employment, in theatres, of children under ten is *not* harmful.

II. That it *is* beneficial.

III. That, while this practice needs certain safeguards not yet provided by the law, it does *not* call for absolute prohibition.

(I.) The harm attributed to this practice may be classed under three headings—(1) physical; (2) intellectual; (3) moral.

(1) "Physical harm."—Take first the charge that it causes "excessive bodily fatigue." To this there was at first an additional item, "enforced by cruelty," which is now practically abandoned, it appearing, on investigation, that no evidence in support of it was forthcoming, while abundant evidence was produced of the kindness such children met with in theatres, and of their thorough enjoyment of their work. According to my experience, the work is well within healthy limits, and the children enjoy it with an intensity difficult to convey by mere words. They like it better than any game ever invented for them. Watch any children you know, in any rank of life, when thrown on their own resources for amusement, and, if they do not speedily extemporise a little drama, all I can say is that they are not normal children, and they had better see a doctor.

Take next such charges as "late hours, impure air, draughts, exposure to night air," &c. The good people who raise these cries seem to think that the homes of these little ones are perfect models of regular habits and good sanitary arrangements, and that such a sight as a child outside its house after 9 p.m. would thrill the neighbourhood with horror! Let them visit a few London alleys, and judge for themselves.

(2) "Intellectual harm."—This is asserted to exist in two forms, "excess of dramatic study," and "defect of other studies." A lady writer lately drew a sensational parallel between little Josef Hoffmann, who was so nearly killed by being encouraged to give constant public exhibitions of his precocious musical talent, and the ordinary stage child. It was not a fair parallel; in fact no really parallel case on the stage has yet been produced (the pathetic death of the tiny Midshipmite in "Patience" was due to causes quite unconnected with stage work); and I have myself known intimately stage children who have played the heaviest child parts on record without receiving the slightest harm.

As to defect of other studies, if we contemplate the weary mass of useless knowledge which, in the present craze for teaching everybody everything, so many little minds are compelled, not to *digest*, for that is impossible, but merely to swallow, we may well hope that the stage child is all the better for escaping much of this. Frequent mental collapse among Board school children and pupil teachers is slowly teaching us the

valuable psychological fact that a child's mind is *not* a sausage; but we have not quite learned our lesson yet!

(3) "Moral harm."—As this danger exists in every phase of human life, those who plead it in this controversy are bound to show that it is *greater* for children under ten than for older actors and actresses; otherwise they commit the fallacy of "proving too much."

Take first "immorality, whether of general tone or particular passage, in the play itself." Ignorance of the ways of the world, and of the meanings of most of the words they hear, is a protection enjoyed by young children, and by them only. The evil itself is undeniably great—though less, I believe, in this age than in any previous one—but it is almost wholly limited to the adult members of the company and of the audience.

Take next "the encouragement of vanity, love of dress," &c. Here, again, the danger is distinctly greater in the case of adults. Children are too deeply absorbed in attending to their stage "business," and in observing the discipline enforced in all well-conducted theatres, to have much opportunity for self-consciousness.

Take, lastly, the gravest and most real of all the dangers that come under the category of "moral harm," viz., "the society of profligate men." For adult actresses this danger is, I believe, in well-conducted theatres, distinctly less than it would be in most of the lines of life open to them. Here again the good people, who see such peril in the life of an actress, seem to be living in a fool's paradise, and to fancy they are legislating for young ladies who, if they did not go on the stage, would be secluded in drawing-rooms where none but respectable guests are admitted. Do they suppose that attractive-looking young women, in the class from which the stage is chiefly recruited, would be safer as barmaids or shopwomen from the insidious attentions of the wealthy voluptuary than they are as actresses?

But if it be granted that young women of this class may choose a stage life with as fair a chance of living a reputable life as they would have in any other profession open to them, it is surely desirable to begin learning their business as soon as they are competent, unless it can be shown that they are in greater danger as children than as young women. I believe the danger is distinctly less. Their extreme youth is a powerful safeguard. To plot evil against a child, in all its innocence and sweet trustfulness and ignorance of the world, needs no common voluptuary; it needs one so selfish, so pitiless, and so abject a coward as to be beneath one calling himself a man.

II. My second contention is that stage life is beneficial to children, even the youngest; and this in three ways—(1) physically, (2) intellectually, and (3) morally.

(1) Physically. The deportment that must be acquired for even moderately good acting, and the art of dancing, which most stage children acquire, not only give grace of figure and of action, but are excellent for the health. In girls' schools, not so many years ago, spinal curvature was

so common that an eminent surgeon, Dr. Mayo, put it on record that scarcely three per cent. escaped it. I am glad to believe that they are more sensibly managed now, and that the days are passed away when it was "vulgar" for young ladies to run, and where the only bodily exercise allowed them was to walk two-and-two; but I feel sure that, even now, if one hundred children were taken at random from the highly educated classes, and another hundred from the stage, the latter would show a better average for straightness of spine, strength, activity, and the bright, happy look that tells of health. The stage child "feels its life in every limb"—a locality where the Board school child only feels its lessons.

(2) Intellectually. Comparing children with children, my belief is that stage life distinctly *brightens* the mind of a child. Of course the same result is produced at schools, whenever they can manage to *interest* the pupils in their work. But how often they fail to do this! How often are the poor little victims made to do work "against the grain"! And all such work is not only badly done, but is intensely fatiguing and depressing to spirits and intellect alike.

3. Morally. I believe that stage life, in a well-conducted theatre, is valuable moral training for young children. They learn—

(a) Submission to discipline.

(b) Habits of order and punctuality.

(c) Unselfishness (this on the principle on which you always find children in large families less selfish than only children).

(d) Humility. This because, however clever they may think themselves, they soon find that others are cleverer.

III. My third contention is that, though it is desirable to provide, by law, certain safeguards for the employment of children in theatres, there is no need for its absolute prohibition.

The legislation that seems to me desirable would take some such form as this:—

That every child under sixteen (ten is too low a limit), employed in a theatre, should hold a licence, annually renewable.

That such licence should only be granted on condition of the child having passed the examination for a certain "standard," adapted to the age of the child.

That a limit should be fixed for the number of weeks in the year that the child may be engaged, and for the number of hours in the day that he or she may be at the theatre. (This rule to be relaxed during rehearsals.)

That, during a theatrical engagement, the child shall attend a specified number of hours, during the afternoons, at some school; at other times in the year during the usual hours, if attending a Board school. (High schools would probably adopt the same principle, and allow half-day attendance during engagements.)

That some guarantee be required that girls under sixteen are provided with sufficient escort to and from a theatre.

But I do not believe that the law can absolutely prohibit children under

ten from acting in theatres without doing a cruel wrong to many a poor struggling family, to whom the child's stage salary is a godsend, and making many poor children miserable by debarring them from a healthy and innocent occupation which they dearly love.

Faithfully yours,

LEWIS CARROLL.

There is little doubt that opinions like the above—together with communications addressed to various journals by those so competent to judge as Mr. John Coleman and Mrs. Bancroft; from those who had had charge of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Children Company, and others who *know* something about the matter—influenced the fate of the Cruelty to Children (Prevention) Bill. Besides this, the subject has been ventilated, and such statements as those made by Mr. Winterbotham (which statements the hon. member most properly, generously, and publicly withdrew when he found he had been misinformed) and by others, who will persistently represent that the stage is everything that is bad, have been refuted. Had the bill been passed in its original form such plays as "A Winter's Tale," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Richard III.," "East Lynne," and a host of others, could not be acted in future, and a great hardship would have been inflicted on the numerous children employed at the theatres, not to speak of the help which their earnings afforded their parents, who are not, as some would make out, for the most part drunkards and disreputable people. The deputation that waited on the Earl of Dunraven included not only theatrical managers, but Mr. James Rodgers, Mr. John Lobb, and General Sim, of the London School Board, who bore witness to "the improvement in the appearance and manners of the youngsters after becoming connected with those places of amusement (theatres) for a little time." Thanks to the information afforded him on the matter, the Earl of Dunraven was the means of an amendment being passed in the House of Lords, which was accepted by the Commons, that children between seven and ten years of age could be employed on the stage, licensing powers for such employment to be granted by petty sessional courts.

C. H.

Wilfred Denver's Dream.

AN ALPINE EPISODE.



FEW summers ago I was waiting at St. Maurice for the train to Martigny. From the latter place I intended making a short walking tour by way of the Col de Balm to Chamounix and the neighbourhood, returning by the Tête Noir route to Vernayaz.

As I was walking up and down the station platform I was accosted by an American gentleman, who said he "guessed" I was an Englishman from my appearance. I replied that I felt complimented, and we fell into conversation. It appeared that he and a young companion also purposed walking to Chamounix, but thought of staying the night at Martigny and starting early next morning. On learning, however, that I intended pushing on that same evening and sleeping at the little village of Trient, they proposed to accompany me, to which I gladly acceded. I don't think either of the three was in particularly good form for climbing; indeed, my elder American acquaintance was troubled with asthma, but we did pretty good time up the old and stony—oh, how stony!—footpath to the Col de la Forclaz, and then dipped down into the valley of Trient, and eventually found the little inn to which I had been recommended. The shades of night were not as yet falling fast, and we had serious thoughts of resuming our walk and trying to reach the hotel on the summit of the Col de Balm, but fatigue and a general ignorance as to how long the additional journey would take induced us to adhere to our original plan, and so we prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the night at Trient. We supped simply but heartily—bread and cheese and the "beer of the country" being my diet, while the Americans indulged in eggs and tea. Casually I remarked that tea at that hour would deprive me of a night's rest, but they did not seem to

anticipate any evil consequences. After supper, the landlady (whom we had found a very chatty individual—a sort of Swiss Mrs. Willoughby) produced a visitors' book, of which she was rather proud. It contained amongst other names that of a gentleman—a countryman of my fellow-travellers—who had twice stayed with her, and had "done" the entire continent on a shilling a-day (in which case, judging by our bill, he must have made very special terms with her). She handed the book to me first, and, on signing my name, I noticed there was a column reserved for the "profession" of the tourist, and in most cases this had been filled up. Not to be outdone in frankness, after writing my name I added "Comedian," and handed the book to the elder of my two companions. A smile flickered across his face as he filled in the spaces. His friend followed suit, and then the book was handed back to me. I understood the smile then, for I read

"J. G., etc., etc., Comedian."

"J. R., etc., etc., Clergyman."

"Don't let the fact of my being a clergyman be any restriction on your conversation," said J. R. I was not aware that I had said anything very awful, but the remembrance of one or two sharp knocks against jagged boulders during our climb to the Forclaz, and the ejaculations they evoked, made me rather dubious. Well, the Yankee minister and I talked a lot about theatres and acting. He was a regular playgoer, and had seen most of our leading actors in America. Amongst others he mentioned the name of Wilson Barrett.

From Barrett to the "Silver King" was but a natural step. Although strangely enough he had never seen it, he had read or heard a great deal of this play, and was profoundly interested in it. Being a clergyman and a teetotaler to boot, no doubt he regarded it, apart from its dramatic qualities, as a powerful sermon against intemperance. Anyway he was very much engrossed in the career and redemption of Wilfred Denver, and when I told him I had played the part he became quite excited. "I've heard a good deal of its literary merits," said he; "can you give me a specimen?" After some little hesitation I was induced to repeat to them the celebrated Dream speech. I shall never forget that scene at the little Swiss inn. An eager, grey Mark Twain kind of face, listening with eyes and mouth

as well as ears; the hostess standing in the doorway, wondering no doubt what all this declamation in a foreign tongue meant, and outside the music of the wind souging through the great pine trees, while an Alpine cataract roared a deep accompaniment under the very window sill. Talk about incidental music imparting inspiration; what is it to the music of Nature? When I had finished, the conversation grew very desultory, flagged, and eventually died out altogether. The divine from across the Atlantic was impressed—vividly impressed. The speech, so graphic in itself—no matter who may speak it—had so chimed in with the hour, state of his nerves, and the general surroundings that he was more than ordinarily affected by it, and in that state I bade him “good night,” and we each went to bed. To speak the truth, I did not sleep particularly well myself that night—the Alpine air, the noise of the water without, made me very restless; but when I got downstairs in the morning and shook hands with the Rev. J. R., I could see from his sunken eyes and generally washed-out appearance that he had had a very bad night indeed. “Tea for supper,” thought I to myself. His companion had not come down, so while breakfast was being prepared we walked out through a meadow where the merry tinkling of the goat-bells already sounded, till we reached the shadow of the frowning firwood. Then he suddenly turned round on me and said,

“You recited the Dream of the fictitious Wilfred Denver last night. Behold the effect! Listen to the dream of the *real* Rev. J. R.

“I fell asleep and dreamed I was on the summit of Mont Blanc. Below me on all sides were peaks and aiguilles and mounts of every conceivable shape and size. The Bernese Oberland stretched far away to my right, and to my left I could see the blue waters of Lake Lemman glittering in the moonlight. Close at hand, as it appeared, the Matterhorn and Jungfrau claimed kinship with their taller brother, the great white giant. As I stood, a solitary spectre-like figure, on that uttermost height, suffused by the ghostly brilliancy of the moon, now at her zenith, with my arms exultingly outstretched as if in very joy at the awful grandeur and sublimity of my predicament, I seemed suddenly endowed with the gift of flight—flight without wings and by the mere effort of my will. The sensation was too

exquisite—too glorious to be described. Mont Blanc was an Olympus, and I had become a god. The spirit of the Alps had permeated my body, and I revelled in its possession as only a spirit could. Without the slightest hesitancy I floated away from the summit, and poised for a moment in the air as if to realise to the full the extraordinary gift which had been accorded me. There was the mountain I had just left looking like a Niobe of Wonderland, whose tears had frozen as they descended her snowy robe; below a light glimmered from the hut on the Grand Mulets, and further down still the little town of Chamounix slumbered calm and peaceful in the moonlight. Descending for a moment I perched upon the little hut, and heard the guides within discussing the prospects of the ascent on the morrow, while the tourist who had engaged them lay resting on some straw. Oh, the difficulty, the danger, and intense fatigue of the ascent to them, and how easy had the glorious gift of the gods made it for me. Away into the Empyrean. A dove's flight down to the brink of the Flegère—another across the valley to the little peak that overlooks La Montanvert and the Mer de Glace, and then away like the wind from the valley of Chamounix and over the ice fields and deserts of snow to the Matterhorn and Jungfrau. Oh, how I rejoiced in my possession! No man, no king, none but the gods had achieved what I had. The loftiest pinnacles, the most bristling crags I perched on for a moment, allowing my body to sway over the dizzy precipices while my toes barely touched the rocks, and then away again, as a strong swimmer spurns the shore and floats gracefully out to the mighty ocean. How I flew from peak to peak of the great Bernese Alps—with what interested anticipations I searched out the gruesome though comparatively mean summit of the Brocken, and longed to find the archfiend himself there surrounded by his hellish crew, and revelling in all the unspeakable horrors of his saturnalia. I could claim equal footing with him—nay, more, I could claim superiority—I could soar to the very heavens themselves and bask in 'very presence of the regal sun,' but—well, he was not there, the Brocken was deserted—so away again I flew, higher, higher—the moon! yea, her chaste majesty invites me with a loving smile. I will visit her; I will solve the riddle as to her mountains and her degeneracy; I will explore those

extinct volcanoes, and search for some vestige of life in that wilderness of death. Up, up, up with the wind; up into the midst of the constellations—a star shoots past me as I fly. I watch the great ball of fire rapidly diminishing as it darts with fearful speed to its unknown bourne, and then away, away at the same great pace. The moon looms larger and larger. I can see disused channels and streams, mountains, decayed forests, and there—yes, there—the ruins of a beautiful city with wharves and gigantic quays, but no welcome sound of water washing 'gainst its walls. But now, instead of getting larger, the lunar orb seems gradually lessening. I no longer see the channels, and even the mountain tops are growing dim and indistinct. Have I passed the moon? No, great heaven, I am falling; the vital fire which gave me the gift of flight has burnt itself out, and I am falling—oh, how rapidly! A shooting star has left its anchorage, and we are racing—a race for life? A race for Death, and I am the winner. Down, down, a terrible red peak, a gigantic needle in granite, which I remember pausing on for a moment in my recent flight, is the goal to which I am speeding—yes, there, there, direct in my path it lies—a lightning rush—a fearful collision, and——”

“You found yourself on the bedroom floor,” said I.

“Exactly,” replied the reverend dreamer, and we went in to breakfast.

JOHN GLENDINNING.



Brother Matteo.

A POEM FOR RECITATION.



ENT, and wrinkled, and worn with age,
 Stooping over the gorgeous page,
 Whereon he had painted with wondrous skill
 Angels of good, and spirits of ill,
 Brother Matteo sat in his cell.
 There was the pallet he knew so well,
 On which he had lain, ah! how many years!
 How many years since that fateful day
 Which had witnessed his last farewell for aye
 To the world with its joys, and its hopes and fears!
 There hung the crucifix, nail'd to the wall,
 His only comfort, to which in all
 His hours of agony and despair
 Brother Matteo had made his pray'r.
 The simple table, the single chair,
 The sweet Madonna and holy Child,
 Gazing upon him with lustre mild,
 Were the only treasures he harboured there.
 And through the casement the dying day
 Sent a light, that cast in a marvellous way
 Saddening shadows on every thing.
 A nightingale had begun to sing
 Beneath his lattice, and with a sigh
 He rose, to put his labours by:
 The work of his life, the golden book,
 Where, whoso gave but a passing look,
 Might read, in the wonderful pictures thereon.
 The Gospel according to S. John.
 From "The Word was God" to "Follow thou Me"
 It was all set forth astoundingly.
 To-night it was finished; his weary pen
 Had traced the belovèd apostle's Amen,

And beneath, in a strange, fantastic scroll,
"Forgive the faults, and pray for the soul
Of Brother Matteo, who writ in sin
The words of comfort contained herein."
He rose with a sigh, and opened wide
The lattice, to welcome the thrilling tide
Of the nightingale's song; and so stood still,
With his elbow upon the window-sill,
And his chin on his weary and wasted hand;
So stood he, as a man will stand
Who muses upon his bygone days.
Not on the landscape did he gaze,
On the hills and vales that lay at his feet,
Nothing he saw of the waving trees,
Or the heavenly light that floods the leas
When day and night for a moment meet.
O'er fifty years his look was cast,
O'er fifty years, to the distant past,
Ere yet he had seen these gloomy walls,
Or had felt the deadly shadow that falls
On a heart, too strong, alas, to break,
And so end all, for a woman's sake.

He had been famous even then,
And had done great deeds in the sight of men;
No such miracle ever had been
As this mighty artist, scarce eighteen,
Whose canvas glowed with the hosts of heaven,
To whom it seemed there had been given
An inner sight, wherewith to see
The vision of God's own mystery.
And he himself, in his sunny hair,
Was then an embodiment of each fair
Lithe-limbed, blue-eyed, heroic saint,
His heart inspired his hand to paint;
Yet gentle withal, so that children came
To smile whenever they heard his name.
And, as he swung through the busy street,
Full many a maiden's glance would meet
His candid eyes; but he strode on,

Unconscious and unscathed—alone ;
Until one day he saw a face
That shone with the halo of virgin grace ;
Meekly and humbly the maiden passed,
No look from her missal did she cast,—
And he knew the power of love at last.

I know not how he forced the door
Of her father's house ; that wealthy boor
Held artist-folk in small esteem—
A merchant prince, whose ships were sent
To every port in the Orient—
But the door was forced, and the happy dream
Grew daily brighter, until at length
It overwhelmed them in its strength,
And each to each their love confessed,
And so, for one brief hour, were blessed.
For all her father's pride and wealth
He could not woo the maid by stealth,
But spake right out!—and the merchant swore
He never should cross his threshold more.
The days crawled by, and Francesca pined,
So the old man feigned to change his mind ;
“ If Ser Paolo ”—the painter's name—
“ Could justify his rising fame
By some great picture, why, he would see ;
If his faith was staunch, and his love was real,
And it truly appeared for Francesca's weal,
Well, there was no knowing what might not be.”
With other words, such as people use,
Who pretend to give what they mean to refuse.
“ And, strangely enough, that very day
The Father Superior of San Josè
Had told him they needed an Altar-piece.
Now, here was a chance !—a golden fleece !
Fame and—*ducats* ! ”—Paolo heard
No further, but mounted a steed and spurred
To Monte Velino, where hidden lay
The Monastery of San Josè.
For weeks he painted, for weeks he dreamed ;

The brothers, watching him, said it seemed
As if he dipped his magic brush
In his heart's own blood, and not in oil ;
He took no rest from his feverish toil,
And, when they offered their ducats, " Hush !"
Said he, " I work for love !"—And home
He rode, with a lover's haste, to Rome.

Meanwhile Francesca had been wed
To Prince Gonzaga, upon whose head
Fifty winters their snows had shed.

Paolo breathed no sigh or groan,
But his heart within him turned to stone.
He painted no more : it seemed a part
Of his general hate, that he hated art ;
Silent he sat, and stern, and grim,
And the children grew afraid of him.
O God ! what a mournful change was this !
His golden locks, where erst the kiss
Of Phœbus Apollo loved to dwell,
In a tangled mass on his shoulders fell ;
The brightness faded from his eye,
And his only wish was a wish to die.

Francesca—what shall I say of her ?
She stood, a statue, amid the stir
Of the idle crowd, and the merry strife
Seemed a show to her, outside her life.
The only thing that she felt was real
Was the wound at her heart, which would not heal ;
Yet her keenest pain was that she knew
Paolo believed she had been untrue,
For never a message could she send,—
She had crowds of flatterers, but no friend,—
And so, like him, she prayed for the end.

Somehow, by chance, they met at last,
In a pleached walk, where the shadow, cast
By the tragic cypress, seemed to be
Fit mantle for their misery.

Deeply he looked into her eyes,—
For the face may lie, and many lies
The tongue may speak, but I ween, in sooth,
The eyes say naught but the very truth.
One glance sufficed; there was little need
Of words, for now he knew indeed
That all his burden was as naught
To the load wherewith her soul was fraught;
So they spake little, but long they gazed,
Each upon each, with grief amazed;
Till at last, as the breeze the branches stirred,
This gentler whisper you might have heard:—
“I love you more than life!” “And I
Shall ever love you, till I die!”
“Sweetheart, good-bye!” “Sweetheart, good-bye!”
He knelt, and kissed her silken hem,

She stooped, and kissed his weary brow:
There was no thought of sin in them,

No thought which God might not allow.
And so they passed, and were lost to sight
In the ample bosom of the night.

A year went by. He strove in vain
To find some solace for his pain;
For, ever and ever, at his heart
Was the dull despair, and the cruel smart,
At last he rose, and made his way,
On foot, to the hills of San Josè.
The brethren greeted with glad surprise
The broken man; but in his eyes
They saw such a wild and haggard woe
That they marvelled a man could suffer so.
His picture was famous far and wide,
His picture had brought a constant tide
Of pilgrims to their mountain shrine—
The Maiden Mother and Child Divine.
When to the altar their guest they led,
Upon its step he fell, as dead;
For the Virgin's face he had painted there
Was Francesca's face, divinely fair,
Which he, possessed by a single thought,

Thus all unwittingly had wrought !
He sought the Prior, and told his tale,
And prayed to be sheltered within the pale
Of their holy order, that, in its calm,
His heart might find some healing balm.
And so among them he came and went,
With dreamy eyes on his missal bent,
Until his novitiate was o'erspent.

Then came the day when his final vows
Should bind him for ever to their house.
With solemn ritual Mass was said
Over living Paolo as if he were dead ;
And, when the awful rite was o'er,
Paolo was, indeed, no more,—
And “ Brother Matteo ” rose from the floor.

The Church was filled with a curious throng,
To see the rites and to hear the song,
And through the reverent, kneeling mass
The long procession had to pass ;
And Brother Matteo, with downcast eyes,
Stepped slowly, chaunting the litanies.
As thus he passed, one in the crowd
Spoke in a whisper that seemed as loud,
To this new brother of San Josè,
As the angel's trumpet on Judgment Day,
“ Nay, this is well ; but a prouder show
Gonzaga's funeral was, I trow ! ”
“ Dead ? ” asked his neighbour. “ Two days since
They buried with pomp that pompous prince.”
No more he heard ; but his heavy head
Sank on his breast. Gonzaga dead !
Francesca free ! Francesca free !
Could a merciful God let such things be ?
Within his heart, with a mighty roar,
A voice replied, “ Thou fool ! give o'er !
Remember : Paolo is no more ! ”

And since that day, full fifty years
Had been spent by him in prayers and tears,





MISS ROSE LECLERCQ.

"I am content."

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act iv., Sc. 1.

For his heart was too strong, alas, to break,
And so end all, for a woman's sake.
But, as weary day followed weary day,
He grew more silent, and bent, and grey ;
His only delight was his work upon
The Gospel according to S. John ;
And never did eyes of man behold
A fairer book than that book of gold ;
Yet now his labour of love was done ;—
And he stood and mused in the setting sun.
At Matins upon the following day
His absence was noted with dismay.
When the monks burst into Matteo's cell,
There he stood, whom they loved so well,
With his elbow upon the window-sill,
And a yearning look in his faded eyes,
Across the valley, across the hill,
To the distant haze in the morning skies
Where—Rome ! the eternal city, lies !
They called him, but he spake no word ;
They called him louder,—he never stirred.
At last ! at last ! he had found his rest
Upon his heavenly Master's breast.
One hand lay on his beloved book,
And he, that had the courage to look,
Beheld, as a solemn mystery,
The index fallen, for all to see,
On Christ's last utterance, "Follow thou Me !"

LOUIS N. PARKER.



Shakespeare.

BY TIMOTHY REDTAPE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.



AM an Attorney. I scorn the name Solicitor as a vile innovation worthy of Republican Government, and a generation that knows not John Doe or Richard Roe.

I am respected by my neighbours, and can afford to treat those who say that my great action for scandal, "*Tattler v. Tittler*," was a trial that ought never to have taken place; also that my wonderful cause of right of way, "*Brooks v. Field*," which cost £10,000, sent three persons to a lunatic asylum, and made eighteen families enemies to the same number of generations (it is true the water-course did dry up, whilst the path is never used), was a waste of money and time; and, lastly, that Mr. John Lovesay with Miss Alice Darling would be living in happy connubiality had I not advised the former to bring an action against the latter founded on a flirtation with Captain Tenisse, in which he obtained damages to the extent of one farthing, and kept the Court in laughter for three consecutive hours—I can, I say, treat these slanders, arising from envy and malice, with the contempt they deserve. But to come to Shakespeare. First of all, let me explain how I came to become acquainted with the works of one who spells his name sometimes one way and sometimes another, thereby raising a strong presumption of fraud, and whose private character ought to have caused his prosecution for poaching, and whose general disregard of the law and its officers I utterly abhor. Having, through an illness caused by too close an application to sundry bills of costs, lost my enjoyment of the humours of the Criminal Court, and being too weary even to appreciate the more subtle and expensive jests of the *Nisi Prius*, my doctor recommended me to read the works of the "*Bard of Avon*," another alias, I discovered, of the said William Shakespeare. He also lent me, in order to arouse my curiosity, two articles upon the works of this play-writer by Messrs. Donelly and Oscar Wilde respectively. On my perusal

of these, together with the plays, I came to two conclusions: first, that the Lunacy Commissioners never inquire into the sanity of Shakespearean theorists; and secondly, I had discovered a theory, beautiful in its design, unimpeachable through being founded on the most stubborn facts, and calculated to let light into dark places and to reveal secrets hitherto hid, namely, that William Shakespeare was the first exponent of the damnable doctrine of women's rights, and this I will proceed to prove. In the first place, I ask any disinterested person to read that much-belauded work, "*The Merchant of Venice*," with special reference to the Trial Scene, and if he is not converted to my opinion he must be either blind or possess a theory of his own. There we have Shylock, a smart business man, warm, good at a bargain, dead against ship insurance and other risky speculations, able to best Antonio, respected on 'Change; and what is the end of this worthy man, this estimable character? Why, his daughter Jessica surpasses him in commercial cunning, and runs off with his goods to a place where there is no extradition treaty. He goes to law like a Christian; and how is his claim upset? By a brazen hussey called Portia, who, contrary to all precedent, appears in the sacred robes of the legal profession, talks about mercy, and gains over the judge, the latter befouling his ermine by superseding the statute law, and giving a decision that ruins poor Shylock, and ought to have been appealed against at once. Then again the ring business between this self-same Portia, Nerissa, and their husbands, when the latter were made look so foolish. Can any one doubt that underneath all this seeming frivolity—frivolity extending, to my mind, to irreverence—there exists the deep object of showing the superiority of women generally over men, and more particularly their fitness for the profession of which I am a humble member?

My medical man—he is rash and unmarried—dilates with ridiculous enthusiasm upon another play, full of pastoral beauties, called "*As You Like It*." I emphatically dislike it. Here a young woman of marriageable age, under the care of a proper guardian, her uncle, not only leaves that uncle but induces his daughter to accompany her, thereby committing two offences; and then, as if that were not enough, proceeds to add a third by assuming male attire, in which unnatural garb

she proceeds to hoodwink and befool her future husband, who, excellent as a wrestler, in everyday affairs of life is as innocent as a child. I should like to have heard his opinion upon "women wearing the breeches" two years after marriage, and Mr. Shakespeare's insidious manner of showing the superiority and cunning of the female sex. Take the reverse side of the picture. In the play of "*Hamlet*" we have a young woman named Ophelia. She is a model young lady, wishing to make a good match, listening to the advice of her brother and father (the latter irreverent people call prosy, a term of reproach often undeservedly used by the young towards myself), but above all, recognising that her place in the family circle is number two. What is her reward for this conduct—a comfortable home and income? No! she is set down by this lover of the shrieking sisterhood as an imbecile, and dies the unhappy death of a suicide. Contrast this fate with that of the tomboy Imogen, and then ask yourself if the Immortal William, as he is called by his admirers, is not subverting the most cherished traditions of the domestic hearth in endeavouring to bolster up his absurd position. The only man who gets the better of the female sex, Richard III., in his dealings with that weeping hypocrite, Lady Anne, is made to die a most uncomfortable death for want of a horse. I would have given him a carriage and four. Beatrice the vixen reduces poor Benedict into submission; poor Malvolio is held up to ridicule in order to amuse a parcel of women. But if anything were wanted to confirm my theory, it is in the exception that proves the rule, "*The Taming of the Shrew*," in which play the artful William seeks to hide his pernicious doctrines by the childish subterfuge of a complete reversal of all his previous teaching. But I expose the fraud. One word more. Yesterday I came across a niece of mine, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, reading a red volume. I asked her the title, and she replied it was "*As You Like It*," and further added that she was studying it for the Cambridge Examination, previous to entering the medical profession. I fled; my theory was proved. The insidious teacher had entered my very doors. This protest I enter, I fear, too late; but if it causes the eyes of the men, the fathers of this our country, to be opened, I shall not have studied these works in vain, nor have I cast my theory before an ungrateful world.

"A Year of Roses."



YEAR of Love! A Year of Life!

A year of cloudless weather;

We started sad, with storm and strife,

We finish, close together.

Each faithful minute I'd recall,

Each whisper I'd recover,

For you are now my all in all,

And I am proved your Lover!

So circle it with crown of gold!

And scatter it with posies!

Our day of peace, with Love untold,

Sweet summer year of roses!

A mirth of May, a joy of June,

Through paths the bloom dividing,

Love's song, an everlasting tune

In restful souls abiding.

Bend close, and let me seal, you must,

On lips, and brow, and tresses,

A bond of our eternal trust,

Most sacred of caresses!

So crown the May with golden bloom!

And pelt the June with posies!

And cry to Fate, "Make room! make room!"

For years of summer roses."

C. S.

August, 1889.

The Actor and his Duty to his Time.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

An Address delivered before the Actors' Fund Society, at Palmer's Theatre, New York, June 4, 1889.



AT this moment the faculty of eloquence would be a precious possession. It is an honourable privilege, as well as a great pleasure, to share in the proceedings of this delightful occasion, and I wish it were possible for any words of mine adequately to express the esteem in which that privilege is held by me. Dull indeed would be the spirit that could not be impressed by the intrinsic loveliness and the artistic meaning of this imposing scene; by the presence of this remarkable assemblage, remarkable equally for genius, intellect, beauty, sensibility, noble achievement, exalted character, and auspicious promise; and by conscious and thrilling perception of that noble and beautiful art, the art of acting, of which this assemblage is the visible sign. As I look upon this brilliant throng, as I remember the sacred cause and the great profession that are represented here, as I consider for what high and worthy and sufficient reasons you are assembled in this place, many thoughts come crowding upon my mind which I might naturally wish to clothe in suitable language, and submit to your genial acceptance. It is difficult, however, in such a presence as this wisely to choose and firmly to guide the messengers of the agitated brain. I must therefore crave your indulgence if I restrict myself in some measure to the written word, for otherwise in my excitement and agitation I might treat my subject as that indecisive Baptist minister, the friend of Charles Lamb, treated the old woman whom he was baptizing in the Thames, and whom he held under water so long that she was drowned before it occurred to him to lift her out.

Once again is exemplified here the puissant and perpetual charm of the stage, its ever-changing but never-dying sway over the fickle multitude whereby an actor's prosperity is obtained and assured, and its placid dominion, held as with a sceptre of roses, over the educated mind, the refined taste, the comprehending spirit, the adequate and responsive heart, whereby an actor's fame is clearly defined and permanently established. Back of this occasion stands the prosperity and renown of the American drama. There are observers who always take a despondent view—drab-

coloured and unmitigated—of the condition of our theatre. In each succeeding period of dramatic history contemporary writers are found who declare that the stage is in a decline, and is much inferior to what it was in earlier and better days—those halcyon days when Noah gave amateur private theatricals in his ark, and himself played Aquarius, with a real watering-pot. No doubt its condition has always fluctuated, and no doubt in this respect the future will resemble the past. But there never was any warrant for the proclamation of a hopeless theatrical decline. Such lamentations have always proceeded from idealists. Their error consists in the wrong custom of judging exclusively by the standard of the scholar and the man of taste, an institution that can only exist—independent of subsidy—when it is made to please and satisfy many classes of people. We do not take the opinion of the multitude upon such a subject, for example, as the poetry of Shelley or the paintings of Murillo; but to a certain judicious and well-considered extent we must take it upon the question of the acted drama. It is the presence of this element which has inspired a long line of Jeremiahs in their irrational moans over the alleged fatal degradation of the drama. If there was an audience for the flippant levity of Foote and the bovine drollery of Tate Wilkinson, there was also an audience for the aerial intellect, the glittering comedy, the tragic fire, and the exquisite pathos of Garrick. The horse-dramas that were shown at Drury Lane in the palmy days did not finally invalidate the sovereignty of Mrs. Siddons, or the glory of her companion monarchs, the princes of the proud house of Kemble. Edmund Kean held his sceptre notwithstanding “Catalini’s pantaloons.” The same journals of the passing hour that record a long and remunerative currency for “The Parlour Mat,” or “The Kitchen Poker,” or “The Old Hen-Coop,” or “The Hole in Uncle John’s Sunday Breeches,” must also record that Edwin Booth is sometimes paid ten thousand dollars for one week of his Shakespearian acting; that Joseph Jefferson finds throughout America a practical response for dramatic art as perfect in form as even the best of exigent Paris, and refined with a poetic spirituality to which the stage of Paris is a stranger; that Miss Mary Anderson acts for a whole season to crowded houses at the London Lyceum Theatre in a Shakespearian comedy; that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry have had three long seasons of splendid prosperity upon the American stage, giving only plays of the highest order, and giving them only in the best manner; that under the management of Albert M. Palmer a single good play, in three seasons out of five, runs through the whole of a theatrical year in this capital; that Miss Ada Rehan, playing Shakespeare’s shrew, has been as widely and as eagerly accepted as ever Woffington was in Wildair, or Nisbett in Rosalind; and that Augustin Daly not long ago obtained a brilliant career of nearly fourscore nights in the prosaic city of New York for the most delicate and evanescent of dramatic compositions, “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.” It is perfectly true that in the present period, which is one of turbulent democratic upheaval, the social cauldron is boiling with such

furious impetuosity that the dregs often come to the surface, and for a while remain there. It is perfectly true that a widely potential factor in contemporary civilisation is Mediocrity, and that under the influence of this malign and stupefying force various venerable and noble ideas are for a while discarded or modified. But when allowance has been made for every qualification, it remains a truth that the stage was never so great or so powerful in this republic as it is to-day, and never before so capable of wielding a superb influence upon the advancement of society.

The word that ought to be spoken here and now is, nevertheless, a word of warning. In the period of nearly thirty years, during which I have been, in my humble way, a continuous writer about the stage, it has seldom been my fortune to write anything that was intended specially for actors. My writings have been intended for the public, and they have been prompted and guided by an ardent desire to broaden and deepen a thoughtful public interest in the stage. There are many and various benefits to be derived by the community from an appreciative and sympathetic intimacy with the art of acting and with dramatic literature; and it seems to me that the duty of a theatrical essayist is to indicate what and where those benefits are, and to urge and entice the people to obtain them. Many other views are taken of the avocation of criticism, but this will be found a practical and useful one. Every effort is propitious for the general welfare which tends to dignify the popular estimate of the theatre; for it should never be forgotten that an institution, like an individual, may be prominent and influential without being either rightly understood or properly respected. In John Gay's comedy of "Three Hours After Marriage," it is said that "a parrot and a player can both utter human sounds, but we allow neither of them to be a judge of wit." The old view of the stage—much as the stage was followed and enjoyed—is often a blandly tolerant and half-contemptuous view. To adjust that mistaken estimate—which is still extant—and to assist in the education of public opinion respecting the intellectual aspects of the acted drama, is a worthy mission for a theatrical writer. He mistakes his function when he assumes the attitude of an instructor to the players. He should no more undertake to teach an actor the art of acting than he should undertake to teach a doctor the science of medicine or to teach a lawyer the science of law. In addressing my observations directly to you, the representatives and guardians of the acted drama, I am speaking not as an instructor, but simply as an observer stationed in the outer circle of theatrical affairs. Great and potent as the stage now is in America, it is not as beneficent as it ought to be, and therefore I think that a word of warning may properly be spoken with reference to the duty of the actor to his time.

The period of national development through which we are passing is strongly marked by two characteristics—cynical levity and a studious but insincere and unscrupulous consideration of popular caprice. Almost everybody makes light of almost everything. The young people, upon whom modesty would sit with so much grace and sweetness, are too often

"smart" and pert. Their elders, whom charity and gentleness should adorn with cheerful composure, are too often fretful and harsh with distrust and sarcasm. No historic career, no personal character, no principle of action, no occurrence of life, is so serious that it cannot be made the subject of a jest. Slang is printed in almost every newspaper and spoken in almost every drawing-room. The mind of the nation is tinged with a jocose and vulgar humour, and the voice of the nation is raucous with a rude hilarity. You may hear, indeed, if you will pause to listen, the hum of industry, the fine poetic murmur of reverence and aspiration, and faint and far away, the gentle note of worship, the mellow music of the bells of God; but the prevalent and almost the overwhelming sound is the sound of the guffaw. Beneath this boisterous joviality there is a spirit—not universal, but widely diffused—of crafty and sordid selfishness. The tone of our politics is often mercenary and mean. Accepted, practised, and approved methods of our business partake of an indirection which is almost fraud, and which certainly is incompatible with a fine sense of honour. Agnosticism has so shaken the fabric of ancient faith that to thousands of persons religion, ceasing to be a refuge and an anchor, has become merely a fashion of vacant ceremonial. In many directions luxury is rampant, and in all directions it is passionately desired. The mood of the populace (notwithstanding the awful admonitory fact that the American Republic had not existed one hundred years before it was convulsed by the bloodiest and most hideous civil war of which history makes any record) is a mood of vainglorious complacency; and in this the people are stimulated to the utmost by the American Press. We hear continually of the *rights* of man, but almost never of his duties. Foreign elements, seditious, boisterous, dangerous, actively pernicious in many ways, and made potential through abuse of the suffrage, largely affect or entirely control the disposition of our practical affairs. Public office, the chief object of political intrigue, and not infrequently made a commodity for barter and sale, is often perverted in its functions and disgraced in its incumbents. An insane greed for sudden wealth startles the observer by its prevalence and its rapacity. Youth is trained to acquire rewards of industry and enterprise, not by prudent, patient, and continuous toil, but by craft or the strong hand. Manners—the final and perfect flower of noble character and a fine civilisation—are so completely overwhelmed by violent and boisterous vulgarity and insensate hardness that they can scarcely be said to exist; while refinement, which is the essential comfort and charm, and which ought to be prized and guarded as the crown and consummate glory of social life, is oppressed and insulted at every turn. Haste and strife, flurry and racket, convulse the town and madden the population. Men and women are hustled and packed into the public conveyances as if they were hogs in a pen. The sanctity of the individual is not merely disregarded—it is unknown. Reckless newspapers print whatever they please, and the honest man, bemired by their abuse, who proceeds against any of them for libel is universally ridiculed as an over-sensitive

fool. The book-stalls teem with fiction that is either erotic delirium or sentimental rubbish. Thirty-five years ago a woman was thought to be courageous who dared to read the novel of "Jane Eyre." To-day the loathsome feculence and hideous moral leprosy of the novels of Emile Zola may be seen in public places borne in the hands even of young girls. The spectacles that are still admired as architecture—the New York Post-office, the Cooper Institute, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and kindred horrors—elude specification, and are indeed too terrible for words. The sounds to which we listen unmoved would deafen or would destroy any other people this side of China or Madagascar. The morning, noonday, and evening steam-whistle rising from a thousand able-bodied boilers; the intermittent tooting of a hundred aerial locomotives; the clank and rattle of incessant railway trains in the air and tramway cars in the shattered and jagged streets; the pounding of heavy trucks over broken pavements; the clangour of dissonant church bells; the strident blast of the ubiquitous and incessant hand-organ; and the rasping yell of the licensed vendor—they are all here, so that often, after listening for a day and night to the infernal din of this capital, I think that New York has become what the great orator, Rufus Choate, declared Boston Common would become if ever the occupation of it should be granted to the acquisitive desire of the Boston and Providence Railway Company. "At present," he said, "it is a peaceful pleasure-ground, wherein your citizens can walk abroad and recreate themselves. Grant it to this corporation, and what follows? *Ætna—Vesuvius—Stromboli—Cotopaxi—Hell.*"

The sentiment of patriotism is a noble and lovely sentiment, but it cannot be nurtured by self-deception. Undoubtedly the shield has two sides. There are great and auspicious elements in our civilisation, and since the web and woof of our time are woven of various colours, the fabric shows bright as well as dark. The beautiful observation of Charles Reade is as true of our people as it is of any other: "Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows." If it were not so, the battle would be lost already, and further struggle would be useless. But these things that I have stated are true, and they indicate a tendency in the drift of our time—by no means historically new, but as dangerous as ever—against which every intellectual force of the age, either directly or indirectly, ought to be arrayed.

There are two institutions which, beyond all others, indicate the condition of the public mind, and which, equally beyond all others, affect its tone and influence its movement. These two institutions are the newspaper and the stage. The supreme and universal rulers of human conduct are woman, vanity, money, political ambition, and religious fanaticism; but among specific social forces the newspaper and the stage transcend all others in their reflex bearing and their direct power upon the community; and for that reason a greater responsibility rests upon them than upon any of their associate forces, with reference to the intellectual

moral, and spiritual advancement of the human race. Each stands in the same environment, and each is confronted by the same problem. When your existence depends upon a perfectly harmonious adjustment of yourself to the needs and the pleasures of the people, to how great an extent will you defer to the drift of the popular mood? For you, who are actors and managers, and therefore the representatives and guardians of the acted drama in this republic, the question is a vital one. Your temptation is to fool "the many-headed beast" to the top of his bent: and thereupon your danger is, in the fierce strife of competitive endeavour, and under the imperative need of instant success, that you will end by surrendering your authority altogether into the hands of the mob. To some extent, within the last thirty years, this surrender has already been made. It is about the period of one generation now since Dion Boucicault made the first specimen of the "Sensation Drama," and invented and proclaimed that epithet to designate a new school of art. Next came the lascivious charm and wanton allurements of the *Opéra Bouffe*, embodied in *Tostée*, and conducted by Bateman. Rapidly after that the semi-nude burlesque was enthroned in the capital, with *Lydia Thompson* for its empress, and *Samuel Colville* for its prophet; while *William Wheatley*, with the glittering spectacle of the "*Black Crook*," revived and implanted upon the American stage the same voluptuous and mischievous pageantry that *Sir William Davenant*, two hundred and fifty years ago, conveyed into London from the theatre of France. Then for a while the drift was in favour of tainted French dramas on the everlasting theme of incontinence in the state of marriage. Sentimental farces succeeded, and after them the deluge. Of late the current runs to horse-play and the "real tubs" of *Mr. Crummles*, and the enraptured multitude is thrilled to behold an actual woman swimming in an actual tank of water, or an actual fire-engine dragged across the stage almost as swiftly as it can be dragged in the street, and with almost as much racket. These are some of the results of an unpromising submission to the popular lead, which almost always is ignoble, irrational, casual, and wrong. In this submission many of the newspapers of America have set a pernicious and deplorable example; but this fact, while it makes the duty of the actor to his time more arduous, should also make it more evident and more imperative. That duty is to check and withstand as much as possible the gross, levelling, degrading influences of excessive democracy, which tend to blight everything with the baleful tyranny of the commonplace, and to instil, to protect, and to maintain purity, sweetness, and refinement in our feelings, our manners, our language, and our national character. The common precept, the precept of the shop-keeper in dramatic art, is spoken every day: "Give them what they want." The higher and better precept, the precept of the moralist, would enjoin you to "give them what they ought to have." Which is the better counsel, and to which of these voices will you listen? The welfare of the people in every age is committed as a sacred trust to the best intellect of the time. A part of that responsibility rests on you, and it can only be

evaded by the sacrifice of the institution that is your life. If the shop-keeping spirit is permitted absolutely to prevail, if you yield more and more and more to the caprice of the thoughtless multitude, while you will not destroy the stage (because the art of acting is immortal), you will help to bring upon it another blight of decrepitude, another season of dulness and decay, such as followed the orgies of the Restoration in England toward the end of the seventeenth century, or such as attended the general collapse of dramatic art in America about sixty years ago. *Vulgus vult decipi: decipiat!* That was the haughty, unsympathetic, contemptuous doctrine of ancient cynical philosophy ("the common people like to be fooled; fooled let them be"), and under its malign influence, the few taking heed only of themselves, and leaving the many to folly and riot, the great Roman Empire slowly crumbled into pieces like a moth-eaten garment. Surely for you, the leaders of thought in your domain, there is a nobler principle than that old Latin sneer. In the lofty elegiac lines that Matthew Arnold wrote upon "Rugby Chapel," none is more touching or more significant than the proud and tender exclamation, "Thou, my father, wouldst not be saved alone." While the late Lord Beaconsfield—a great man—was Prime Minister of England, every essential measure of national policy, it is said, was originated and prompted by him; yet in every case its inception and pursuance appeared to have been suggested to him by her Majesty Queen Victoria. It is within your province, undoubtedly, in dealing with the sovereign people, to give them what they want; but it is within the power of your intellect, your knowledge of human nature and of the world, your wisdom, and dexterity, and tact, to make them want what they ought to have, and to make them think, when you provide it, that they have asked you to do so. This is the duty of the actor to his time—and his duty is likewise his interest.

The stage has generally needed popular support, but it has never prospered under popular dominion. In Greece, for example, nearly twenty-three hundred years ago, when the theatre established by Æschylus and nurtured by Pericles had reached and passed its highest phase, there came that memorable period of popular license and misrule, when the multitude had supreme power over the State, and when the idol of the multitude was the ribald Aristophanes. You are all familiar with the hideous and pathetic story of the persecution and murder of Socrates. The *Clouds* and the *Birds* have survived to our day, and it is easy to perceive at once their caustic wit and their pernicious influence. Sophocles and Euripides were derided. Everything venerable and noble was covered with ridicule. The reputation of individuals was assailed without truth or mercy, and defamed without humanity or limit. The peace of families was ruthlessly destroyed. The very magistrates who sanctioned the appearance of the comedians were publicly lampooned and insulted. The gods themselves were flouted. The mob had what it wanted, and the theatre became a mere conduit for comic libel and vulgar mirth, while dramatic art was submerged in ribald licentiousness and

scurrilous indecency. To such a depth, indeed, was the Grecian stage degraded by this supremacy of the popular taste, misled by a wickedly brilliant humorist, that even the transcendent genius of Menander, rising in the next age, could scarcely redeem it from settled ignominy and disgrace. In Italy, where the dramatic revival began in the thirteenth and culminated in the fifteenth century, there came a season of democratic experiment and disorder about the middle of the seventeenth, when the theatre was left unprotected to the popular caprice; and from that time onward for fifty years nothing was seen upon it but coarse Spanish farces—the paltry one-act buffooneries with which the Spanish stage began, but which in that period it had outgrown. Kindred illustrations might readily be drawn from the history of the theatre in France and England. Look into the lives of Fleury and Macklin and Fennell and Edmund Kean; look into Jackson's account of the Scottish stage, and Hitchcock's account of the stage in Ireland, and your righteous indignation is more than once aroused at the spectacle of popular tyranny overriding and degrading the stage. On the other hand, the best periods in the history of the drama have been those periods when it has been closely affiliated with the highest, because the ablest and most refined, classes of intellectual society—for these could guide and stimulate and govern its powers and its beauties, and, by the force of fashion and example, could lead the multitude in their train. The Shakespearian audience was not a popular audience. It was an audience largely composed of intellectual persons. It was an audience that would listen to poetry, and was capable of understanding and appreciating great and beautiful things. In that fertile and sumptuous period of English dramatic literature extending from 1580 to 1640 it accepted and enjoyed not only the incomparable grandeur and beauty and truth of Shakespeare, but the stormy splendour of Marlowe, the funeral pomp and sombre pageantry of Webster, the lovely simplicity of Heywood, the passion and pathos of Ford, the indolent but affluent grace and music of Dekker, the strong thought and trenchant and vibrant verse of Massinger, the noble repose and copious emotion of Middleton, and, above all, the wonderful feeling, depth, eloquence, variety, and loveliness of Beaumont and Fletcher. No such body of literature had ever, in all the world, been created before, and nothing like it has been created since. Creative art, indeed, is in no sense a result of environment: its impulse proceeds out of the great central heart of Nature. But in those "spacious days of great Elizabeth" the plays were not only written, but were acted and received. They had a public. The stage flourished because the finest intelligence and the finest feeling in the English nation fostered and guarded it, and the multitude was lifted to the level of Spenser and Sidney and Raleigh—

"Of those great spirits who went down like suns
And left upon the mountain-tops of death
A light that made them lovely."

Upon that high level the people do not habitually stand, and it would be

wild folly to assume that they do ; but there are noble elements and grand possibilities in human nature ; to that high level the people can be lifted ; and it is the duty of every intelligent man, and therefore of the actor, to lead them upward. Much is accomplished when the stage is made and kept important—as Edwin Booth, and Henry Irving, and Mr. Daly, and Mr. Palmer have made and kept it—in the esteem of the best contemporary minds. Every student of its history knows that it has always been a thing of moods, now exalted and now depressed, but of late years, when viewed apart from all parasite entertainments, steadily in the ascendant. The time was when the wise and gentle Charles Lamb expressed a mild astonishment that a person capable of remembering and repeating the words of Shakespeare should for that reason be supposed to possess a mind congenial with that of the poet. Such an idea surprises nobody now. Modern thought has recognised that the actor is a mental and spiritual force ; that he is intimately connected with the cause of public education ; that he is not a mere parrot, and not simply an interpreter ; that he brings something of his own ; that, although the poet provides the soul, it is the actor who must provide the body ; and that without having the body as well as the soul you cannot have dramatic representations, or the benefit of the dramatic art. This righteous illumination of modern thought, however, with reference to the profession of acting, is not yet absolutely complete. The fact that the stage now stands upon the same level with the other learned professions has not yet become permanently embedded in the spontaneous convictions of society. Little denotements frequently occur as the days go by that the ultra-respectable and conventional mind of our time is still disturbed and twisted upon this subject. Bigotry dies hard. In 1832 the Harrisburg clergyman who read the burial service over the remains of Joseph Jefferson, the great comedian of that period (an actor as noble and famous even as his illustrious and beloved descendant in our generation), altered the text of that service so as to say “this man” instead of “our deceased brother” in the sentence which commits the body to the ground. In 1870 the Rev. Mr. Sabine, of New York (manfully true to his principles and standing fast by his colours, for which he should be respected and not reviled), refused to open his church for the funeral of that venerated actor, George Holland ; bestowing, as he did so, by a single fortunate phrase, a permanent glory upon “the little church around the corner,” and making it possible for me to originate and fulfil the movement known as the Holland Benefit. In 1883 a minister of the Gospel, in New Jersey, publicly stigmatised a renowned French actress, then in America, as being “as vile a hag as the sewers of Paris ever spewed into the state-room of an Atlantic steam-ship”—hags always coming out of sewers, and the sewage system of the French capital being directly connected with ocean travel. Clarendon, the old historian, said that “clergymen understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs, of all mankind who can read and write :” and perhaps you will think there is occasionally some ground for his extreme opinion. In this year, 1889, the

amiable and admirable Quaker-poet, Mr. John G. Whittier, in a published letter, wonders whether Mrs. Langtry entertains as strong an objection to an author as he does to an actress. The incisive and trenchant writer of "*Obiter Dicta*"—one of the few contemporary books of real literature, rich in vital thought, and therefore destined to survive—dismisses the profession of the actor with a civil sneer. Some of my valued friends, among the scholars of this period, reading those recent volumes of "*Brief Chronicles*" in which I have endeavoured to commemorate many of the actors of the last thirty years, have expressed to me their gentle wonder that so much labour should have been expended on such insignificant persons. These are trifles; but all along the current of human life trifles disclose the involuntary views of mankind. These signs, and others like them, indicate that the ancient spirit of commingled bigotry and condescension towards the theatre, while it is fast dying away, is not yet dead. Seven hundred years ago, when the modern dramatic movement began in Italy and in England with the *Miracle Plays*, the clergy themselves were frequently the actors; and perhaps the Church has not yet quite forgiven the regular dramatic profession for having invaded the field and confiscated its forces and its fruits. In every period possibly—in recent times certainly—men of ability and acquirements in other walks of life have been made uncomfortable by the rapid rise, the opulent prosperity, and the dazzling renown of actors. Dr. Johnson, beside whom David Garrick, who had been his school-boy, remained his school-boy to the last, possessed no such brilliancy of reputation in his own day, and has descended in no such picturesque splendour of fame to ours, as that which David Garrick obtained and transmitted. Lowell and Holmes and Bancroft, as men of letters, have done a work of more radical and binding value for the public than that of Jefferson or Booth; but the prevalent sentiment towards Lowell and Holmes and Bancroft is cold respect in comparison with the fervour of enthusiasm that stirs in the more enlightened American heart for Jefferson and Booth. There is no reputation in mighty London at this moment so brilliant as that of Henry Irving; and this is not confined to the capital, for when, as it happened last summer, we were walking together over the lonely hills of remote Westmoreland, the passengers upon every carriage that chanced to pass took off their hats to him, and often cheered him by name. It is natural that "your royal preparation" should somewhat annoy the doctor of divinity and the man of science and letters. Oliver Goldsmith, it is said, was displeased because the people in somebody's drawing-room, preferring female beauty to poetical genius, looked at the lovely Horneck girls instead of looking at him. This mild competitive resentment of your ascendancy, however, is superficial, transient, and ultimately ineffective. The essential vitality of the remnant of respectable aversion to the actor still extant consists in his own faults, and is fed by his own errors. He has allowed himself sometimes to trifle with his own vocation, and in the pursuit and practical administration of the theatre he does not always sufficiently assert the dignity and weight of intellectual character.

The popular drift of the day, as I have stated, sets in the direction of jocose levity and cynical sarcasm. This note, in its proper time and place and proportion, is amusing and perhaps salutary, but it may readily become immoderate. I once read in a newspaper that a parson, who had got into trouble and been overhauled by his congregation, defended himself with the following epigram:—

“My Christian friends, I think the fact is
All human worth is incomplete;
But I will preach and you shall practise,
And that way we'll make both ends meet.”

The late Park Benjamin, scoring a clergyman of the sentimental Honey-man pattern, wrote an epigram in a somewhat kindred strain:—

“Your pastor's charm I cannot prize;
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays he shuts his eyes,
And when he preaches I shut mine.”

There was an epitaph in circulation some time ago which caught my glance in a Western journal, and which runs as follows:—

“Our Jane has climbed the golden stair
And passed the jasper gates;
Henceforth she will have wings to wear,
Instead of roller skates.”

In still another newspaper I found another form of personal disaster recorded in this way:—“Harvey Schaske, of Elmira, fooled with a gun. He didn't know it was loaded. He never will.”

These citations exemplify the habit of the time to make light of serious things. It may be a droll habit; but when it is permitted in any way to detract from the dignity of a great institution—when the professors of the stage themselves employ it to undermine and enfeeble their own authority—it becomes a pernicious one. The Greek farce-writer Philemon died of laughter at seeing a jackass eat figs. Appetite is perennial, and the jackass continues his ministrations—only the laughing Philemon does not die. He gets his guffaw, and it agrees with him, and under its clodpoll influence it grows grosser and coarser and commoner day by day. In other words, there is a porcine taste for indelicate buffoonery, and in the practical, shop-keeping cultivation of this popular appetite a most inordinate prominence has been given to vulgar varieties and to burlesque. No one begrudges to the burlesquers all the remuneration to which their trivial proceedings may be entitled, but at present the true interest of the stage and of society needs their repression. They are excessive. All trifling, with serious things has a direct tendency to lower them in the esteem of the multitude, by nature trivial, desultory, and capricious. The art of acting is the living soul of the theatre as an institution, and by heaping upon that noble art an almost illimitable burden of elaborate



MR. BASSETT ROE.

"Things out of hope, are compassed oft with venturing."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

silliness, these burlesquers have done much to obscure the lustre of the theatre, and in part to sequester it from the sympathy and respect of hundreds of the best minds of the age. A little frolic does well ; but rank foolishness, in the various garbs of farcical mummery, slang, indelicate display of the female person, and vacant antic and babble, have been carried far and tolerated long. The representatives of this rubbish, indeed, do not now scruple to assert themselves as artists, and there is such a phalanx of them that in some parts of America nothing but "leg business" is offered upon the stage, whence mind and beauty and refinement, crystallised in dramatic art, were long since banished. This is nothing less than a calamity. "It is not, nor it cannot come to, good." Theatrical entertainment, indeed, must take many forms, and burlesque can be treated as a fine art ; but considering how it is treated, and remembering its natural tendency, every friend of the theatre must deplore its dominion. Greek art, which was perfect art (save that it lacked the divine ideal expressed in the character and experience of Christ), was informed by one supreme, inexorable, triumphant principle, never to be forgotten or neglected—*nothing in excess*.

Conduct is character, expressed under the pressure of circumstances. The flippant manner goes with the flimsy mind. Dignity is repose. It is the dignity of the dramatic character that must be trusted to sustain the power and augment the renown of the dramatic profession. That dignity I have always asserted, and it is no spirit of detraction that leads me now to urge that actors ought to be stern critics of themselves, that they ought to give little or no attention to what is said about them in print, and that they would enhance the importance of their calling in the public esteem by the severest reticence with reference to their personal affairs. When one of the admirers of Wellington told him that he was equally great as a statesman and a soldier, the Iron Duke replied, "I am glad that there is no one to hear you say this, for I would not have any one think me such a fool as to believe it." The man who is thus a stern critic of himself is neither to be misled nor wounded by the observations of others. To a character like that, self-poised, simple, and sincere, critical commentary naturally appears like what for the most part it is—the buzzing of flies in the air. The actor is necessarily sensitive ; but inordinate sensibility is a misfortune, and to shield himself from stupidity and malice, to maintain his repose, and to assert his power, he must wear the armour of a cheerful philosophy. There is a wise passage in the old "Spectator," wherein Addison has paraphrased and applied the excellent counsel of Epictetus : "When I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me ; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary

character. This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence." Let me add that it is a piece of fortitude which, in this period of general flippancy and chatter, every one owes to his own self-respect. With the practical adoption of this philosophy by actors, with the abatement of undue solicitude as to the frivolous babble of the hour, much that belittles the stage and makes it still seem subservient and paltry and incidental in the judgment of some of the best minds of the age will disappear. The torrent of gossip which is now a curse will run dry, and the actress who is constantly losing her diamonds, and the handsome actor who is continually bewitching her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, will be heard of no more.

And so I end as I began, the advocate of the intellectual principle, which alone can crown a perfect civilisation with the white lilies of dignity and refinement. Our republic has been more than abundantly favoured with material prosperity; yet it cannot be truthfully denied that, as a people, we are still deficient in gentleness and grace. That way lies our need, and in that direction it is time that we should make ourselves capable of practical fidelity to the highest ideal. As much of heaven is visible as we have eyes to see. All the forces of spiritual culture are within us. In the development of those forces the actor can accomplish a great work; and surely there is something more involved in his noble avocation than that one man should display talent and another man should praise it. The capacity to reveal universal human nature, helping man to understand himself, is the justification of the actor. His faculties are not necessarily more important or more brilliant than those of other intellectual men; but the medium that Nature has provided for their expression is to the majority of persons more sympathetic, alluring, and delightful than any other form of utterance in the world. More than ever in the movement of human affairs, accordingly, the attention of the people is fixed upon the actor; and more than ever is it essential that he should know and feel and remember that he is the representative and guardian of a beautiful art, and not simply the keeper of a shop.

It was once my privilege, toward the end of a lovely day in June, to stand upon the ramparts of Windsor Castle, and to gaze in mute wonder and rapture over that delicious landscape—the hallowed realm of learning and taste—which environs the stateliest and most majestic of the Royal palaces in England. The glory of sunset was fading in the west. The soft and mellow light of the gloaming was just beginning to creep over the emerald velvet of the meadows and the dense foliage of the slumbering elms. Far below lay the quaint city, so beautiful in its carved and timber-crossed antiquity, so venerable with historic association and with martial and poetic renown. At a little distance the "antique spires" and lancet casements of Eton glimmered in the last faint rays of sunset gold. Many church towers, grey and solemn and ancient, were dimly visible on the darkening plains. The old Thames, black and shining, flowed in sweet tranquillity through the peaceful scene. The

evening wind was laden with fragrance of syringa and jasmine. Over and around the great central tower of the castle a multitude of birds, warned homeward by impending night, circled with incessant motion and strange melodious cries. And out from the sombre, mysterious sanctity of Saint George's Chapel, borne tremulous on the perfumed twilight air, came the sobbing organ music of the vesper hymn. In that solemn hour it was again, and more deeply than ever, impressed upon my mind that the divine privilege of art, and the supreme obligation of every intellect engaged in its ministry, is to diffuse and to secure for all the people this superb exaltation of the soul—to set upon the familiar face of our every-day lives the immortal seal of spiritual refinement, the sacred radiance of gentleness and beauty.



Dead and Gone Actors, all Alive to Me.

By the Author of "Shakspeare Diversions."

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.



DEAR old Kensington Square! For well-nigh half a dozen years—in an early one of which the Princess Victoria left the neighbouring palace for crown, sceptre, and throne—my daily haunt was your No. 27. Of quite another No. 27 am I now the occupant. One must wear one's rue with a difference. *Your* No. 27 was, and I believe still is, the whereabouts of Kensington Grammar School; and my time there was W. H. Whitworth's time as head master, with R. P. Edkins (since then of City of London School note) and S. Burnell as assistant masters, besides E. Geare and that unforgettable little Aberdeen body, George Cromar, whom every boy teased and chaffed and played tricks on, but every boy liked.

Now, one of the institutions of Kensington Grammar School was the so-called *optimè* holiday. On the last Friday in each month, every boy who at daily class had gained a certain number of *benè* and *optimè* marks, duly registered by the

master's own hand in the class-book in the monitor's keeping, was entitled *ipso facto* to a half holiday on that day, and to the whole of the Saturday next ensuing. It required no preternatural effort to secure that periodical boon. But to stimulate me, for one, in securing it, a night at the play was the inducement held forth at home; nor, in my instance, could any have been devised of more avail. For reasons that need not here be indicated, my playgoing may be said to have come to a full stop together with my schooldays, any sparse subsequent exceptions being finally disposed of by shattered health. So that, in effect, my *optimè* holiday nights make up the sum of my rememberable nights at the play. How well remembered, all of them, and, as regards both plays and players, how worthy of the remembrance, many if not most of them! Of the plays, not a few live, and will live—some for all time. Of the players, nearly every one is now dead and gone, but they all are still alive to me.

Bitterly disappointing to the keen appetite of a raw schoolboy not yet in his teens was one of the earliest of these experiences. Macready was to act Richard III. at Covent Garden, then under Osbaldistone's management (1836); and excitement was all the livelier because the great tragedian had quite recently seceded from Drury Lane, after giving manager Bunn a sound thrashing, picturesquely set off by the costume of the assailant, who was in full dress for this very part, the Richard of Shakspeare as cobbled by Colley Cibber. It was never one of Macready's best parts. But I had never seen Macready in any part; and what schoolboy would not yearn to see "Richard III."? At the doors in Bow Street, however, on the night of performance, people were coming away, deterred from entrance by hurriedly printed slips, which announced Mr. Macready's inability to appear from sudden indisposition, adding that his part would be taken by Mr. Henry Wallack, who had been cast for Richmond. The *optimè* holiday boy, in optative mood, was content to take his seat and hope for the best. Murmurs were ominously continuous throughout the house, but the opening scene opened fairly enough. In Cibber's version this presents Henry VI. in the Tower receiving the tragic tidings of the slaughter of his son and the ruin of his cause. George Bennett played the part of the imprisoned monarch most

impressively, with stirring sincerity of pathos, as well as finished art in elocution. Over-deliberateness was his failing, but he went far to compensate it by his declamatory breadth and weight, by his mastery of emotional utterance, and by the charm of a rich, full-bodied voice—mellow, strenuous, and deep. In after days I saw him as Antigonus in "A Winter's Tale," as Sempronius in Addison's "Cato," as Phocion in Talfourd's "Ion," as Banquo in "Macbeth," and as the King in the first part of "Henry IV.," and always admired his earnestness and force, but never perhaps to quite the same extent as in the touching dignity of that royal captive in the Tower. Yet the audience would not wait to let Richard put an end to him. They put an end to him themselves at once, and once for all, at the very moment of Richard's entry. The first glimpse of Wallack in Macready's stead was the signal for an outburst of clamour, which never subsided. An attempt to carry on the remainder of the scene in dumb show was ignominiously hooted and tumultuously resented. The curtain fell. The manager came forward to explain and conciliate, but was barely heard, and roughly dismissed. To fill up the blank till the afterpiece of "The Country Squire" could be got ready, Mr. Ransford, the baritone vocalist, who was cast for a small part in the tragedy, came on in private dress to sing the Chevalier Neukomm's then popular song of "The Sea, the Sea!" and then came the farce of "Petticoat Government," which not even Farren's expostulation with the noisier of the noisy malcontents, to say nothing of his finished style in the acting, together with Mrs. Glover at her best, was of any avail to save from turbulent repulse. Not a word could I catch that was being uttered on the stage, so persistently obstreperous were the *non-placet* party in pit and gallery. By the time, however, that the curtain rose on Charles Dance's most recent and distinct success, "The Country Squire," either the hooters were getting a little tired of hooting, or some of them were quitting the house, or half-price comers were importing a more placable tone into that heated atmosphere; at any rate, the new comedy was not wholly acted in dumb show; and, in spite of vexatious interruptions more than enough, one could catch sentences now and then, and so make out something of the story. Farren was inimitably good as the fine old English gentleman, and

sang the old song which goes by that name with all his voice and all his heart. Him I saw repeatedly in later days at the Olympic, when engaged to fill the gap occasioned by Liston's retirement, his services being specially in request during the absenteeism of Vestris and C. Mathews, while touring, none too prosperously, in America. Charles Dance wrote fresh parts for him in "Sons and Systems" and in "Naval Engagements," both of which pieces I saw on the same night (1838); and a later visit (1839) was rewarded by his skill in "Doctor Dilworth," and again in "You Can't Marry your Grandmother." Generally he impressed me as the most polished artist then upon the boards. Mrs. Glover had the reputation of fully playing up to him; but to my poor thinking she was comparatively stagey and apt to over-act in showy parts, such as the Widow Green, though in a sedate and subdued style, such as became her Temperance in "The Country Squire," I could scarcely admire her too much. Squire Broadlands' two nephews in that piece were played by Pritchard and John Webster, the latter a versatile and serviceable actor, as ready for, and seemingly as much at home in, Haynes Bayly as in Talfourd, in Sheridan as in Sheridan Knowles. The far better known Benjamin Webster—who at this period, if I mistake not, was Osbaldistone's stage-manager—played Sparrow that stormy night, and danced and pirouetted through his part with mercurial alertness. Within the same year I must have seen him conventionally playing low comedy parts in a flimsy farce, entitled "Highways and Byways," and as the cobbler in "The Forty Thieves," with Miss Vincent for Morgiana. As his own manager or master at the Haymarket, I saw him as Wildrake in "The Love Chase," as the Gratiano to Macready's Shylock, and as Tom Shuffleton in Colman's "John Bull." But his real day as a sterling artist was yet to dawn when my playgoing days came abruptly and prematurely to a close; for, to appreciate his true worth, I ought, no doubt, to have been able to expand or extend the privilege of optimè holidays to the date of Triplet and Richard Pride and "The Dead Heart."

Covent Garden Theatre, at the time of my boyish resort thither, had—the more's the pity—passed out of Charles Kemble's hands. But there it was that I saw him for the first and only time. Clifford in "The Hunchback" was the character

portrayed; and his tale of years must then have been sixty told (1836). He sustained his part with an air of stately grace and reposeful dignity. What made the revival of that drama the talk of the town was the *début* (Jan. 5, 1836) as Julia of the present Lady Martin, whom it was afterwards my privilege to see as Clemanthe in "Ion," Hermione in "A Winter's Tale," and Rosalind in "As You Like It." With her was associated, as Helen, the sprightly, vivacious Miss Taylor, afterwards Mrs. Walter Lacy, whom I again saw in the course of her future husband's novitiate in "My Little Adopted" (1838). The hunchback title-*rôle*, Master Walter, was played by the author himself; and on the night in question he all but tired out the patience of a patient audience by failing to put in an appearance when due, and keeping everything and everybody in suspense, so unrelieved was the blank silence of that awful pause. The Fathom was Vale, a low comedian transplanted to the Garden from the more congenial soil of the Surrey and Sadler's Wells, and one whose name is best known, perhaps, by readers of Dickens' Life, as a nominative case in concord or connection with Sam Weller. But Sam Weller was not in existence at the time that fussy Fathom was finding fit embodiment in Sam Vale.



Our Play=Box.

"THE CATSPA.W."

New Play, in three acts, written by JOHN TRESAHAR.

First produced at a *matinée* at Terry's Theatre, Wednesday, July 24, 1889.

Captain Dormain ..	Mr. H. B. CONWAY.	Pierre	Mr. LIONEL WALLACE.
Eugène Duval ..	Mr. LAURENCE CAUTLEY.	Adèle Leprallière ..	Miss BLANCHE WOLSELEY.
General Leprallière ..	Mr. CECIL MORTON YORK.	Annette D'Auvray ..	Miss KATE WASEY.
Victor Leprallière ..	Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.	Madame Leprallière	Miss MURIEL WYLFORD.

There was sufficient evidence of dramatic capability in "The Catspaw" to encourage Mr. Tresahar to persevere, and he will no doubt eventually give us something thoroughly acceptable. Though the dialogue was crude and stagey, and containing language that is never heard anywhere but on the boards, there were moments when the audience were thoroughly held, and the general verdict would have been far more favourable had the author's experience in stage management been more matured. Unfortunately for him, also, the success of his play depended, in a very great measure, on his heroine, Madame Leprallière. Miss Muriel Wylford has done some good work (notably in the provinces as Mrs. Errol in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"), but she has not as yet the skill and strength to fill a *rôle* that calls for exceptional emotional power, though it must be admitted that her performance was more than capable, and showed great promise. The events of the drama are supposed to take place during the time that Paris was surrounded by the German army. General Leprallière is falling under suspicion of holding communication with the enemy from the fact that two of his despatches to the commander of one of the forts have miscarried, and their contents become known to the Prussians. Captain Louis Dormain, his aide-de-camp, is engaged to Adèle Leprallière, and to save his intended father-in-law, and to arrive at the knowledge of how the former despatches have been stolen, determines to carry the next himself. As little other than boy and girl, he and Julie, Madame Leprallière, have loved, but he has forgotten; she, on the contrary, though married to the general, is still attached to Dormain, and entreats of him not to risk his life in being the bearer of the papers. She has arrived at the knowledge of the danger to Dormain through her brother, who in the past has been a thief and a forger, and now, under the name of Eugène Duval, has got introduced into the household of the general (whose life, by the by, he is supposed to have saved). Duval is a spy in the pay of the Prussians, and tries to worm out the general's secret intentions from Madame Leprallière; but finding she will not betray them, or obtain possession of the despatches for him, Duval threatens to tell her husband of her former love for

Dormain, and, from a note that he, Duval, has forged, to induce the husband to believe that his wife is carrying on an intrigue with Louis. In a highly wrought scene Julie implores Dormain to yield her up the despatches, and finding, naturally, that he will not do so, she uses chloroform; and then, to save his honour, she assumes his cap and cloak, and starts to deliver the papers herself. Duval is lying in wait for the messenger, and in the darkness, not recognising his sister, fires on and mortally wounds her. She manages to return to the house, and there Duval, who, having been found loitering in the grounds, has been brought to the presence of the general, discovers who it is that he has killed, and, in a fit of remorse, poisons himself. These are the main features of the play, though there is an underplot in the love of Duval for Adèle Leprallière which make him the more anxious to get the successful lover, Dormain, out of the way; and some lighter scenes are introduced in the love quarrels of Annette D'Auvray and Victor Leprallière, most excellently played by Miss Kate Wasey and Mr. Seymour Hicks. Mr. H. B. Conway's acting was full of fire and spirit, and his struggle between gratitude and feeling for the woman who still loved him, and his sense of duty, was finely portrayed. Mr. Laurence Cautley as Eugène Duval had to pose as a most unmitigated and contemptible scoundrel, but though the sympathies of the audience were all against him, was the success of the afternoon from the strength and vigour which he imparted to the character. Miss Blanche Wolseley had a very charming part in that of Adèle Leprallière, but signally failed in taking advantage of the opportunities afforded her. She was almost inaudible, and tame and lackadaisical. "The Catspaw" was preceded by

"UNCLE ROBERT."

Comedietta, written by REGINALD STOCKTON.

Percy Dalton	Mr. REGINALD STOCKTON.	Uncle Robert	Mr. GERALD GODFREY.
Jack Mayhew	Mr. A. B. FRANCIS.	Nancy Dalton	Miss MABEL YOUNGE.

This little comedietta is likely to be very acceptable to amateurs, for there will be no jealousy over the relative value of the parts; and if the idea is as old as the hills, the piece is brightly written and is amusing. Uncle Robert proves to be a kindly old bachelor, whose first love having been unhappy through the interference of his parents, instead of having turned sour and misanthropic, is disposed to look gently on early marriages, even if a little imprudent, so long as they have been brought about by mutual affection. But his nephew, Percy Dalton, is unaware of this, and having taken to himself a penniless young lady for a wife, and established himself with her in a pretty riverside cottage *orné*, is much disturbed by the almost unannounced arrival of his uncle, and has to account for several feminine belongings scattered about the room as appertaining to the sister of his friend Jack Mayhew. Some dreadful untruths have to be told by the two young men to support their story, and in the meantime Nancy masquerades as her own waiting maid, and, in that capacity, is discovered by Uncle Robert flirting with her young master. The old gentleman

thinks that the sooner she is got rid of the better, and so promises to set her up in life as soon as she has found a sweetheart. He, however, discovers from a letter addressed to Mrs. Dalton that his nephew is married; and as he will not be pacified on account of the deception that has been played upon him, Nancy produces his written promise to provide for her and her young man, and so wins his forgiveness. Miss Mabel Younge was unaffected and pleasingly arch as Nancy Dalton, and the author amusing as the young husband; Mr. Gerald Godfrey genial as the uncle, and Mr. A. B. Francis was a lively, high-spirited Jack Mayhew. The piece was well received, and the author and performers called before the curtain.

"THE HEADLESS MAN."

Original Comedy, in three acts, by F. C. BURNAND.

First produced at the Criterion Theatre, Saturday, July 27, 1889.

Sam Hedley	Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.	Jenkins	Mr. C. EDMONDS.
General Bletchingly ..	Mr. W. BLAKELEY.	Mrs. Torrington ..	Miss FANNY MOORE.
Wentworth Brace- bridge	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Mrs. Gen. Bletchingly	Miss F. PAGET.
Fred Otway	Mr. H. STANDING.	Mrs. Hedley	Miss E. FORREST.
Algernon Harcourt..	Mr. J. ANDERSON.	Miss Trimmer	Miss E. MILLER.
Mr. Nupley	Mr. S. VALENTINE.	Lydia Marchmont ..	Miss E. PENROSE.
		Servant	Miss E. WILLIAMS.

As the means of illustrating that Mr. Wyndham could not only recall but equal Mr. Charles Mathews in his palmiest days, "The Headless Man" may be taken as a happy thought on the part of the author, and fortunate it was for Mr. Burnand that he could command such a Sam Hedley, otherwise I think, after the first act, the play would have fared but badly in the opinion of the public. The idea on which the play is founded is certainly funny, but farcical to a degree, and utterly impossible in real life. To imagine for one moment that the affairs of a legal firm of good standing would be entrusted to a creature whose memory is so utterly deficient that he cannot even call to mind an occurrence that has taken place the moment before, or what has brought him out of town to visit a particular house, who trusts to a system of mnemonics which he cannot master to impress facts on his mind, and whose idea of system is to stick all the papers that come to him in brief envelopes, is beyond all bounds of probability. In consequence of the absence of the two senior partners, Sam Hedley takes upon himself the conduct of the business of the firm, and sees to all the clients that call. The various documents with which they entrust him he docket and puts away after his own system, with the result that counsel's opinion on a certain divorce case reaches the General, who imagines from it that he has ground for action against his wife; he sets a happy pair of lovers by the ears, induces another lady to believe that her intended is a bigamist, reveals the intended disposition of the property of a charming widow who thinks of entering on matrimony a second time to the very man she wished to be kept in ignorance, plays havoc with the feelings of a pretty ward in chancery, and completely mystifies a doddering old gentleman who wishes to revive a claim to a peerage by making him read books on fishery laws, and in fact gets everything into a

state of entanglement, the mere hurried clearing up of which at the close is done in anything but a satisfactory manner. Fortunately, as I have said, Mr. Wyndham, by his high spirits and rattle and natural way of carrying off the absurdities of the situation, concealed in a measure the weaknesses of the play. As far as lay in their power his company assisted him, but the other characters were mere sketches. Mr. George Giddens, in a marvellously clever make-up, was excellent as the deaf old gentleman who lays claim to a dormant earldom. Mr. W. Blakeley was funny as the old General who stands in awe of his strong-minded wife, remarkably well played by Miss Pager; and Mr. S. Valentine was very true to nature as the managing clerk Nupley. Miss E. Miller was funny as the skittish and romantic old maid, Miss Trimmer; and the small part of Jenkins, the office lad, was capitally filled by Mr. C. Edmonds. The audience was an unusually brilliant one, and the cheaper parts of the house were crowded. In these there were some malcontents, and one in the gallery expressed his disapproval very emphatically; and Mr. Wyndham addressed himself particularly to him, calling on him specially to state his grievance. This brought about considerable shouting and wordy warfare which might certainly have been avoided by a little more tact on the manager's part. Mr. Wyndham stated that the author was not in the house and never was present on the first production of his pieces. In this, I think, Mr. Wyndham has been misinformed.

"IN DANGER."

New Play, in three acts, by W. LESTOCQ and HENRY CRESSWELL.

Placed in the evening bill at the Vandeville Theatre, Monday, July 29, 1889.

Allan Stanford	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Beppo	Mr. ALFRED MELTON.
Doctor Hamer	Mr. W. LESTOCQ.	James	Mr. CHARLES MILTON.
Colonel Owen	Mr. F. H. MACKLIN.	Officer of Police	Mr. F. D. HERBERT.
Major Owen	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Kate Doran	Miss FLORENCE WEST.
Fred Armitage	Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH.	Lily Doran	Miss AGNES MILLER.
Sir Simon Middiman ..	Mr. SMEDLEY YATES.	Mrs. Vane	Mrs. CANNING.
Winter	Mr. J. M. CAPEL.		

Originally produced at this theatre on the afternoon of Tuesday, November 1, 1887, "In Danger" was very highly spoken of, and it was confidently expressed that the play would be heard of again. Under Mr. William Musker's management for the autumn season, and by arrangement with Mr. John Hare, the play has been revived with such a competent cast, and so excellently staged, that it should command public favour. A full description of the plot was given in *THE THEATRE*, December 1, 1887, but as, since then, some considerable time has elapsed it may be as well briefly to touch upon the principal incidents. The opening scene is laid near Monaco at Mrs. Vane's villa. It is really a gambling house, and Mrs. Vane having, unfortunately for them, induced Kate and Lily Doran to become its inmates, runs them into debt for board and dresses, and, as they cannot pay her, uses her power over them to make them act as decoys to wealthy young fellows. Among these is Allan Stanford (known as Stewart when first played), who falls in love with Kate

and proposes to her. Major Owen, a blackleg, has, however, marked her for his prey, and is endeavouring forcibly to carry her off at night with the assistance of his associate, Kelly, when Stanford rushes in, and in the *mêlée*, in which sword-sticks are used, in self-defence mortally wounds the Major, who, in his dying moments, utters words that apparently fix the crime on Kate. The next act takes place in Doctor Hamer's house; its owner is uncle to the two girls, and has rescued them from Mrs. Vane's clutches, and now acknowledges them as his heiresses. Stanford is his ward, and when the young fellow returns, after a fruitless search for Kate (for she and Lily left Monaco the morning after the tragic occurrence), and, finding her, endeavours to renew his suit, Kate, though still deeply loving him, rejects him, as she believes him to be a murderer. He, on his part, thinks it is because she is now wealthy that she wishes to be free from her engagement. Colonel Owen, on hearing of his brother's death, and convinced that he has met with foul play, has been in search of evidence, tracking the two girls, and when he finds them, by cross-questioning Lily, who is a weak though affectionate little thing, worms from her that Kate is supposed to have stabbed the Major, and the Colonel therefore determines to hand her over to justice, and she is silent as to the truth to save the man she loves. Stanford's lips are sealed, through a promise that he has made to Lily that he will never mention the fact that she and her sister ever lived in such a disreputable house as Mrs. Vane's. Kelly, who is in love with Lily, is using his knowledge of the past to try and induce her to marry him, and holding out the promise that he will clear her sister, as he is the only person who knows the one by whom the fatal blow was actually struck. Stanford is determined to make Kelly speak, and compels him to do so by a ruse. He accuses Kelly of having killed the Major; Kelly, taken completely by surprise, to save himself from the accusation, blurts out that Stanford knows it was he himself who struck the blow. Thus Kate's innocence is established, and there is little doubt that Stanford's will be admitted, as it will be proved he only used the sword in self-defence.

There have been some changes in the cast. Miss Florence West again assumed the character of Kate Doran—a grand one—that of a noble, earnest woman, and played it magnificently; her one special scene in particular brought a thunder of applause. Mrs. Canninge, Mr. Julian Cross, and Mr. Smedley Yates resumed their former parts, and did them full justice. Mr. Lewis Waller, originally the villain Kelly, now appears as Allan Stanford, and is impressive, and with much passion in his love, yet it is a difficult impersonation, for we have to bear in mind that he is suffering almost throughout from supposed unrequited love and the knowledge that he has been guilty of homicide. Miss Agnes Miller played with considerable charm and discretion as the weak, clinging, yet very lovable Lily Doran, and had a manly, pleasant lover in Mr. Sydney Brough. Mr. F. H. Macklin was dignified as Colonel Owen, and Mr. R. S. Boleyn incisive and determined as the scheming blackleg Kelly. Mr. W. Lestocq,

part author, contented himself with the small rôle of Doctor Hamer, which he made kindly and genial. "In Danger" was most favourably received, and is certainly well worth seeing.

"WILD OATS."

The celebrated old Comedy, by JOHN O'KEEFE.

Revived for one night only for the farewell appearance of Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and Company, previous to their departure for America, Criterion Theatre, Wednesday, August 7, 1889.

Rover	Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.	Twitch	Mr. F. G. DARBYSHIRE.
John Dory	Mr. DAVID JAMES.	Landlord of the Sun	
Sir George Thunder ..	Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.	Inn	Mr. J. ANDERSON.
Ephraim Smooth ..	Mr. WILLIAM BLAKELEY.	Ruffians	Messrs. G. STANTON and
Sim	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.		A. JONES.
Harry Thunder ..	Mr. E. ENERY.	Amelia	Miss Ffolliott PAGET.
Banks	Mr. F. ATHERLEY.	Jane	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.
Farmer Gammon ..	Mr. S. VALENTINE.	Rachel	Miss E. PENROSE.
Lamp	Mr. A. MALTBY.	Milkmaid	Miss E. WILLIAMS.
Trap	Mr. C. EDMONDS.	Lady Amaranth ..	Miss MARY MOORE.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's season closed brilliantly. No one would have imagined, from the string of carriages outside the theatre, that the London season was over, and the fashionable world "out of town." O'Keefe's comedy went splendidly, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The cast, with but a few unimportant changes, was the same as when revived here on June 29, 1886. Mr. Charles Wyndham was full of animation and gaiety as Rover, and yet gave that touch of sentiment so necessary to the true impersonation of the kind-hearted, honourable actor, generous to a fault, and sad when he thinks of his nameless condition. Miss Mary Moore was a sweet Lady Amaranth, a character which she can so well picture. Mr. David James's performance of John Dory is certainly one of his very best, so genial and bluff, and full of sly natural drollery. Mr. William Blakeley, too, was excellent as the sanctimonious Ephraim Smooth; and Miss Annie Hughes and Mr. George Giddens everything that could be desired as Jane and Sim. "Wild Oats" was preceded by Charles Mathews' comedietta, "The Dowager," in which Mr. Herbert Standing is so good as the dashing practical joker, Lord Alfred Lyndsay, and Miss Ffolliott Paget so cool and self-possessed, yet quietly humorous, as the Countess of Tresilian. At the conclusion of the comedy, and after Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Wyndham, and his company had been called and recalled, Mr. Wyndham stepped forward and spoke the following words of farewell:—

"I stand before you burdened with a double duty—to thank you and to say 'Good-bye.' These duties appeal to me so differently. It is a pleasure to thank you; it is a great pain to say 'Good-bye.' So much do I feel this that I am very much inclined to reverse the natural sequence, and, like the little boy, swallow the pill first, and finish up with the jam. As, however, I am not playing 'The Headless Man,' it may perhaps be better if I keep to the natural order of things. In the name of Miss Moore, the rest of my company, and myself, I beg to thank you for your generous and sympathetic support during the season. The support which has crowned that season has been far beyond my anticipations; in fact, I feel inclined to call it, without straining that elastic modesty which is the natural aptitude of every actor, a success beyond its merits. When I

commenced the season in January I announced certain plays for production. It is through your countenance that I have been unable to fulfil the programme, and that I have had to push 'The Headless Man' and 'Wild Oats' into the dog days, whilst 'The Road to Ruin' is relegated to a dim and distant future. If the reproving spirit of Holcroft is hovering over us, I beg to assure him most reverentially that the postponement is no fault of mine, but that it is yours. I consider it appropriate to close the season with 'Wild Oats.' Three years ago I stood in this spot, and in this character apologised for the introduction of sentiment for the first time in this house under my management. The result, however, has been so gratifying, your support has been so hearty and so genial, that it is almost superfluous to say that sentiment will never be banished again for long from the theatre. How my transatlantic cousins will receive the innovation I have yet to learn. They are warm friends of mine, however, and I go hopeful. I cannot help being reminded of the anecdote of Cuvier, who, in examining his students, asked for the definition of a crab. The crab, they said, is a red fish that walks backwards. Cuvier replied, 'My young friends, a crab is not a fish; it is not red, and it does not walk backwards. With these exceptions your definitions are perfect.' So, perhaps, our American cousins may say to me 'We don't like your piece; we don't think much of your company; and your sentiment we can't stand.' However, as I said before, I hope this will not be the case. After a few weeks of necessary rest, I inaugurate my tour at Mr. Abbey's new theatre at Boston in October. For five months I visit the different cities in the States, each city once only, and hope to stand before you again in April. Between this time and that I shall be swayed by many conflicting emotions, both on land and at sea. But amongst them all, however happy they may be, the great factor of my happiness will be the anticipation of seeing you again. And now comes the word which I have put off to the last. In the uncertainty of life, and of all mundane affairs, 'Good-bye' is always solemn and always painful. You have all seen at the railway station devoted friends and loving relatives separated in a moment by the departing train, and friendship, love, and gratitude are alike symbolised in a hearty grip of the hand. Ladies and gentlemen, kindly imagine for a moment that this theatre is a railway station; that you are on the platform and we in our carriage. The guard gives the signal for separation, and as we vanish from your sight, please imagine that I grasp you all by the hand, and tender you an affectionate and grateful adieu."

"PROOF; OR, A CELEBRATED CASE."

Play, in six acts, by F. C. BURNAND.

Revived at the Princess's Theatre, Monday, August 12, 1889.

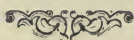
Pierre Lorange ..	Mr. J. H. BARNES.	Lazare	Mr. W. H. VERNON.
Chamboran ..	Mr. MARK A. KINGHORNE.	Madeleine ..	Miss BERTIE WILLIS.
Victor	Mr. GEO. W. COCKBURN.	Adrienne ..	Miss MARIE ILLUMOND.
Count d'Aubeterre ..	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Madame Deprêts ..	Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND.
Seneschal	Mr. GEO. DALZIEL.	Duchess d'Aubeterre	Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
Joseph	Mr. HENRY DE SOLLA.	Martha	Miss MARIE STUART.
Sergeant	Mr. E. F. MAYEUR.	Louise	Miss VERA GRANT.
Corporal	Mr. AUBREY.	Child	Miss DOROTHY HARWOOD.
1st Convict	Mr. CHARLES HARTLEY.	Valentin	Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE.
Sentinel	Mr. G. A. VAUGHAN.		

"Une Cause Célèbre," the drama written by MM. d'Ennery and Cormon, was produced at the Ambigu-Comique, December 4, 1877, so that Mr. F. C. Burnand did not lose much time in adapting it, for, under its English title of "Proof; or, a Celebrated Case," it was first played at

the Adelphi, April 20, 1878. Mr. Bandmann was the first English Pierre Lorange, but he was in May succeeded in the part by Mr. Charles Kelly, and subsequently by Mr. Henry Neville, whom the Princess's management tried very hard to secure to fill it again. The cast at the Adelphi was a good one, as it included the names of Messrs. Emery and Arthur Stirling ; and Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Bandmann (Miss Millie Palmer), Miss Louise Moodie, and Miss Bella Pateman. The piece had a considerable run, and has frequently been revived in the provinces, and always proves a favourite at the extramural and transpontine theatres. It is also a curiosity in that the adapter had the boldness to travesty his own work, and as a burlesque, entitled "Over-Proof ; or, What was Found in a Celebrated Case," it was produced November 6, 1878, at the Royal, when Mr. Anson cleverly parodied the part of Lazare, Mr. W. H. Fisher was droll as Lorange, and Miss Kate Santley entertaining as Adrienne, "only five." The plot turns on the misfortunes of Lorange, who, the night of the battle of Fontenoy, befriends a dying man, the Duc de Laval, who entrusts to him certain jewels and papers proving the Duke's identity, &c. Lorange takes these for safe keeping to his wife Madeleine, and after an affectionate adieu returns to his regiment. Lazare enters Madeleine's cottage by the window, and, being discovered by her in the act of stealing the valuables, she struggles with him. Her child Adrienne, who is shut in the next room, hears her talking, and imagines it is with her father, Lorange, who has only lately embraced her. Lazare, alarmed by Madeleine's cries, murders her, and escapes, and the next day Lorange is charged with the crime, and is convicted through the evidence of his own child ; but in consequence of his bravery in action is not executed, but condemned to the galleys for life. Twelve years are supposed to elapse. Adrienne has been adopted by the Duke and Duchess d'Aubeterre. A party of convicts on their way to Toulon are allowed to rest in the grounds of their château ; among them is Lorange, who is recognised by his daughter Adrienne ; he protests his innocence, which he says could be proved by the Duc de Laval were he alive. He is informed that de Laval is at present in the house, having returned to France owing to the amnesty proclaimed. The man representing himself as de Laval is no other than Lazare, who, armed with the papers which he stole, is endeavouring, through them, to assert his claim to the title and estates. He at once sees his danger, and will not bear out Lorange's story, but is soon after accused by Valentin, really the daughter of the late Duke, who has been claimed by Lazare as his child from Madame Deprets, the head of a ladies' college, to whose charge she has been entrusted. Valentin suspects Lazare from her finding among the jewels he had given her one which was known to belong to Madeleine, and which was stolen with the rest. Lazare is at length proved to be the murderer through Madame Deprets, for he is not the Duc de Laval that he pretends to be, and who left Valentin with her, and Lorange is thus restored to liberty. There is but little complication in the story. It appeals to human sympathies, and the interest is well maintained to the close.

Mr. J. H. Barnes depicted naturally the sorrows of the unhappy Pierre Lorance, and Mr. W. H. Vernon was a powerful, determined villain as Lazare. Mr. Mark A. Kinghorne played with dry humour the part of the eccentric, good-hearted, and friendly Chamboran, and Mr. Beauchamp was kindly, yet dignified, as d'Aubeterre. Miss Grace Hawthorne, as Valentin, exhibited great power in her scene with Lazare, and was altogether most agreeable. Miss Marie Illington was very tender and sympathetic as Adrienne, Miss Dolores Drummond excellent as Madame Deprets, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq thoroughly the *grande dame* as the Duchess d'Aubeterre. The piece was effectively staged, the scenery of the best, and the performance generally so good that "Proof" deserves a lengthened run.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Omnibus=Box.

Miss Rose Leclercq was born in Liverpool, and is the fourth daughter of parents who for many years enjoyed the highest theatrical as well as private reputation. Her father, the late celebrated Charles Leclercq, was a Belgian by birth, and the immediate descendant of an old Flemish family; he was the son of Pierre Leclercq, who was born at Chainay, in Hainault, and who served for a long period in the Spanish army, as officer in the Flemish Company of King Charles the Third's Body Guard; and it is to the French Revolution of the eighteenth century, which drove Pierre Leclercq, his wife, and their infant son Charles, to London, that our stage is indebted. Mr. Charles Leclercq died in 1861, and Mrs. Leclercq in June of the present year. It was on her sixth birthday that Miss Rose Leclercq made her first appearance, as "Ceres," at Windsor Castle, before Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family. Though very nervous, the youthful actress spoke her lines so prettily as to attract the special notice and interest of Her Majesty. The little more than child's next and most decided hit was as Astarte in Lord Byron's "Manfred" at Drury Lane—though with only twelve words to utter. These were delivered with such charm, that, although no gesture accompanied them, they were spoken of as "the attraction of the play," were the talk of London, and were even specially mentioned in Miss Braddon's novel, "Henry Dunbar." During Miss Leclercq's engagement at Drury Lane, her Mary Vance, in F. C. Burnand's "The Deal Boatman" (September 21, 1863), her Anne Boleyn in "Henry VIII.," Celia in "As You Like It" (to Miss Helen Faucit's Rosalind), gave most promise of her future excellence. To gain greater experience, Miss Leclercq then sought provincial engagements, and during two years worked very hard, and was thought worthy to support the great London "stars." In one week

(December, 1866), she studied and played for the first time seven such parts as Ophelia, Desdemona, Julie de Mortimer ("Richelieu"), Portia, Lady Macbeth, Queen Elizabeth ("Richard III."), and Lady Rudolpha Lumbercourt in "The Man of the World;" she received for each the highest commendation. Her success in Glasgow was not only fully recognised there (for on her farewell they presented their favourite with a gold watch, chain, and locket, and a purse of sovereigns), but obtained her offers for America, and secured her an engagement from Mr. George Vining at the Princess's, where, on August 12, 1868, she opened as the heroine, Eliza, in Boucicault's "After Dark." In October, 1869, she made her first appearance at the Adelphi as Kate Jessop, in "Lost at Sea," and created quite a *furor*. To quote a few of the characters played by Miss Rose Leclercq during the next five years, I may mention Catherine Kavanagh, in "Peep-o'-Day"; Margot, in "The Pretty Girls of Stilberg" (November 16, 1870); Margaret, in "King o' Scots" (February); Marguerite, in "Faust and Marguerite" (April); Francesca, in "The Fool's Revenge"; Miss Sterling, in "The Clandestine Marriage"; Ellen Moriarty, in Falconer's "Eileen Oge" (June 29, 1871); Bertha, in "The Hidden Treasure"; Esmeralda, in "Nôtre Dame"; Princess Neuborg, in "Ruy Blas" (Mr. Fechter in the title-*rôle*, March 2, 1872), and subsequently playing with him in "Hamlet," "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and "The Corsican Brothers." At the Princess's, where she was a great favourite, she played Desdemona to Phelps' Othello (September 28, 1872). At Drury Lane she created the part of Claire Ffolliott, in Boucicault's "The Shaughraun" (September 4, 1875). Besides these, since that date up to 1884, during her touring engagement with her own company and as a "star," Miss Leclercq made a great provincial name as Galatea, "Pygmalion and Galatea"; Princess Zeolide, "Palace of Truth"; Lady Hilda, "Broken Hearts"; Susanna, "Scrap of Paper"; The Countess d'Autreval, "Ladies' Battle"; and Ruth, "Ruth's Romance." Prior to Miss Leclercq's touring she had made a very remarkable success by her creation of Liz, in "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Arthur Matthison and J. L. Hatton, at the Opéra Comique. The character was in most direct contrast to any she had hitherto assumed, being that of a rough Lancashire pit-girl, with a rude dialect and ruder exterior, but in whose breast beat a heart of gold, and whose nature was as pure and clear as crystal. It was a great performance. On her return to London after a considerable absence, Miss Leclercq accepted an engagement from Mr. Henry Irving to play Olivia in "Twelfth Night" at the Lyceum (July 8, 1884). Her next engagement was with Mr. Thomas Thorne, at the Vaudeville, to create Lady Bellaston in "Sophia," which after a lengthened run was succeeded on November 3, 1887, by H. A. Jones's "Heart of Hearts," in which she appeared as Lady Clarissa Fitzralph. Miss Leclercq was next engaged by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, for the Haymarket, to create Marie Leczinska, in W. G. Wills's and S. Grundy's "The Pompadour" (March 31, 1881); and the same year (September 1) played Lady Staunton in Haddon Chambers' "Captain

Swift," and the title-*rôle* in M. A. Heathcote's comedietta, and has also gained laurels as Mistress Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Mrs. Palfreyman, in H. A. Jones's "Wealth," was played with that conscientiousness that distinguishes all Miss Leclercq's work, but was quite unworthy her talents. The talented actress also created this year Madame Fourcanarde, in S. Grundy's "Esther Sandraz" (June 11, 1889); Mrs. Oswald, in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "Phyllis" (June 1, 1889); and Madame de Lisle, in H. Grattan's "The Rake's Will" (July 16, 1889), all *matinées*. Miss Leclercq is now engaged by Mr. J. Hare to play the Queen in the production of "La Tosca," at the Garrick Theatre; but before commencing rehearsals, Mr. Hare has secured her services to play Mrs. Jannaway, in "Mama," in Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and Brighton. It may be interesting to note that in "Macbeth," at the Princess's, with Mr. Phelps, Miss Leclercq has played Fleance, apparition, Gentlewoman, and eventually Lady Macbeth. In the "Merchant of Venice," Jessica, Nerissa, and Portia; in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Anne Page, at the Princess's, with Phelps, Mistress Ford with the same great actor at the Gaiety, and Mistress Page at the Haymarket. In "Hamlet" she rose from the Player Queen to act Ophelia, both with Phelps and Fechter, and in "School for Scandal" has appeared as Maria, Lady Sneerwell, and eventually as Lady Teazle, with both Phelps and Chippendale. Miss Rose Leclercq has long established a great reputation; she has a noble presence, and in the various characters she has undertaken she has shown herself capable of grace and tenderness, dignity and pathos, of firmness, and of possessing a keen sense of humour. In her hands even the smallest part is made of consequence.

After having gained considerable experience in the provinces, supporting Messrs. Barry Sullivan, William Creswick, and other Shakespearean stars in the "legitimate" drama, Mr. Bassett Roe, in July, 1886, played Henry II. in "Fair Rosamond," a selection from Tennyson's "Becket" with the Pastoral Players, under the direction of the late Mr. J. W. Godwin, Miss Genevieve Ward, Miss Maud Millett, and Lady Archibald Campbell being included in the cast, and made his first appearance before a London audience in February, 1887, as Uncle Silas in a dramatisation of Le Fanu's novel of that name at the Olympic. After a short season at the Comedy Theatre (July, 1887), in which he played Lambert Streike in a revival of "The Colonel," Mr. Bassett Roe joined Miss Grace Hawthorne's company at the Princess's Theatre (July 14, 1887), appearing as Arkright, the detective, in "Shadows of a Great City;" Lieutenant Sonailoff in "Siberia" (December 14, 1887); Dan Haley in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (December 24, 1887); and Oliver Whyte, the dissipated young swell, in "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" (February 23, 1888). Mr. Harry Parker having to leave for the Gaiety on October 15, Mr. Roe took up his part of Doc Wilbur, the old drunkard, in "The Still Alarm," and was next engaged to play Beauseant in the revival of "The Lady of

Lyons" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, under Miss Wallis's management on November 19. Among the special engagements for *matinées*, &c., may be mentioned the following:—Joseph Surface in "The School for Scandal," to Miss Kate Vaughan's Lady Teazle, at the Globe Theatre (March 2, 1889); Jacques, in "As You Like It," Globe Theatre (May 17, 1888); Duke of Gloster, in "Jane Shore;" Danny Mann, in "The Colleen Bawn" (November 7, 1888); Mercutio, in "Romeo and Juliet," Prince of Wales's Theatre; Prince Zouroff, in "Moths," Vaudeville Theatre, and Rolando, in "The Honeymoon," Vaudeville (June 11, 1889). On June 3, 1889, Mr. Bassett Roe reopened at the Princess's Theatre as Sir Ralph Minto, in the production of "True Heart," a performance very highly spoken of. Mr. Bassett Roe is original and conscientious, is an ardent student, and glories in his profession; has a distinct individuality of his own, and has already made such mark as to lead one to hope great things of him in the future.

Covent Garden Theatre Royal was crammed almost to suffocation on Saturday evening, August 10, the opening night of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas's eighth annual series of Promenade Concerts. This was scarcely to be wondered at when the excellence of the programme is considered, and that by the issue of season-ticket books containing sixty admissions for one guinea, the holder (on long nights, such as Saturday, when the performance commences at 7.30 and does not end till 11.30) can hear good music well executed at the rate of a little over one penny per hour. For this year Signor Arditi is engaged as conductor and musical director, and rules over an orchestra of 150 well selected instrumentalists, with Mr. Carrodus, of violin fame, as leader; flute, Mr. John Radcliff; piccolo, Mr. J. H. Hamilton; clarinet, Mr. Julian Egerton; cornet, Mr. A. L. Smith; euphonium, Mr. C. Bourne; oboe, Mr. J. Vandenberg; horn, Mr. T. Mann, all men of mark. These are further supplemented by the band of the Coldstream Guards. Signor Arditi evidently desires to cater for all tastes; his programme was, therefore, a most varied one, and included the works of upwards of twenty composers, among them his own new waltz "Gloire," which was much appreciated. The united bands were heard to advantage in the selection from "Carmen," and in the "Hammer and Tongs" polka, by V. Williams. Mr. Henry Piercy sang very charmingly "Margarita" (F. N. Löhr) and "Tom Bowling," encored. Mlle. Tremelli was in perfect voice, and gave "Il segreto" (Lucrezia Borgia) with great effect, and was equally successful in Tito Mattei's "Stay with Me." Miss Nettie Carpenter fairly electrified the house by her performance on the violin; her playing of a "Romance" of Svendsen was beyond reproach, but her execution of Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen" created quite a *furor*. Nikita, whose voice has certainly gained in power, sang "Ernani involami" so artistically as to elicit an encore, and her rendering of M. Le Roy's waltz song, "Love's Guiding Star," the verses of which are smoothly written and the music bright and catchy, will

make the season's waltz song popular. Signor Foli was at his best in "I fear no foe," and also sang Cliffe's "The Buffoon" with great spirit. Certainly the gem of the evening was the quartette, "Un di si ben," from *Rigoletto*, most splendidly rendered by Nikita, Mlle. Tremelli, Mr. Henry Piercy, and Signor Foli. The decorations of the theatre this year are Persian. The background is a panorama of the Paris Exhibition grounds and Eiffel Tower, and reflects great credit on Mr. Bruce Smith. The lighting of the house is as usual most brilliant. Despite rivalry, Mr. Freeman Thomas may certainly look forward to holding his own.

Mr. Henry J. Leslie must be congratulated on the change he has effected in the appearance of Her Majesty's, of which he is now managing director for "The Opera," Limited. The outside of the building has been repainted and the columns regilt, and the interior has been converted into a sixteenth-century town, and presents a charming appearance of Elizabethan towers, among which figures an old inn with the sign of "Sir John Falstaff." The proscenium is transformed into a huge porticulis gate, and beyond this, on the space hitherto occupied by the stage, are rustic gardens, and an exquisitely painted cloth of an old manor house. For the Promenade Concerts Signor Bevnani is engaged as conductor, and has an orchestra of 100 performers, with Mr. Betjemann as leader, and supplemented by the band of the Scots Guards. Mr. Howard Reynolds is the solo cornet, Mr. W. L. Barrett flute, Mr. G. Clinton clarinet, and Mr. Lebon oboe. The excellence of the orchestra was proved on the opening night, Saturday, August 17, by their execution of Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" Massenet's Spanish Saraband of the sixteenth century (first time), a charming *morceau*, and in Bevnani's Nuptial March (first time). The selection from "Doris" was also a musical treat. Mr. Edward Lloyd was encored in the "Rose Song" (*Il Talismano*). Mons. Vladimir de Pachmann's exquisite pianoforte playing was thoroughly appreciated in the "Andante, Spianato, and Grand Polonaise," Op. 22, of Chopin. Mr. Howard Reynolds was enthusiastically recalled for his cornet solo in a new waltz, "Christmas Roses," by Waldteuffel. Mr. Leo Stormont was heard to most advantage in Michael Watson's "Anchored." Miss Alice Gomez sang with taste "Porgi Amore" and "Constancy," and Miss Hilda Wilson with much expression "The Old and the Young Marie" and "Meet Me by Moonlight." The programme was altogether an excellent one, and if taken as a sample of the future selection promises a great success for the undertaking.

A notable dramatist has passed away—notable, for he wrote "Two Roses." Mr. James Albery died not unexpectedly in St. Martin's Lane on August 15, 1889. For some years he had been mentally and physically afflicted. Besides "Two Roses," which, however often it be revived, is ever received with favour, he was also the author of the original plays, "The Two Thorns," "Apple Blossoms," "Forgiven," "Price," "Tweedie's

Rights," "The Spendthrift," "Jacks and Jills," "Oriana," and "Fortune;" and collaborated with Mr. Bronson Howard in "The Old Love and the New," and with Mr. Joseph Hatton in "The Vicar." He also adapted "Wig and Gown," which Mr. Toole made a success, "Pink Dominoes," likely to be revived shortly at the Comedy, and "Featherbrain." One who can be relied on states, in "The People," that "The Two Thorns" was submitted to the late J. H. Montague when in partnership with Messrs. James and Thorne. Mr. Montague accepted it on account of its brilliant dialogue, but the partners would have none of it, and to save trouble persuaded Mr. Albery to write them a new play, which resulted in the production of "Two Roses." Mr. Albery left a widow (Miss Mary Moore of the Criterion) and three children.

The lull in theatrical matters will only last for a very short time, for quite early this month (September) we shall have Messrs. Sims' and Pettitt's new play, "London Day by Day," at the Adelphi, in which we are promised something very novel both in plot and scenery. At the Shaftesbury, too, we have Mr. H. A. Jones's "The Middleman" (of which full notice next month), and in which there is a wonderful effect—a scene showing us the Staffordshire Potteries with their blazing furnaces by night. The cast is an exceptionally strong one, including Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. E. W. Garden, Mr. Ivan Watson, Mr. Royston Keith, Mr. Harry Cane, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Miss Maude Millett, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Agnes Verity, Miss Eva Moore, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Miss Josephine St. Ange. "Betsy" is doing well at the Criterion, but there are rumours that the Robertson plays will shortly be revived. The Comedy has reopened with "Æsop's Fables" from the Strand, which theatre is now occupied by Mr. Willie Edouin's company in "Our Flat." The Court is doing really immense business with "Aunt Jack." Rehearsals are in full swing at the Gaiety for "Ruy Blas, or the Roué Blasé," and at the Lyceum for the production of the "The Dead Heart." Drury Lane will present quite a bright appearance, having been redecorated throughout, when it reopens on the 21st with the new drama by Messrs. Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris, the story of which relates to the vicissitudes of Charles II. The cast will include Messrs. Henry Neville, Arthur Dacre, Luigi Lablache, and, of course, Harry Nicholls; Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Laura Villiers, and Miss Ada Neilson. At the Haymarket before the middle of the month we shall have Mr. Buchanan's version of "Roger-la-Honte."

Mr. George Grossmith made his last appearance at the Savoy on Saturday, August 17, a circumstance which will be much regretted. He has, however, determined on a lengthened tour with his own entertainment, so that what is London's loss is a gain for provincial towns. Mr. Grossmith commences his tour at Southsea, September 2.

Miss Minnie Palmer and Mr. J. Rogers have returned to England, and commenced at Glasgow their provincial tour, which will run on till December 21. At Christmas Miss Palmer will appear in London, but at which theatre her "manager" has not determined. Tempting offers were made to "My Sweetheart" to play Cinderella in the forthcoming pantomime at Her Majesty's, but circumstances prevented her accepting the engagement.

A familiar face is lost to us by the death of Mr. Gaston Murray, which occurred on August 6, 1889, from dropsy. Mr. Gaston Wilson (his real name) as a young man held an excellent appointment in Messrs. Cox and Greenwood's, but his love of the stage was too great for him to continue in it, and he made his first London appearance at the Lyceum in March, 1855. Mr. Gaston Murray was at one time secretary of the General Theatrical Fund, and was much respected.

Within the last month or so three interesting weddings have taken place. Mr. Cunningham Bridgman, the well-known writer and secretary of the Beaufort Club, was married to Miss Flora Wilmos, a very charming young lady and promising singer. Miss Kate Rorke, a universal favourite, was united to Mr. E. W. Gardiner; and Mr. Wilton Jones, known not only as a journalist but as a playwright, wedded Miss Gertrude Warden. Long life and happiness to all.

There is no knowing how long "Paul Jones" will run, for on its 200th performance, which was celebrated in the usual "floral" manner, the Prince of Wales's was crammed, and continues so nightly. Whenever a change is made, an opera by Planquette will probably be the one chosen; M. Bisson's libretto, adapted by Mr. F. C. Burnand.

Miss Marie Tempest was fortunately able to sing on the 100th night of "Doris" at the Lyric (July 29), but since then has again been suffering from her throat, and is ordered complete rest. A crowded house expressed its delight at Mr. Cellier's opera, which goes splendidly. On August 30 "Love's Trickery," an operetta, libretto by Mr. Cunningham Bridgman, music by Mons. Ivan Caryll, and in which Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves, Mr. John Le Hay, Miss Augarde, and Miss Hettis Lund were to take part, was to be played for the first time, but too late for notice this month.

Mr. Lionel Brough left London for his tour in South Africa on August 1, and we may hope to see him in England again in March, 1890. Accompanying him are Messrs. Charles Cooper, Percy Brough, Percy Everard, Matthews, &c., and Misses Kate Hodson, Huxley, Herman, and Helen Hastings. Mr. Brough carries with him the best wishes of his numerous friends.

From July 29 to August 10 the Princess's Theatre was given up to Mr. J. W. Turner's English Opera Company, which during the two weeks' engagement gave some more than creditable performances. "Maritana," "The Bohemian Girl," and "Fra Diavolo" formed the principal items of the programme, but as special features "The Lily of Killarney" and "Robin Hood" were also introduced. The last-named opera, by Macfarren, was a very successful one when first produced, but of late years has scarcely been heard of. The remaining operas are too well known to need any comment. Mr. Turner, Miss Constance Bellamy, Mr. Allen Morris, Mr. Walter Gray, Mdme. Lucy Franklein, Mr. Albert McGuckin, Mr. John Ridding, Mr. Sidney Clifford, Miss Chrystal Duncan, and Miss Jeanie Rosse have all added to their reputations by their short visit to London.

On Thursday, August 8, "Betsy" was again revived at the Criterion under the direction of Mr. Duck, and went with as much spirit and caused as much merriment as ever. The cast is the same as on its last production here. Miss Lottie Venne is again the slyest and most piquante Betsy, Miss Fanny Robertson the weak and idolising Mrs. Birkett, Mr. Blakeley the newspaper-loving Mr. Birkett, Mr. A. Boucicault the spoilt and precocious Dolly, Mr. Maltby the inimitable toadying tutor Dawson, Mr. Herbert Standing the dashing Captain McManus, and Mr. Giddens the frolicsome Talbot. It is said that Mr. Duck contemplates reviving some of the Robertson comedies at an early date.

When Mr. Charles Wyndham goes to America after his holiday he will be accompanied by Mr. W. Blakeley and Mr. George Giddens, Miss Emily Miller, Miss Peach, Miss E. Penrose, Miss Ffolliott Paget, and Miss Mary Moore, and will probably be absent till April. His American tour commences in October at Boston.

Miss Fanny Leslie has secured Mr. Geoffrey Thorne's burlesque "Dandy Dick Turpin, the Mashing Highwayman," which was highly spoken of for its fun and go when tried for copyright purposes at the Grand Theatre in April last. Miss Leslie will, of course, play the captivating knight of the road, and will produce it in conjunction with Mr. H. A. Freeman at the Grand on October 7.

Mr. Hamilton Knight's charming little play, "The Postscript," is now played before "Tares" at the Vaudeville, and will be noticed fully next month.

New plays produced and important revivals in London from July 23, 1889, to August 12, 1889:—

(Revivals are marked thus *.)

July 22.* "La Dame aux Camelias," drama, in five acts, by Alexandre Dumas fils. French Plays. Lyceum.

- July 24. "Uncle Robert," comedietta, by Reginald Stockton. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 24. "The Catpaw," new play, in three acts, by John Tresahar. Matinée. Terry's.
- „ 24. "Storm and Sunshine," play, in two acts, adapted from a novel by Mrs. Newton Phillips. Crystal Palace.
- „ 25.* "Phédre," tragedy, in five acts, by Racine. French Plays. Lyceum.
- „ 27. "The Headless Man," original three-act comedy, by F. C. Burnand. Criterion.
- „ 29.* "In Danger," drama, in three acts, by W. Lestocq and Henry Cresswell. Vaudeville.
- „ 29. "Boys will be Boys," comedietta, in one act, by Joseph Mackay. Opéra Comique.
- „ 29.* "Adrienne Lecouvreur," drama, in five acts, by MM. Scribe and Legouvé. French Plays. Lyceum.
- Aug. 1.* "Fédora," drama, in four acts, by Victorien Sardou. French Plays. Lyceum.
- „ 6. "The Diamond Queen," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Albert Edwards. St. George's Hall.
- „ 7.* "Wild Oats," comedy, by John O'Keefe. Criterion.
- „ 12.* "Proof; or, a Celebrated Case," drama, in six acts, adapted by F. C. Burnand from "Une Cause Célèbre." Princess's.

In the Provinces from July 15, 1889. to August 12, 1889 :—

- July 29. "The Land of Gold; or, Life in England and California," drama, in four acts, by George Lander. T.R. Hanley.
- Aug. 5. "Claudio," new and original comic opera, in three acts; words by A. V. Thurgood, music by Thomas Hunter. Grand Theatre, Nottingham.
- „ 5. "Hand-in-Hand," comedy-drama, in four acts, by Edward Darbey. T.R. Rotherham.
- „ 5. "Little Tom Bowling," musical nautical comedy, in three acts, written by Fisher Simpson, music by Herbert Simpson. Royal Albert, Gainsborough.
- „ 12. "A Hero of Heroes," sensational drama, in five acts, by J. W. Whitbread. Queen's, Dublin.
- „ 12. "Brought to Light," drama, in four acts, by Edward Darbey. T.R. Rotherham.

PARIS.

(From July 11, 1889, to August 17, 1889.)

- July 30. "La Peur de l'être," comedy, in three acts, by MM. Emile Moreau and Pierre Valdagne. Menus-Plaisirs.

THE THEATRE.



Some Stage Traditions.



THE stage as an institution has ever been to a remarkable extent the creature of tradition. Ancient custom binds it fast. To its eminently conservative sense, every departure from the admitted order of things seems to involve danger—every innovation savours of heresy. Thus what are vaguely known as the conventions of the stage are generally, on examination, found to resolve themselves into the deep-seated characteristics of many years—characteristics which have been handed down from generation to generation until they have at length acquired something of the sanctity which belongs to hoary age.

Every observant playgoer must be aware of the power which is thus exercised by tradition. The make-up of the villain, the business of the funny man, the attitude and accents of the lover, in a melodrama, are only a few among the many things upon which custom has set its seal—which have become stereotyped to such an extent that wisdom tells us we had better not tamper with them. It would not be difficult to multiply to an almost indefinite extent instances of the way in which an unwritten but inexorable law thus overrules even the minutest details, and restrains by its provisions the imaginations and the individualities of both playwright and player.

One has but to look back over the pages of dramatic history and remark the numerous instances in which, after many a hard struggle, the stage has set itself free from this or that galling

bond, to realise how much still remains to be accomplished in the same direction. "Long is the period before taste and judgment can prevail over established custom, be it ever so erroneous," writes old Tom Davies, the friend and biographer of Garrick; and again and again his words have received the most striking confirmation in the annals of histrionic art. It is easy to-day to realise the absurdity of a Hamlet adorned with a full-bottomed wig, and to laugh at Macbeth's soldiers strutting the boards in fashionable modern garb; for here, as elsewhere, the improvements which have once been made seem too natural, and too inevitable even, to need the making. What is not so easy is to see where we ourselves still err after the same manner; or, seeing this, to find the courage and determination sufficient to inaugurate the further changes which are so deeply to be desired.

However, my object here is not to advocate the abandonment upon the stage of any special old-time customs. I do not wish at this moment to wield the pen of the critic or the reformer. I aim at nothing more ambitious than to pass in review a few cases in which the fight between tradition on the one hand and individuality and common-sense on the other, is most clearly exhibited in some of its Protean phases.

Let us take the play of "Hamlet" as an example. In this we are furnished with a striking instance of apostolic succession; for it would seem that our Hamlets come down in direct line from Shakespeare himself. "How far tradition may be permitted to govern in this question," writes Davies, "I will not say; but Downes, the stage historian, in his peculiar phrase, informs us that 'Mr. Betterton took every particle of Hamlet from Sir William Davenant, who had seen Mr. Taylor, who was taught by Shakespeare himself.'" Thus, if there has ever been an instance in which we should be justified in resting upon the inspiration of our fathers, and reading life and nature through their glasses, it is probably furnished by this very play. Yet even here the absurdities thus produced are too striking not to accentuate the danger which lies in the tendency to over-reverence whatever can plead "a course of long observance for its use."

Three cases concerned from the mere details of stage business will serve to show upon what minute points the power of custom

has made itself felt. Down to Garrick's time tradition demanded that when, according to the stage direction, the cock crows, in order that the ghost might have a tangible reason for starting "like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons," an imitation of chanticleer should actually be produced behind the scenes. This bit of realism was only abandoned when in course of time managers began to appreciate the slightness of the step which separates the sublime from the ridiculous, and to discover that the unskilful execution of the cock-crow would occasionally bring an element of absurdity into the performance at a very inopportune moment. Again, down to much later times, it was customary for Hamlet to adopt to the letter Ophelia's description, and to appear upon the stage with one stocking "fouled, ungartered, and downgyved to his ankle." Charles Kean appears to have been the first to break away from the regulation, and to drop this outward and visible sign of mental aberration. To the same actor is due the abandonment of another custom, certainly "more honoured in the breach than the observance," which ordained that in the gravedigging scene the first gravedigger, before beginning his work, should slowly and ostentatiously take off one by one a long series of waistcoats—an artifice which, mysteriously enough as it seems to us, never failed to cause amusement in the gallery. Like every other species of imbecility, this senseless fooling had its defenders, who spoke up loudly in its favour, when at length the hour came for it to be swept from the stage.

Similarly with the reading of character. There, too, tradition was strong, and, for many years after the revival of "Hamlet" at the time of the Restoration, insisted that the part of Polonius should always be played by a low comedian. This interpretation did not commend itself to Garrick, who "formed a notion that the character of Polonius had been mistaken and misrepresented by the players, and that he was not designed by the author to excite laughter, and be an object of ridicule." Carried away by this conception, the great actor induced Woodward, on the night of the latter's benefit, to take the part of Polonius and to present it in accordance with his new view. "And what," asks Davies, "was the result?" The answer shows how entirely both players and spectators were under the influence of ancient usage. "The character," we read, "divested of his ridiculous vivacity,

appeared to the audience flat and insipid. . . . So little were the audience pleased with Woodward, or Woodward with himself, that he never afterwards attempted Polonius." (Davies, "Dramatic Miscellanies," III., 41-2.)

Still more striking as a case in point is the struggle between common-sense and tradition in the matter of the portraits—a question which, it will not be forgotten, has even in our own day once more given rise to some dispute.

The original practice "ever since the Restoration," as Davies tells us, was for Hamlet, in the great scene with his mother, "to produce from his pocket two pictures in little of his father and uncle, not much bigger than two large coins or medallions." Now, duly allowing for the continuity of tradition by which this very method may be connected with Shakespeare's time, and it may be with the master's own instructions, it must of course be borne in mind that, prior to the Restoration, scenery, in our sense of the word, was practically unknown; and thus, regular portraits being out of the question, the very exigencies of the case must have necessitated recourse to these pocket medallions, provided always that some actual picture were assumed to be required. It is evident enough, however, that such "pictures in little" could not have been in Shakespeare's mind when he penned the scene, since it is very clear from the expressions put into Hamlet's mouth that full-length portraits were referred to, and these were practically impossible with medallions, which would only be likely to contain at most the head and bust.

Such, then, was the system in vogue during Betterton's time. That great actor was accustomed at the fitting moment to draw the two pictures from his pocket; and, with an imitative faculty worthy of the sheep of Panurge, succeeding actors in the same situation did precisely the same. Then it suddenly suggested itself to some more critical mind that it was ridiculous to conceive that Hamlet should go about with a portrait of his detested uncle in his pocket. Thereupon, a slight change was introduced; and while Hamlet was still allowed to carry the medallion of his father, that of his uncle was now hung round the Queen's neck. Thus the contrast was now between the picture produced by Hamlet and that worn by his mother. This, of course, was a distinct improvement, though it still left much to be desired. With Holman, who played Hamlet in 1874, a new departure

altogether was taken. A portrait of Claudius was now hung on the wall in full view of the spectators, but Hamlet still carried the miniature of his father. Conversely, when Kemble played the Prince in 1793, a half-length portrait of the dead King was hung on the wall, while the Queen herself wore the counterfeit presentment of Claudius upon her wrist. It was by Macready that the two large portraits were first employed. Mr. Irving says that, as he has been told, he used them with "no particular effect;" but Macready himself stated that "the new effect of the pictures on the wall of the apartment was a very great improvement on the old stupid custom." This, however, was far from settling the matter. Charles Kean, who, as we have seen, had broken away from tradition at other points, went back to the miniatures; and Fechter also adopted them, hanging the medallion of Claudius around the Queen's neck, while he wore that of "buried Denmark" about his own. It need hardly be added that it was reserved for Mr. Irving to make the most radical change. Under his management the actual portraits were abandoned altogether, since he maintains—with what seems to me personally more than a show of reason—"that this portrayal of the two brothers was a purely imaginative operation." In this view Mr. Irving has been followed by Salvini.

One more example of the influence of stage custom may be taken from the case of "The Merchant of Venice." Lord Lansdowne's mutilation of this play produced in 1701, under the title of "The Jew of Venice," kept the stage till 1741, when Macklin had the good sense to return to the original text. In the adaptation the character of Shylock was purposely made ridiculous, and was in the first instance cast to Doggett, who turned it into a low-comedy part. It was useless for Rowe to suggest that the character was "tragically designed by the author." No one heeded the criticism.

The story of the manner in which the stage broke free from this monstrous tradition is interesting in the extreme. Macklin, reviving the genuine "Merchant of Venice" at Covent Garden, took the part of Shylock for himself, "and intimated his design to play it *seriously*." Then, we are told "the laugh was universal. His best friends shook their heads at the attempt, whilst his rivals chuckled in secret, and flattered him with ideas of

success, the surer to work out his destruction." The general feeling was that he was going to make a fool of himself and bring the theatre into ridicule. Fleetwood, the manager, "seriously applied" to him "to give up the part," but Macklin stood firm, assuring him "that he would pledge his life on the success of the play;" and, after some difficulty, he was allowed to take his own course.

When the night came, the house "was crowded from top to bottom with the first company in town," and Macklin himself confesses that he began to feel some anxiety concerning the issue of the hazardous enterprise to which he had set his hand. What followed must be told in his own words; for it would be a pity to lose the aroma of self-satisfaction which exhales from every phrase of his account: "The opening scenes being rather tame and level, I could not expect much applause; but I found myself well listened to. I could hear distinctly in the pit the words 'Very well, very well, indeed!' 'This man seems to know what he is about,' &c., &c. These encomiums warmed me. I knew where I should have the pull, which was in the third act, and reserved myself accordingly. At this period I threw out all my fire; and as the contrasted passions of joy for the merchant's losses, and grief for the elopement of Jessica, open a fine field for an actor's powers, I had the good fortune to please beyond my warmest expectations. The whole house was in an uproar of applause, and I was obliged to pause between the speeches to give it vent, so as to be heard. . . . The *trial scene* wound up the fulness of my reputation; here I was well listened to, and here I made such a silent yet forcible impression on my audience that I retired from this great attempt most perfectly satisfied. On my return to the green room, after the play was over, it was crowded with nobility and critics, who all complimented me in the warmest and most unbounded manner; and the situation I felt myself in I must confess was one of the most flattering and intoxicating of my whole life."

Thus, by the courage of one man, was Shylock to some extent rescued and humanised. Later on, Kean had another battle to fight to clear away some of the stage traditions which still clung about the character. At the rehearsal preceding his first appearance in the part, he was stopped by repeated

remonstrances against this or that slight innovation. "It's all wrong, Mr. Kean, all wrong," someone said at last. Then Kean lost patience. "It is as *I* wish it to be," he answered. "If I am wrong the public will set me right." But the sequel showed that the public was upon the actor's side.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.



"Pen Dyllas—Long Ago."

(*Vide* "Not wisely but too well.")



HE Dance is done, and Death has come
 To a strong soldier in his prime.
 Around, pale faces—lips struck dumb
 With the great horror of the time.
 The dews of death lie damp and chill
 Upon his brow—he'll rise no more.
 For weal or woe—for good or ill—
 He drifts towards that silent shore.

In the calm, sultry summer night
 The stricken giant passive lies,
 No more for him Day's golden light
 Or glamour of the soft blue skies!
 When lo! a lady gaily drest,
 One lily in her braided hair,
 Bursts like a vision on the rest,
 The lovelier for her wild despair.

All flushed with victory, fresh she came
 From scenes of girlish conquests sweet,
 She hears him faintly breathe her name,
 And is it *thus* that they must meet?
 White shoulders glancing mid a sea
 Of pale green tulle—and eyes that gleam
 No longer with coquettish glee,
 But as she saw some awful dream!

She waves her lily hand, a sign
That they should leave the twain alone—
Her bearing said—"He still is mine,
Though Death has claimed him for his own."
They go, when to his open arms
She flies as wild bird to her nest,
And hides the glory of her charms
Upon her dying hero's breast.

There, hand in hand, at last they sit
As the June night creeps slowly by,
And one by one the lamps God lit
Go out in yonder western sky;
Against his brow now see her lay
Her burning cheeks—"Love, oh! my love,
You are going home—ah, let me say
One little prayer to Him above!"

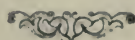
He moans dissent, "Too late, in vain!"
His lips form words he cannot speak,
A spasm of most bitter pain
Shoots swiftly o'er her dimpled cheek.
But when Dawn's earliest sunbeams flush
His features with their crimson glow,
She hears, amid the awful hush,
The words "Pen Dyllas—long ago!"

Towards his breast he points his hand,
"Bury it with me"—*then* she sees
That cornfield in the Cambrian land;—
The poppies dancing in the breeze.
That day when from her tresses' gold
He plucked the scarlet treasure there;
The happy, happy days of old,
When Love was young and Life was fair.

And so he passed—they bore him home
To the lone churchyard by the deep,
The stormy music of the foam
His dirge above his dreamless sleep.

He slumbers where the dead men dwell,
 Within "the hearing of the wave ;"
She loved "not wisely but too well"
 Who comes to weep beside his grave.


F. B. DOVETON.



Dead and Gone Actors, all Alive to Me.

By the Author of "Shakespeare Diversions."

SECOND AND CONCLUDING PART.

S Richard, Macready had played me false, had given me the slip, not so much as putting in an appearance. My first sight of the tragedian was not, however, long deferred ; but it was in a character curiously in contrast with that of Gloster. It was in *Ion* (1836), and to me it was a disappointment on the whole, and, to a raw schoolboy's greenness in judgment, the more telling actor of the two that night seemed to be Vandenhoff in *Adrastus*. I had listened to ravings about *Ion's* exquisite grace and statuesque bearing, and my heart went pit-a-pat in hungry expectancy of a dazzling vision when *Enter ION* should be an accomplished fact. But at his very entrance he stood stock-still, with what seemed—it could have been seeming only—an almost ungainly air of a 'prentice hand at the art, afraid to step forward, the embarrassed victim of *mauvaise honte*. He looked anything but juvenile. His arms hung limp and lank, and his face was painted up to boiled lobster tint, as if he had been making up for mine host of the Garter, or Sir Toby Belch. It needed the power of his scene with *Adrastus*, and the tenderness of his closing ones with *Phocion* and with *Clemanthe*, to rid me for once and all of that damaging first impression. But Macready's supremacy was amply and distinctively vindicated the next time I saw him, as *Leontes* in "*A Winter's Tale*" (1837). Never, on the stage or off it, have I seen anything to equal in cordial effusiveness of paternal love that outburst of doting fond-

ness for his little boy, Mamillus—never anything to match the exquisite variety of fondling by-play, those passionate caresses, those ecstasies of rapturous endearment. And if this struck a vibratory, penetrating keynote at the commencement of the play; the ending was a parallel passage in a higher strain and a deeper tone, when the repentant king recovers in Hermione the wife that was dead and is alive again, and in Perdita the child that was lost and is found.

Of the few parts in which it was my good fortune to see her, Hermione is the one by which Helen Faucit best lives in my remembrance. Mrs. Warner played well up to her in Paulina, and indeed the entire cast of the piece was effective, for Macready was now the lessee and manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and with "A Winter's Tale" it was that he effectively opened his first season. James Anderson made a successful first appearance as Florizel; George Bennett was characteristically rugged and bluff as Antigonus (how often I regretted never getting the chance of seeing his picturesque Caliban or his burly King Hal!); the Polixenes was Diddear, a careful actor of the general utility order, to which category too may be consigned the representative of Camillo, Pritchard, hailing from Murray's well-trained company in Edinburgh, whom I had previously seen as Lord Tinsel in "The Hunchback," and as the steadier of the two nephews in "The Country Squire." Bartley, stage-manager, played Autolycus with a will; Tilbury, a sound stager in old men's parts, the shepherd; and Drinkwater Meadows, always quaint, natural, and conscientious, his puzzle-pated son. The Perdita was Miss Taylor. But—oh, the pity of it!—she had allowed herself to stagger, scare, scarify all sense of pastoral propriety, all recognition of sweet simplicity in that sweetest of shepherdesses, by appearing in a trailing dress with a pronounced projection of "bustle" or "dress-improver," or whatever else is the trade term or society style for that nondescript excrescence, that rearward development, that *à posteriori* deduction, which makes the judicious grieve—yet with a grief not quite incapable of co-existence with giggle or guffaw. Mopsa and Dorcas were represented by Miss Vincent—afterwards better, or worse, known as "the Vic."—and by that Miss Priscilla Horton who had yet a name to make, but who certainly made one, or rather two, for is not her married name

equally famous, more so since it became the better half of an institution evolved out of an entertainment—to wit, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's? At this period she was comparatively a novice, but her rich full tones came out delightfully in the fairing song. Macready evidently recognised her value, and worked her rather hard; for, this same night, she also played Gillian in Dibdin's "Quaker," and another part in a second afterpiece, "The Spitfire." It was a treat to see and hear "The Quaker" acted and sung by such sterling artists as Wilson, the Scotch tenor, as Lubin; Henry Phillips, the masterly basso, as Steady; Meadows as his man Solomon; Mrs. Garrick as the dame, and Misses Horton and Vincent as the girls. I can even now see Wilson winding his way through woodland glades to the cottage, and hear him singing the while, "I lock'd up all my treasure." But still more vivid is the impression left by H. Phillips in "The Lads of the Village," with its recurrent deep-drawn "verily, ah!" Even that, however, seemed almost to be surpassed on another occasion by the thrilling intensity of his "Farewell to the Mountain," as Hela in "The Mountain Sylph." His was not in all respects a satisfactory or refined style, but there was a sympathetic something in his vocal organisation that "went for" one's very heartstrings, straight, right away, and set them vibrating in tremulous response.

As it fell upon a day, in our French class at the grammar-school aforesaid, M. Philippe, an excellent master and a right good fellow to boot, was descanting on the differences between the French stage and the English, especially in respect of the unities, and to illustrate the matter he referred to Addison's "Cato" as the solitary English play of note which observed them as the French uniformly did. "'Cato,'" he added, "is never by any chance to be seen on the English stage now." "But, sir, I saw it acted at Covent Garden Theatre, the week before last," was the deferentially interposed demur of a shy small boy—the present scribbler; and M. Philippe gracefully accepted the correction, such as it was. "Cato" had probably not been acted for a considerable time previous to my seeing it, and I doubt whether it has ever been attempted since. Nor can I say for certain whether the year in question was 1837 or 1838, having nothing but memory to trust to, and debarred by ill-

health from access to files of old journals, or the like means of verification. Every play-bill, without exception, that I had in my play-time (= play-going time), the boundary years of which were 1836 and 1840, I guarded, reserved, and preserved with the most vigilant jealousy. I knew them all by heart, but would not have parted at any price with those relics of flimsy paper, prizing them as others prize the "flimsies" of the Bank of England—so dearly associated were mine with *noctes* the most ambrosial, if not Ambrosian. But some time in 1846, while away from the old Bayswater home in town, to keep one of my terms at Cambridge, it chanced, or mischanced—a mischance I have never ceased to deplore—that my "flimsies" came to grief, or came to nought, for, from that time to this, I have never seen or heard of them again. But I keep Cato waiting, and Cato's not "a proper person" for *that*. Macready necessarily had his off nights, and this was one of them—to Vandenhoff being entrusted the title-*rôle*. He was masterly in sonorous declamation, and accentuated every line as if he knew it by heart, in more senses than one. His grandest outburst was in the impassioned cry, when apprised of his son's death in battle,

"Thanks to the gods! My boy has done his duty!"

Phelps undertook the part of this son, the other being taken by poor Elton, who, like Tyrone Power, afterwards perished at sea, and whose skill I witnessed in but one other part, that of Peregrine in "John Bull." This, too, was the only time of my seeing Warde, who did full justice to the cynical craft of Syphax, as did George Bennett to the ruder, bolder, noisier scoundrelism of Sempronius, and Anderson to Juba's rather mawkish good-young-mannishness. Miss Vandenhoff's fragile form and delicate utterance were a set-off to Mrs. Warner's imposing figure and "so potent art" of intonation, as Marcia and Lucia respectively. The revived tragedy was followed by another revival, equally devoid of attractiveness to all but old curiosity hunters—Reynolds's very conventional and artificial comedy of "Laugh When You Can." Bartley revelled in Bonus; F. Vining was effervescent with animal spirits as that inveterate practical joker, Gossamer; Mrs. Clifford bated little of the offensiveness of the mature mischief-maker Miss Gloomly; and

Meadows put quiet feeling and fun into his version of the warm-hearted negro. On the whole the bill of fare was substantial that night, though the viands were something musty.

But think of "Hamlet" and Mozart's opera of "The Magic Flute" on the same night! That was in Drury Lane, while Bunn held sway. Then first I saw Charles Kean, whose Prince of Denmark was far less to my liking than other Shakespearean essayings of his in comedy—notably as the jealous husband in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and as the caught-out bachelor in "Much Ado About Nothing." His Ford was irresistibly comic from the blank bewilderment his face expressed—a vacuous stare of sheer consternation, all the more graphic in contrast with the habitual demeanour of the man, so irritably impetuous, so fractious, peevish, and exacting. The like expression in Benedick's face, when fooled into a conviction of Beatrice's craze for him, indicated in Charles Kean a genuine talent for comedy, whatever may be thought of him as a tragedian. His imperturbable gravity doubled the flavour of the fun. The "Hamlet" performance gave me an opportunity of witnessing one of the last appearances of a first-rate old comedian, Dowton, and the introduction to the London stage of a first-rate new one, Henry (Mackenzie) Compton. Dowton's most rememberable point as Polonius was the faintly disguised vexation, when ruffled in his self-complacency, with which he hurriedly emitted the mortifying report, "He said I was a fish-monger." Compton's Gravedigger was commendably free from exaggeration; and if the groundlings laughed the less, the judicious applauded the more. Cooper was the Ghost, Brindal was Osric, and King was Laertes; but the cast was mostly mediocre, and the *ensemble* left much to desire. Then came Mozart's magic opera, with Templeton as Tamino, Balfe as Papageno—for at that time Balfe was vocalist as well as composer; and though Bunn had scored well with his colleague's "Maid of Artois" and "Siege of Rochelle," the more salient success of their joint efforts (*Arcades ambo*) in "The Bohemian Girl" was in the paulo-post-future tense. To Miss Romer's Pamina was allied the Queen of the Night of Mrs. Seguin, mother of the late Madame Parepa-Rosa, unless genealogical journalists misinform me. The spectacular effects of the opera were ambitious rather than sublime, and Mozart's exquisite

music fell flat on untrained ears—the more puerile passages exciting the most interest, and the hackneyed ones something of grateful recognition.

Nowadays it would be deemed a sort of feat to sit out two such performances on the same night. My only experience to match, and perhaps surpass it, is the witnessing a five-act comedy by Sheridan Knowles, followed by another by George Colman the younger—"The Love Chase," supplemented by "John Bull." But there were first-class actors and there was first-rate acting in both. If Strickland was fatuously doting and credulous in Sir William Fondlove, he was manfully independent and pathetic as Job Thornberry. Mrs. Glover had a part that fitted her like her namesake in the Widow Green; but in the older comedy she was not above adapting her ways and means to Mistress Brulgruddery. Miss Vandenhoff changed her manners with her dress from Lydia in the first piece to Mary in the second. Far more pointedly Mrs. Nisbett did so in turning from the joyous *abandon* of Neighbour Constance, bubbling over with ripples of musical laughter, to the languid listlessness and lassitude of Lady Caroline Braymore. Webster, the manager and lessee, had a part he manifestly enjoyed in Wildrake; nor did he spare himself from fresh exertion in undertaking and maybe a little overacting the dissolute dandy, Tom Shuffleton, Honourable by courtesy, dishonourable to the core. In Dennis Brulgruddery there was no one to compete with Power—peerless in Irish character, and blest with a voice superbly musical, a handsome face and form, and a matchless fund of natural humour, expressed in a brogue that was delicious—crisp as tip-top pie-crust, and mellow as clotted cream. Dennis's man Dan was played by Buckstone, whose farce was apt to be too obtrusive for my liking; he acted too much to the house, at the house, instead of with his fellow-artists on the boards; he seemed never to lose himself in his part, nor to be wishful to do so, but rather to keep a clandestine correspondence with his audience all the while, if not by winks, at least by nods and becks and recurrent signals of there being an understanding between them, which must be kept up, at whatever cost to real art. Keelley appeared to me the more genuine artist of the two. He was unapproachable in depicting impenetrable stolidity, and there were parts in which he reminded one of Cibber's graphic

sketch of Nokes, when representing a mixture of piteous pusillanimity and of consternation ruefully ridiculous and insoluble—shutting up his mouth with a dumb studious pout, and rolling his full eye in utter vacuity of amazement; or, again, of Charles Lamb's description of Dodd, as inimitable in expressing slowness of apprehension: you saw the first dawn of an idea stealing over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. Dodd was known as Sir Andrew Aguecheck, and Keeley was his legitimate descendant.

Leontes was the only part in which I saw Macready while he retained the management of Covent Garden Theatre; in Shylock I saw him (splendid in the scene with Tubal) at the Haymarket, and in Macbeth (grandly sustained to the last) at Drury Lane during the disastrous and abruptly collapsing lesseeship of W. J. Hammond, Douglas Jerrold's brother-in-law. Hammond had made so good a thing of the little Strand Theatre that he rashly attempted big Drury Lane, and a very bad thing indeed he made of that. His own histrionic powers were considerable: he had a fine presence, good voice, easy manner, and natural flow of humour. And now what other names remain for me to cite in my very brief but somewhat comprehensive experiences as a small schoolboy at the play? I will not try to recall any, but, as this or that occurs to me, will jot it down with the curtest of running comments. James Vining, for instance, pleasant of aspect, pleasant of speech, pleasant in bearing, who enhanced your pleasure in his performance by the obvious pleasure he took in it himself. Mrs. Orger, well disciplined, lady-like, intelligent, predisposing you to respect an actress who treated her art with respect. Madame Vestris, who warbled so winsomely, dressed so daintily, and wore so well. Charles Mathews, ever sparkling and buoyant—all dash and assurance—the lightest of light weights, and coolest of cool hands. Charles Selby, in request for every kind of piece, who worked so hard or was worked so hard that one would have thought him worked off his feet had not he moved so trippingly on them. Such another man of all work was Fitzjames, for if ever man did, *that*

“One man in his time play'd many parts,”

and not unseldom on the same night, too. James Bland, the monarch of all he surveyed in the realms of burlesque. O. Smith ("Obi"), whose fixed gaze and spectral attitudes gave one a creepy feeling; there was about the man a something eerie, weird, and uncanny which suggested the supernatural, and placed him apart from his fellows. Mrs. Keeley, smartest and sauciest of soubrettes, with her kittenish gamesomeness, and her lark's carol of a voice—sweet, clear, and inspiring. Walter Lacy, with his gallantry of mien, his telling tell-tale eyes, his cordiality of voice and manner, his practised elocution, and that joyous air which made him, in some parts, seem the embodied spirit of enjoyment. John Neville—Henry's father—another of the steady-going super-serviceables, ever, like Scott's William of Deloraine, good at need. And Granby, ready at call for old men of all sorts, the jovial and the churlish, the boisterous and the crafty, the open and the close. And Hemming, equally in demand for young men, especially of the interesting and well-mannered kind, but manly withal, and no milksops; and Oxberry, whose scanty stature was the making of him in certain parts; and little (Wee) Williams, who in like cases made the most (not that it was all he had) of his littleness; and Andrew Campbell, that expert in melodrama, that veteran in villany, transpontine and transcendent, of whom the West-end of London knew next to nothing at all, but in whom a discerning critic has lately told us he discerned the very best of stage Falstuffs.

Like Southey, encompassed by his bookshelves, my days among the Dead are passed;

"Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old.
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

To the Dead who live in print I may and ought to add living memories of noteworthy actors dead and gone. Dead and gone are very nearly all that I have named. With very rare exceptions all, all are gone, the old familiar faces. But to them also, as well as to unforgotten authors who live on in print, may be applied a later stanza of Robert the Rhymer who lived at the lakes:—





MISS VANE FEATHERSTON.

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

HAMLET, Act iv., Sc. 5

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE."
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL

"With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude."

The frail tenure of the actor's renown is a commonplace of the tritest. He struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is seen no more. But he is not forgotten ; he is heard of, thought of, talked of still. And after all, is not all the world a stage ? and are not all its men and women merely players ? They have their exits and their entrances ; and in the professional player's case his exit need not exclude a *rentrée* in remembrance, a re-appearance in one's day-dreams and retrospective reviews of life. They sleep in death, but to us who sleep in life what dreams may come of them ! What shadows we all are, and what shadows we pursue ! But these shadows pursue us in turn, and easily they overtake, subdue, and enthrall us. Again we are at the play, and again the old players are on the boards. Now are we in Arden, and now on the blasted heath of Forres, and thence on the mythical sea-coast of Bohemia. Not altogether dead and gone the actors who can live again for us like this. The great actor who takes leave of the stage may say to his audience with the doomed gladiator, "*Moriturus vos saluto.*" But he may also say with the jubilant poet, "*Non omnis moriar.*"



In Earnest.

A Prose Poem for Recitation.

BY P. PERCEVAL-CLARK.



THE scene lies at a village inn in Surrey, where four roads meet—a good old-fashioned inn with gabled front and mullioned windows, its signboard swinging from a fine old elm opposite. Hard by, the little squinch-steeped church is nestling among yew trees, and opposite the inn a high boundary wall fences in some snug homestead. In the distance, a few hundred yards away, runs a grassy ridge of true Surrey downs, radiant with gorse, flecked with the ever-varying shadows of the early summer clouds. A waggon with its team, gaudy with May-day trimmings, is halting at the inn door, when round the corner comes tramping a dismounted escort of Lancers—a corporal and file of men in charge of a deserter, handcuffed and hungry-looking. It is some distance yet before a train can be picked up for Aldershot, and this inn is the very place for a mid-day halt. The Lancers, who are shown into a back room hung with pictures sacred and profane (such as Abraham stretching forth his hand to slay his only son, and a famous tiny terrier in a cock-pit slaying rats by the score) find it already occupied by a strangely-assorted pair. On the hearth-rug is resting the legless trunk of a deformed piece of humanity, with a face withal full of force and intellect, while under table and chairs is romping a winsome little boy, with all the merriment of three years only of life. In no long time the whole party is in thorough accord; confidences are exchanged over many mugs of beer; the little boy, after a brief period of wonderment, is romping with the Lancers, now amusing them with his sweet jargon, now enveloped in a lance-cap, and stumbling over spur and sword, now burying his little dimpled arms in the soldiers' gauntlets, while even the deserter shakes off his depression, as he listens to the talk of the cripple, whose eyes rest ever with loving affection on his boy.

Once an actor, who had lost both legs through a tumble from the flies on to the stage, now a strolling reciter of stories, poems, or scenes of plays; a mimic, *improvisatore*, and singer, the poor creature could quickly rivet the attention of any audience.

"Now, corporal, just move me on to that window-seat—that's right. I can mind my little laddie now that he has gone into the stable-yard, for I don't over-much like the look of that big dog: he seems as savage as a bear. Thank ye, boys. Now while I am spouting don't you move; don't come to my help however I may seem to you to want it. I may astonish you a bit, but all I ask of you is to *keep quiet*, and remember that I am only acting." And then, after a pull at his mug, and a cheery nod to the child, who was gambolling round a strange-looking dog in the yard, the reciter thus began:—

"In the Bellevue Gardens, Manchester, one bright summer day, a little group was standing round the rails of the bear-pit—a young couple—the mother with a bairn in her arms, the father and a little three-year-old son—all gazing at a Russian bear, as it paced round the top of the perch that rose from the pit like a huge four-legged stool to above the level of the spectator's eyes. Now and again at the sight of buns the beast would stop, throw itself upon its haunches, and with crossed paws and wagging tongue beg for a morsel of what Gilbert calls 'the rollicking bun.' The father, who was holding his boy in his arms, was soon quite as interested as the child in the skilful distribution of food, while the pretty young mother's face beamed as her little one crowed its delight at the scene—a simple pretty little picture—in one moment torn and damaged. The little boy, as he stretched out to give a bit of bun to the bear, overbalancing himself, had fallen below right into the furry embrace of two young cubs as they lay playing with each other at the bottom of the pit. The old mother bear looked down upon her offspring from her perch, wagged her head once or twice, and then began her descent, while the agonised parents rushed from the terrace down to the outer door of the pit, shrieking for help, as fainter grew the cries of the poor little victim. Two keepers rushed to the door, and were addressed with passionate entreaty, just as the old bear had reached the bottom."

* * * * *

On reaching this point the cripple, with his little audience held

spell-bound, turning towards the open window, suddenly threw up his arms and rent the air with a piercing cry, which to the awe-struck soldiers sounded like the climax of the story. "Save him, sirs; the beast has got him; he is worrying him to death; go in God's name to him." But, acting up to the reciter's first orders, the soldiers move never a muscle, while the dog's growls and child's faint cries are drowned by the frantic entreaties of the cripple. He moves along, inch by inch, his mis-shapen trunk now swaying to the very edge of the seat, now hiding his face in his hands, as he turns towards the window. The veins on his forehead are standing out like blue swollen ridges above his streaming face. "Oh! for the love of our dear Father in Heaven, sirs, save my child; if you have ever heard a darling of your own lisp the name of father, if you have ever enfolded in your arms that which is a seal upon your heart, oh, save him! Look, oh, God, God!" And then the poor deformed father tottered from his ledge on to the floor. Before the soldiers could realise that that fall was hardly mere acting, the door was opened by a farm labourer bearing in his arms the little fair-haired boy, done to death before his father's eyes, now cradled in sinless peace. As the poor cripple squirms along the floor to touch his dead darling, the soldiers say one to another, "By God, the poor fellow was in earnest."



First Night Calls.

BY J. T. GREIN.



IN our little dramatic world this A.D. 1889 will ever be remembered as a year of innovations—good ones and bad ones. It has given us—to quote a few examples—"The Profligate," the very first "*comédie de mœurs*" by an English author; it has primarily established the realistic school in this country by the production of Ibsen's plays; it has enforced upon us the managerial first-night speech.

Now if ever anything was superfluous it is this now familiar first-night "*oratio pro domo*." It serves no purpose; it means nothing; it tells nothing worth listening to; it is *Vanity Fair*—that is all. Formerly, when a very prominent and very cherished actor took leave of us, or when the leading spirit of our leading theatre closed his season, they were called upon by their enthusiastic admirers to step before the footlights and to make a little speech. There was something in that; the former in his heart's overflow wished to express his deep gratitude and his *au revoir* in a somewhat more eloquent form than by a mere mute bow; and the latter, in developing his plan for the coming campaign, was sure to add a chapter to the history of the English drama.

But since every manager feels bound to accept the invitation of an impetuous admirer in the gallery, and to say things which often had better be left unsaid, these after-play speeches have become inflictions. Often an attempt is made in these manifestations to tamper with the public verdict, to extort an approval where condemnation is meant; and then such edifying spectacles may be witnessed as the verbal duel between an incensed manager and a protesting god. A little play after *the* play. Sometimes the manager's address is an apology for the non-appearance of the author, who has conveniently left the house before the curtain's (and frequently the play's) fall. In this case

the author plays a very sorry part ; it is perhaps easy, but it is certainly not manly, to make a cat's-paw of another man.

When all runs smoothly, authors, especially young dramatists, are only too eager to show their glowing faces to the admiring crowd. One must have experienced the sensation of a call before the curtain to grasp its delights, its enchantment, and its overwhelming, electrifying power. The dramatist, when the curtain has rolled down on his last words, lives an age in a few seconds. Like the child in "Roger la Honte," he hears nothing, he sees nothing, although he hears and sees everything ; he is bewildered. Peeping round the corner on the prompt side, the house appears like a chaos to him, a noisy chaos, in which the applause, the calls, the murmurs of approval and the exclamations of the grumblers, the blunt jerks of the movable seats, and the rustling of gowns and coats, are strangely muddled and concentrated in one immense inharmonious note. Then suddenly, when the curtain is shifted, the hero of the hour perceives an abyss, towards which he is drawn with tottering knees, and in which he plunges himself in frenzy ; and in a moment it is all over, but unless he is a very cool character he does not realise quite whether the verdict meant victory or defeat until the manager comes and tells him ; all he knows is that the fascination of the moment baffles description.

It is a curious fact that even experienced playwrights, men to whom the glare of the footlights and the aspect of the audience are quite familiar (having faced both more than once), are nothing but one quivering nerve on first nights ; they despair of their work, even when the scale leans towards success ; they fly before the end, like the murderer, who cannot bear the sight of his victim's agony. Ay, we all know that one prominent dramatist makes it a rule to trip into the country on the day of the *première*, as though every vibration of the foliage, every bird's chirp, would not bring to his memory the bustle and tattling of a first-night audience.

I, for one, feel a wee bit of pity for these timid natures ; for a good captain never fears storm and weather ; the ship is a part of himself, and even when she is lost he does not forsake her until he has done all that lies in his power for her. An earnest playwright ought to brave applause and hisses as they may

come; to run away and to leave the manager in command and defence of the lost cause is decidedly *infra dig.*

It is no joke to stand before an audience when friendly applause vainly struggles against hostile hooting, but I agree with Mr. Sydney Grundy, "who has endured it," when he writes to "The Playgoer," advocating that every author should answer the call of the audience with deference, albeit that loud disapproval is in store for him.

On the other hand, I fail to see why an author who has failed to attract public favour should be castigated. Failure is human (commonplace but true), and those who know something about the optics of the stage will readily acknowledge that oftentimes plays that read well are dull when placed under the focus of public opinion; in fact, no art is so treacherous, so uncertain, so freaky in practice as that which is patronised by Thalia.

And then I decline to believe that authors willingly write bad plays. I only once came across a premeditated act of this kind. It was perpetrated by a Belgian author, an influential critic, who loathed the melodrama of the Dennery school, and who, confiding in his great theoretical knowledge of the stage, one fine day laid a wager that he would start and finish a thoroughly sound blood and thunder "melo" in 168 hours, *id est*, seven clear days. He won the bet, but when the play was produced it was driven off the stage with hoots and derision. My friend (now an author of renown) knew all about melodrama except writing it, and he has since frankly admitted that he would rather venture on a tragedy in verse than again skate on the slippery ice of the "virtue's reward school."

In this case the author himself owned that his failure was deserved, and bore his defeat like a man.

Methinks that our neighbours across the Straits have much better ways in showing appreciation and the reverse.

In France, when the *première* is over, the *régisseur* (stage-manager) steps before the curtain and announces, what everybody knows already, that the piece which has just been seen is by "Mr. So-and-So." Then he bows and withdraws, while the public if satisfied applaud, and if bored desert the house with a vengeance. Now and then a play has been hooted in Paris at the close, but only in cases when the contents were such as to wound the feelings, morally or otherwise, of the audience. M.

Dumas fils' "Princesse de Bagdad" met with such a fate, and those who know this well-written though scabrous work will acknowledge that *il y avait de quoi*.

The Germans, critical as they are, adopt other ways; they treat each act as an individual part of the play, and when the act has pleased them call the author after each fall of the curtain; or they preserve an icy silence. There is something original in this method, inasmuch as that the author, who has been called after the first and second and left out in the cold after the third act, may see in this public thermometer to what degree he has succeeded in creating interest, and where lies the falling off. The strongest token of contempt of German playgoers is derisive laughter (the Berliners cry "Au" when chestnuts are too freely scattered about the dialogue), but as it resounds at once after the last words of the play have been spoken, the author escapes the ordeal of showing his uncalled-for countenance.

In Holland, another country where the stage has become an important factor of public life, the author is only called when he is wanted, that is when the public are *cordially* satisfied; otherwise they simply leave their seats in mournful silence. Consequently a call in that little country is rare, but when it is indulged in it is the precursor of genuine heartfelt success.

Taking all practices together—from the English down to the Dutch one—I think the latter is the most dignified, the most impressive, and the most just towards the author.

It is the public's duty to encourage authors, to induce them to go on and prosper, while it should be left to the press to criticise or to censure when their conviction bids them do so.

But hooting a man, destroying the vitality of a work which is mostly the fruit of earnest and assiduous labour, is an evil policy that cannot but injure the prospects of dramatic literature; for, in anathematising a novice's work an audience may nip in the bud an unripe but promising talent, and as we are not too abundantly blessed with good dramatists, we should smooth the path of the newcomers.



Lion Taming at Boulogne.



HE fair at Boulogne-sur-Mer had among many shows one that deserves mention, for it would make its mark in any place.

The *Grande Ménagerie des Frères Pezon* is certainly the finest in existence. Fourteen full-grown lions, magnificent specimens of their race, a truly royal tiger, a jaguar, a panther, bears, hyenas, &c., &c., in all about sixty wild beasts, all in splendid condition, are in themselves an interesting show.

The two young tamers who reign supreme over these dangerous subjects deserve full attention ; and, as it is their intention to take the show over to England before a very distant future, a brief description of their achievements may prove interesting. Madame Castanet, a pretty, pleasing, and gentle-looking woman of five and-twenty, takes under her special charge three of the vilest-tempered hyenas who hate each other, and in the midst of their fighting moves about with the calmest self-command, and compels them to obey. Three fine lions, bearing the names of the three *mousquetaires* of Dumas—Porthos, Athos, and Aramis—next make their appearance on the stage (the central cage). Were it not an for occasional show of temper, one would imagine they were magnified dogs, so well do they go through their tricks, and sit up when they are so ordered. Her third performance is with the lioness, Haydée, a rebellious, snarling animal, and is equally successful, the remarkable points in Madame Castanet's performance being that her calm courage is allied to perfect good temper ; and, though she cracks her whip constantly, she never hits her pupils unless they wax dangerous and necessity compels her. She is a perfect little lady. This brave young woman's courage is not only for public show. On her breast hangs the gold medal for saving life, the deed being arresting a runaway horse who had already injured several people and was about to kill some children. All honour to Madame Castanet, I say.


Her brother, Gilbert Pezon, is only twenty-two, a slim and frail-looking youth when outside the cage, but whose indomitable strength of nerve, presence of mind, skill, and energy when shut in with the wild beasts are truly remarkable. All the bears and wolves perform in turn under his command ; but the unusual and astonishing item is the perfect training of two adult Polar bears. Two lionesses and a lion are also kept in good though reluctant subjection. But the one emotional performance is that with the lioness Coralie, said to have caused the death of three men. No sooner in the central cage than she seems to go mad, growling and bounding up to the ceiling, yet she is made to jump over a barrier and stand blank firing, showing her teeth and snarling, but obeying the stronger will. This was the first programme. A great sensation was created in Boulogne by the fact

that Gilbert Pezon was to publicly begin training a lion who had only been in his possession a fortnight or so, and a lioness also a late acquisition. And, truly enough, with only one previous short rehearsal, was this moving spectacle given. Never shall I forget it. Brutus, a magnificent black lion in his prime, was brought into the central cage with some difficulty. Saïda, a full-grown splendid beast, had to be separated from her three cubs, who are only six weeks old. Everyone knows how dangerous is a lioness when a mother. By the time she reached the central cage she was in a wild state of rage. It must be remembered that both beasts were untrained. When Gilbert Pezon entered the cage, he looked slighter and smaller than ever as he faced these huge terrible animals ; but he seemed to rise to be a giant as he towered over them by his will and daring. A revolving firework was lighted, and as the lions roared at him in fury, he lashed them into jumping the barrier over and over again, despite their resistance. At one moment the lioness made a spring at him, but, without losing his presence of mind, and with admirable dexterity, he turned the gun in his hand and threw the butt end in her opened jaw. (After the performance I saw the marks of her teeth in the wood, and it made one shudder to see the deep indentations.) Leaving the cage for one moment, despite cries of "Enough," Pezon re-entered, and whipped back the lions into their own cage, two infuriated, enraged beasts, but conquered. Never was so thrilling a drama acted ; the audience was wrought to the highest pitch of excitement, the only cool and collected person being the youth who had just risked his life.

MARIE DE MENSIAUX.



The Late Mr. E. L. Blanchard.

“DWARD LITT LAMAN BLANCHARD, born December 11, 1820; died September 4, 1889.” These were the words we read on our dear old friend’s coffin in a little chamber of flowers—a veritable chapel of love that had been built up by affectionate hands in his last home in Victoria Street a few brief weeks ago. Many of his old and faithful friends who followed him to his pretty grave close by his dear old mother, under a weeping willow in the sunny Hanwell Cemetery, were surprised that he was not in reality the “old man marvellous” that he was supposed to be. If age is determined by the store-house of a wonderful memory, then our departed friend must have been born before the century, for he knew, or seemed to know, things that happened long before he was born. But the sad and widowed companion of his later years, who was weeping and disconsolate upstairs, told some of us the mystery of his evergreen life, the method of his work, and how it came to pass that he was never somehow at a loss for a fact, and could decide dramatic disputes, and seem to recall theatrical incidents, long forgotten, with never-failing accuracy. He was not possessed, as many imagined, of a very extensive theatrical library. His books he treasured, but it was not on the bookshelf that his recollections or historical data were found. After he died it was discovered that he had kept, as his father had done before him, a diary in which was faithfully recorded every dramatic fact of importance during his long and busy lifetime. These diaries of the old actor, William Blanchard, the father, and of E. L. Blanchard, the son, will no doubt be one day published, for in them is a most valuable *précis* of dramatic history that will be priceless to the student. And not only that; the diary of E. L. Blanchard will be found to contain a pathetic story of the life of an earnest, honest, and hard-worked journalist in the beginning of the century, and long before journalism and periodical literature were as flourishing as they are now—a man who was ever plodding, but seldom getting paid; always trusting, yet often deceived; a man who was often dinnerless and supperless, but who contrived to pay his way—to live honourably; for, as is shown by this record, he never owed a shilling to a human being in his life.

For my own part I never could lead myself to believe that E. L. Blanchard was an old man. His mind was so bright, his manner so buoyant, his step so elastic. Hundreds of miles we have walked together in the county of Kent and about the Gravesend district that he loved so, and every inch of which was so familiar to him, and never did

youngster have a more charming companion. He used, in the old days of the Arundel Club, where I met him night after night listening to his stories, romances, and anecdotes, to invite me down to his little home at Gravesend, and then we would tramp off for two or three days together, stopping at the little village inns among the flowers and the hop-fields, each roadside public being connected in his mind with some anecdote, and each innkeeper the sworn friend of the lithe and active man, who was known to every villager and child in the district. How well I remember one lovely Sunday afternoon when, in company with Horace Green and William Belford, we were laughing and talking along a copse full of white blossom, the spring sun shining brilliantly at the time, that E. L. B. determined to have a joke with a simple rustic sauntering to church. He called the idle fellow to his side, and taking a magnifying glass from his pocket proceeded to light his pipe with the sun's burning rays reflected on the glass. "God ha' mercy; he's a magician!" shouted the rustic, as he scampered off, whilst we all roared with laughter. Another trip in the good old man's company I am never likely to forget. We went by the boat from London Bridge to Margate, disembarked there, walked round the coast by Kingsgate and Broadstairs to Ramsgate, and then in the gloaming of an early summer day crossed the damp and dreary sandhills between Sandwich and Deal. Oh! the ghost stories that he told me as we passed the lonely spot where some poor innocent Kentish maiden was murdered by one Martin Bax, a sailor, and he made me almost shiver in my shoes until we found a warm welcome at the cosy hotel on the Deal beach, where we rested for the night. The next morning we were off again along the coast by St. Margaret's to Dover, he carolling about beanfields and their love essence until we reached the train, and came home again refreshed and invigorated by our tramp round about the island.

But there never was such a companion as Blanchard. He made the dreary task of playgoing a pleasure for many a long year. Who would mind going up to Sadler's Wells to see a new play when E. L. B. was there to act as guide and counsellor, and take us off to some hostelry, where he ever had a story to tell about the merit of a particular tap of ale, or the advantage on a cold winter night of "white rum" at the Angel, or the stomachic properties of "shrub"? Wherever he led we were bound to follow. Whether it was to Highbury Barn, or to the Surrey, or to the Grecian, or any of the outlying theatres, there was always some old inn at hand, with a history attached to it, or some refreshment better there than anywhere in the world. Who that ever accompanied the "old man garrulous" can ever forget the simple dinners at the old Edinburgh Castle, near St. Mary's in the Strand, where "John" the waiter attended to our wants; or Carr's, near St. Clement Danes, where once on a time you could get a pint of extraordinary Beaune for a shilling; or the Old Scotch Stores, in Oxford Street, where under the consoling eye of "Curtis," the head waiter, we have cracked many a bottle of old port in a cosy mahogany



[From a Photograph by Mayall 224, Regent Street.]

MR. E. L. BLANCHARD.

box by a warm winter fire. It seems to me that the days of cheery conviviality departed with the enterprise of Spiers and Pond, the abolition of the old coffee-house, and the advent of the flashy restaurant bar. No one loved the old coffee-house life better than E. L. B. He remembered the days when the inn parlour was the debating club of the district, and has often told me that as a lad he wrote all his best work—plays, stories, poems, guide books, miscellaneous essays—in the quiet box of an inn parlour after a frugal meal and over a consoling “churchwarden.”

There was never a less jealous man than my good old friend. He took me by the hand when I was very young, he gave me good advice and the fruits of his long experience, he encouraged me in every way one man can do to another, and when, in after years, I was selected as his assistant on the important paper on which he had been the leading dramatic authority for years, his friendship increased rather than diminished. This, according to my experience, is very rare in the busy world of journalism, and it deserves to be recorded in tribute to a most sincere and generous nature. Almost up to the very eve of his death I received encouraging words and warm praise, generous, heartfelt expressions of sympathy, from the man whose place I had taken when wearily he laid down his charming pen, and could attend to the drudgery of daily journalism no more. The letters of E. L. B. encouraging me to work on and do better, thanking me for this glimpse of a play or that description of an actor, I shall treasure among my most precious possessions, for they prove in truth that “a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.”

I saw him but a few weeks before he died, and, cheering up at the sight of an old friend, he talked as delightfully as in the old days. Everything had been done for him that loving hands could do to make him happy in his new abode, but he was never reconciled to the break up of the beloved home on Adelphi Terrace, where he spent the happiest days of his life; and, in fact, until I paid him my last visit, he had not even had the courage to go round his new home. There he sat among his books smoking his pipe, brightening up as he told me some curious tales of his own early youth; but I could see that his resting time was not far off, and he and I knew that we should meet no more on this earth.

He died as we should all like to die, with loving hands of a tender woman to cross his over his breast, with lips that he adored to touch his for the last time before the calm face was closed away for ever; with the prayers of faithful friends murmured over his coffin; with flowers of remembrance scattered in abundance over his grave; with hearts of little children to keep his memory green; and with not one unkind thought, or hateful memory, to be blotted out as the dull earth fell upon the coffin lid, and the sun shone to light him to his everlasting rest. May he rest in peace!

C. S.

Our Play=Box.

"THE POSTSCRIPT."

Comedietta, in one act, by F. HAMILTON KNIGHT.

Placed in the evening bill at the Vaudeville, Saturday, August 24, 1889.

Col. Sir Clive Cutler,	Marjorie Fleming ..	Miss ALICE BRUCE.
Bart., V.C. Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Mrs. Treherne	Miss CICELY RICHARDS.
Harold Treherne ..	Mr. WALLACE ERSKINE.	

It was on February 14 of last year that Mr. Hamilton Knight's poetical little play was first tried at a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's, with Mr. Brandon Thomas as Sir Clive Cutler, Mr. Lewis Waller as Harold Treherne, Miss Norreys as Marjorie Fleming, and Miss Fanny Enson as Mrs. Treherne. With the exception of Miss Cicely Richards I must think that the original members of the cast did more justice to the author's work, which being of a delicate dainty nature requires dainty handling. The Colonel is guardian to Marjorie, the child of an old brother officer, and when she is just growing into womanhood, in order to watch over her future he proposes to marry her, and she, out of gratitude only, accepts him. He has to go on service, and Marjorie is left *en pension* at St. Malo, the house she is in takes fire, and her life is saved by Harold, the stepson of her greatest friend, Mrs. Treherne. The young fellow falls in love with the girl he has saved, she returns his affection, but is at length obliged to confess she is engaged. The Colonel comes home at this time, and finds in Mrs. Treherne his first love; circumstances have separated them, but they still retain a fond recollection of their former happiness; and so when Harold brings in a letter for Marjorie, in which he expresses his sorrow for the unmanly words he used on discovering her engagement, the Colonel opens the letter and adds a postscript in which he yields his claim to Harold, the old warrior looking forward to a union with his former sweetheart. Mr. Julian Cross treated the character of Colonel Cutler in almost a low comedy vein, and was altogether too bluff and rugged. Mr. Wallace Erskine was not earnest enough as Harold Treherne, and Miss Alice Bruce, who made her *début* in London, was naturally very nervous, but showed promise. Miss Cicely Richards was very sweet and unaffected as the kindly Mrs. Treherne, a lady whom past disappointments have not embittered, but rendered charitable and forbearing.

"THE MIDDLEMAN."

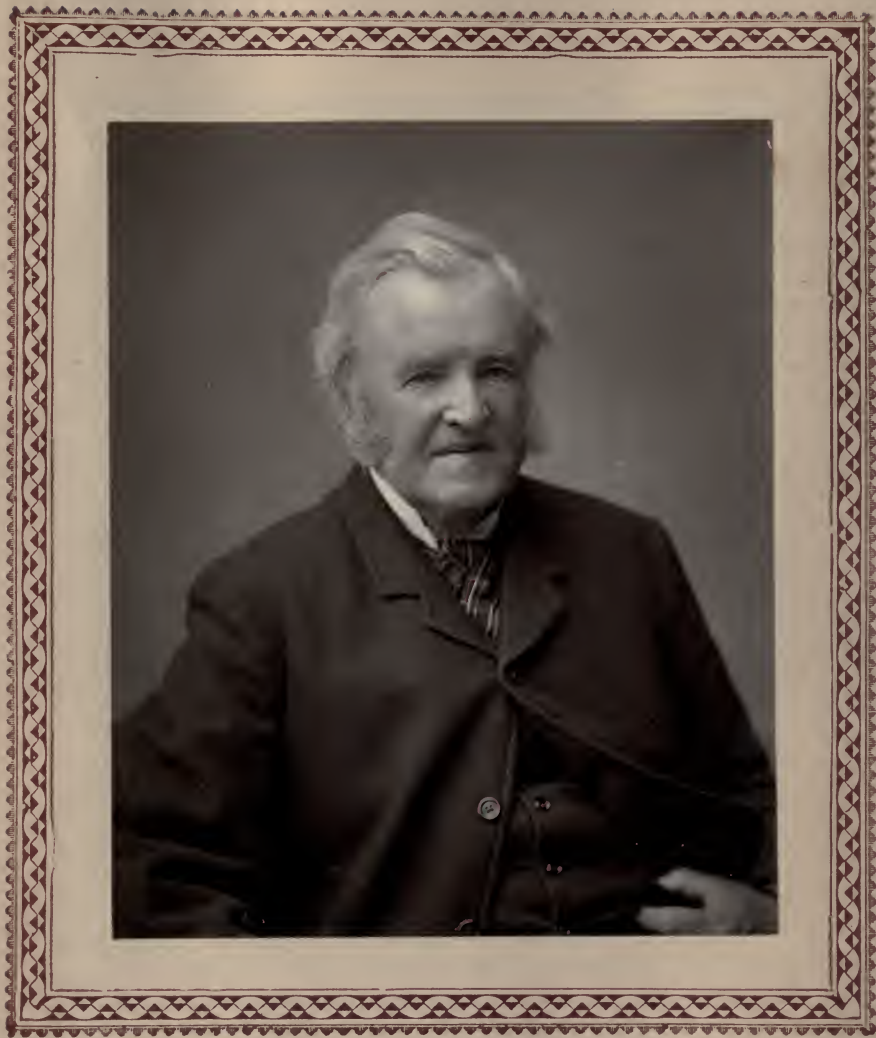
New and Original Play of modern English life, in four acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

First produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Tuesday evening, August 27, 1889.

Cyrus Blenkarn ..	Mr. WILLARD.	Epiphany Danks ..	Mr. CECIL CROFTON.
Joseph Chandler ..	Mr. MACKINTOSH.	Postman	Mr. T. SIDNEY.
Captain Julian		Dutton	Mr. RIMBAULT.
Chandler	Mr. HENRY V. ESMOND.	Servant	Mr. HUGH HARTING.
Batty Todd	Mr. H. CANE.	Mary	Miss MAUDE MILLETT.
Jesse Pegg	Mr. E. W. GARDEN.	Nancy	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.
Sir Seaton Umfraville ..		Mrs. Chandler ..	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.
.. ..	Mr. IVAN WATSON.	Maude Chandler ..	Miss AGNES VERITY.
Daneper	Mr. W. E. BLATCHLEY.	Lady Umfraville ..	Miss JOSEPHINE ST. ANGE.
Vachell	Mr. ROYSTON KEITH.	Felicia Umfraville..	Miss EVA MOORE.

The autumn season at the Shaftesbury opened most propitiously, and it is difficult to pronounce which was the most successful, Mr. Henry Arthur





MR. JOHN MADDISON MORTON.

“ Though to his pen so many errors fall,
Read ‘ Box and Cox ’ and you’ll forget them all ! ”

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR “ THE THEATRE ”
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

Jones's play, or Mr. Willard's acting of the principal character in it. It must perhaps be admitted that "The Middleman" is almost a one-part play, that the interest is centred on Cyrus Blenkarn; yet the author has given us in Joseph Chandler a man now unfortunately but too common in these days of "sharp practice," when almost any means justify the end to be won—the attainment of wealth and its accompanying worldly success. In Batty Todd, too, we have a sharp calculating toady, who believes in himself, selfish to the backbone, and ever ready to pander to his employer's foibles, so long as something is to be gained from him. Cyrus Blenkarn is an enthusiast in his potter's art. Up to the time that the story opens he has thought nothing of the pecuniary advantages that arise from his discoveries; in fact he has parted with them one after another, for a mere song, to Chandler, who has enriched himself on the results. The great desire of the old potter's life is to recover the secret of the Tatlow ware; this one desire and his intense affection for his daughter Mary, who sympathises with and encourages him in his artistic research, make up the whole of the old man's existence. To his utter despair he learns that his Mary has fallen a victim to Captain Chandler. Blenkarn implores of the father that his son shall make the only reparation in his power, but the purse-proud upstart has other views for his son—he wishes him to marry Felicia, the daughter of Sir Seaton Umfraville, as the baronet can be of use to him in his political views, and help him into society. The Captain wishes to make Mary his wife, but his father so manages that he shall go abroad on duty without seeing Mary, and suppresses all his son's letters to her. The poor girl, to hide her shame from her doting parent, leaves home, and leads him to suppose that she has committed suicide. When old Blenkarn learns this his whole nature changes: hitherto he has been kindly, and has closed his eyes to all worldly advantage; now he becomes fierce in his desire for revenge, energetic in his researches after the lost secret of the making of the Tatlow ware, that by its recovery he may amass wealth and destroy Chandler. He registers a vow to this effect in a splendid burst of elocutionary frenzy, which brought down the curtain on the second act in a wild burst of enthusiastic applause. Blenkarn leaves Chandler's service, establishes himself in his own small firing house, and struggles for the means to keep the kilns alight. He has no coals, he has exhausted his credit and the good nature of his few friends, who will lend him no more money to waste, as they think, on the visionary schemes of a madman. Like a second Bernard Palissy he burns the furniture, he tears down the woodwork of his miserable dwelling to feed the fires, but all seems of no avail. When success appears to be just within his grasp, for the want of a few pounds he will fail. He sinks down in despair, cursing his hard fate; one of the ovens has cooled far too soon he fears, but he breaks it open, and then among some that are spoilt he finds the perfect specimens that tell him he has triumphed. The last act, after two of such power, is scarcely so strong, but yet contains much that is admirable. Two years and a half are supposed to have elapsed. Blenkarn has

become rich; his ware has completely ousted from the market that of Chandler, who, seeing his business leaving him, has speculated wildly with his capital, and has been obliged to part with Tatlow Hall, of which Blenkarn has become the purchaser, and from whom the former owner, bombastic yet mean-spirited when in affluence, but now cringing and suppliant, begs some little employment to keep him from starvation. Blenkarn is of too sterling a nature to thoroughly enjoy his revenge, its fruits are to him after all as Dead Sea apples. What are the abasement of his former master, the possession of wealth and power to *him*? They will not give back to him his lost Mary, for whom his other daughter Nancy, now happily married to her faithful lover, Jesse Pegg, is no substitute. And so, weary of his triumph, and with his naturally kind heart disposed to forget his wrongs and to forgive, Blenkarn is almost accepting Chandler's overtures, when he learns that the Captain has returned home with his wife. That another woman should hold the position that should have been his daughter's rouses all his fury; he is preparing to drive them all from his house, when his eye falls on the advancing figures, and in the happy woman hanging on her husband's arm he recognises his Mary, who is soon once more clasped in his loving arms. From first to last Mr. Willard was equally good, whether as the dreamy enthusiast, as the almost insanely raging human being, goaded nearly to madness by the remembrance of his wrongs and his repeated failures in his long tried efforts, as the successful yet disappointed man, or as the loving father whose happiness is secured when his daughter is restored to him. In all of these Mr. Willard was intensely human and sympathetic, and achieved a magnificent artistic triumph. Next to him must be mentioned Mr. Mackintosh's subtle and clever rendering of the contemptible character of Chandler, and Mr. Cane must also be highly complimented on his glibness and ready tact as the pushing Batty Todd. Mr. Garden as the diffident lover and Miss Annie Hughes as Nancy, a veritable Kate to her admirer, yet a sweet and loving child to her father, were amusing studies, and Mr. Cecil Crofton deserves mention for his little bit of character acting as Epiphany Danks. Mr. Henry V. Esmond, though he spoke his lines with earnestness and feeling, marred their effect by his *gaucherie* and angular poses, arising perhaps from nervousness. I must own I was sadly disappointed in Miss Maude Millett, who showed but little emotion, and missed a fine opportunity of proving to us she was capable of a really higher class of performance than we have hitherto seen her in. The other parts were well filled. The piece was perfectly mounted, and at its close Mr. Jones, Mr. Willard, and Mr. Lart looked, as they naturally would, intensely pleased and happy when they stepped before the curtain, for the reception afforded them testified to a most complete and genuine success.

"LOVE'S TRICKERY."

Operetta, in one act. Libretto by CUNNINGHAM BRIDGMAN; music by IVAN CARYLL.
First produced at the Lyric Theatre, Saturday, August 31, 1889.

Roland Moss ..	Mr. HERBERT SIMS REEVES.	Larkyns ..	Mr. JOHN LE HAY.
Count Pauliteck-		Lady Daffodil ..	Miss AMY F. AUGARDE.
nick	Mr. W. T. HEMSLEY.	Lady Leela ..	Miss HETTIE LUND.

The author of "Love's Trickery" has, out of slight materials, produced a merry little piece, for which the composer has furnished some very charming music, notably the duet "Wait and See," for Lady Daffodil and Leela, the ballad "Story and Song," sung by Roland, and the quartette for the four principals. The deceased Lord Daffodil had promised the hand of his daughter Leela to Count Paulitecknick on her attaining the age of eighteen. But she has in the meantime fallen in love with Roland Moss, a handsome tenor, and the Count has given his affection to a German lady. In order to enable the Count to wed the woman of his choice, he persuades a friend of his, Guy Silverthorne, to take his place with the fair Leela under his name. Roland, hearing of this, is beforehand, and introduces himself to Lady Daffodil as the veritable Count, and induces Silverthorne, in order that he may learn the character of Leela without being known, to pass himself off as the Baron Tête de Veau. Eventually things come right, as Guy Silverthorne proves to be an old lover of Lady Daffodil, who gives her consent to the marriage of Leela and Roland. The lyrics of "Love's Trickery" are smoothly written, and the orchestration is worthy of very high praise. The only character that was not quite in harmony with the surroundings was that of Larkyns, but Mr. Le Hay has, no doubt, ere this toned it down considerably. The rest of the artists acquitted themselves admirably. The librettist and composer had to bow their acknowledgments.

"A MAN'S SHADOW."

New Drama, in four acts, adapted from the French play "Roger la Honte," by ROBERT BUCHANAN.
First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, Thursday evening, September 12, 1889.

Lucien Laroque }	Mr. TREE.	Lacroix	Mr. GURNEY.
Luversan		Usher	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.
Raymond de Noirville ..	Mr. FERNANDEZ.	Valet	Mr. LEITH.
M. Gerbier	Mr. ALLAN.	Henriette (wife of La-	
Picolet	Mr. COLLETTE.	roque)	Mrs. TREE.
Tristol	Mr. E. M. ROBSON.	Suzanne (her daughter) ..	Miss MINNIE TERRY.
Jean Ricordot	Mr. HARGREAVES.	Victoire	Miss NORREYS.
President of the Court ..	Mr. KEMBLE.	Julie (wife of de Noir-	
Advocate General	Mr. TAPPING.	ville)	Miss JULIA NEILSON.

In its original form as produced at the Ambigu twelve months ago in Paris, the "Roger la Honte" of MM. J. Mary and G. Grisier would most decidedly not have suited a Haymarket audience, but Mr. Buchanan has so deftly adapted the powerful story, retaining all that was valuable and casting off what was superfluous, that "A Man's Shadow" secured one of the most decided successes. It goes without saying that the favourable reception was also due to the general excellence of the cast. The French version was founded on a novel that appeared in *Le Petit Journal*, and the story was spread over two generations, but as the strong scene of the piece as then played, which had been worked up to, culminated in the third

act, the remaining scenes lost much of their interest. By his masterly condensation, and the writing of an entirely new last act, Mr. Buchanan has avoided all chance of weariness, and has retained the interest in the play right up to the final fall of the curtain. Lucien Laroque, during the Franco-Prussian War, has saved, at the imminent risk of his own, the life of Raymond de Noirville, and they have become firmly attached friends. On their return to Paris the latter resumes his profession as an advocate, while the former endeavours to re-establish his business as a manufacturer. But during the hostilities the business has dwindled away to nothing, and Laroque must become a bankrupt unless he can raise a sum of two hundred thousand francs due to M. Gerbier, a banker. During the war a



spy named Luversan has been taken prisoner, and condemned to death by Laroque and De Noirville, but escaping by a miracle he owes a deep debt of hatred to the men who have convicted him. Laroque and Luversan so strangely resemble each other as to be readily mistaken for one and the same man. Laroque visits the advocate to explain to him the position of his affairs, and discovers in Julie, Madame de Noirville, a worthless mistress of his youth. Now happily married, and with one child, Suzanne, he repels Julie's renewed advances, and transforms her into a bitter enemy. Luversan, who knows of her past life, threatens her with exposure

unless she supplies him with funds, and, soon discovering her present feelings towards her former lover, persuades her to join with him in an endeavour to ruin him. Laroque has paid to M. Gerbier 100,000 francs in notes. Luversan, having obtained hush money from Julie, now determines to try his fortune with Laroque. Whilst at the latter's house M. Gerbier, who lives opposite, is seen counting his money, and calls to Luversan, mistaking him for Laroque, to come over for the formal receipt for the sum paid. Luversan goes, determines to seize the opportunity to rob him, and, after a struggle with the banker, shoots him down, and takes the notes, the deed being witnessed by Madame Laroque and by little Suzanne and Victoire, the servant, who imagine that in the murderer they recognise husband, father, and master respectively. With fiendish cunning the spy then drops into Laroque's letter-box the roll of notes accompanied by a letter purporting to come from Julie imploring him to accept the assistance thus offered. Laroque is arrested; his servant and child are called as witnesses; little Suzanne, faithful to a promise made to her mother, will disclose nothing, even though entreated by her father to speak the truth, and so, as he hopes, exculpate him. The possession of the notes is damning evidence against him, but he prefers to suffer condemnation rather than confess the source from whence they came, and so bring dishonour on his friend, who is defending him. Luversan, to wreak his spite on De Noirville, and as he thinks to ensure the ruin of his other enemy, causes Lucien's supposed letter to be handed to De Noirville. He reads it. Notwithstanding the horror of his discovery, he determines to be true to the man whose cause he is advocating, though it will entail the confession of his wife's shame. In a powerful speech he is addressing the jury, and asserting that he can prove Laroque's innocence. He is just about to utter the name of the woman who sent the notes when he drops dead, the excitement having been too much for a constitution already weakened by wounds received during the campaign. Laroque is sentenced to penal servitude in New Caledonia. He escapes from thence, and returns to France. Luversan becomes aware of this, and is doing his best to hand him over to the police, when Julie de Noirville, repentant of the evil she has done, confesses everything to Madame Laroque, who is thus convinced of her husband's innocence. The confession will also clear him in the eyes of justice. Soon after Henriette meets Luversan, and taxing him with the crime is detaining him. Her screams for assistance bring in the gendarmes, who, thinking it is Laroque endeavouring to escape, shoot the man down, the real Laroque almost at the same moment appearing at the head of the stairs as his wife and child rush forward to embrace him. The third act is undoubtedly the strong one—the interior of the Assize Chamber, with its realistic and novel features of French procedure, the impressive ceremonial of the trial, the sufferings of the innocent prisoner, the agony of his child, all vividly impress themselves on the audience. Here Mr. Fernandez certainly took the honours of the evening, and was absolutely grand, not only in the expression of the torture he was suffering

at the discovery of his wife's baseness, but in his impassioned pleading for the man who had so betrayed him. His address roused the usually apathetic Haymarket audience to a very storm of applause. Mr. Beerbohm Tree in a remarkably clever manner preserved the outward similarity of the two characters he was representing, and at the same time made the difference of their moral natures as apparent as possible; the one noble and chivalrous, the other a crafty *vaurien*, the voice and gait even were altered. His changes were most rapidly effected, and the final one was a perfect *tour-de-force*. Mr. Kemble's manner as the President of the Court was admirably dignified and his delivery most impressive. Mr. Gurney rendered the character of Lacroix, the police agent, a most effective one. Mr. Collette and Mr. E. M. Robson, whilst thoroughly amusing, deserve the greatest credit for restraining any tendency to overdo their comic parts, in which they satirise the French law of divorce. Mr. Hargreaves gave an excellent bit of character acting as Jean Ricordot. Mrs. Tree, though pleasing, was scarcely intense enough as the wife, horror-stricken at the crime, as she thinks, her husband has committed, though the expression of her features left nothing to be desired. The Suzanne of Miss Minnie Terry was a surprising performance for so young a child, and would no doubt have been stronger but for the cough from which she was suffering. Miss Norreys gave an exquisite touch of pathos, and exhibited a true dramatic instinct in the one scene in which she had her opportunity. Miss Julia Neilson realised the success that her first appearances shadowed. Her handsome face and rich-toned voice conveyed the expression of the passions running riot in the person of the lovely but treacherous adventuress Julie, and her repentance at the close was tenderly and pathetically portrayed. Mr. Tree and his company were repeatedly called, special favour being shown to Mr. Fernandez. The author also appeared, and Mr. Tree, being forced to say a few words, announced that there would shortly be given *matinées* of classical plays.

"LONDON DAY BY DAY."

New and Original Drama, in four acts, by GEORGE R. SIMS and HENRY PETTITT.

First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, Saturday, September 14, 1889.

Frank Granville ..	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.	The Major.. ..	Mr. H. COOPER.
Henri de Belleville ..	MONS. MARIUS.	Usher	Mr. R. CLIFFORD.
Tom Galloway.. ..	Mr. J. L. SHINE.	Police Sergeant ..	Mr. JAMES HOWE.
Patrick O'Brien ..	Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.	Violet Chester.. ..	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
Harry Ascalon.. ..	Mr. L. RIGNOLD.	Maud Willoughby ..	Miss MARY RORKE.
Peter Marks	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Dolly Blossom.. ..	Miss CLARA JECKS.
General Granville ..	Mr. THEO. BALFOUR.	Mrs. Blossom	Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.
Lord Kempton	Mr. JAMES EAST.	Mrs. Wimblett	Miss HATTIE HARTNOLL.
Tim Tibbets	Mr. W. NORTHCOTE.	Rosie Coventry	Miss MADGE MILDREN.
Jack (a street Arab)	Miss KATE JAMES.	Mrs. Jones	Miss ALICE BRONSE.
Mr. Judson	Mr. J. NORTHCOTE.	Phemie	Miss LAURA GRAVES.
James Morgan	Mr. H. RUSSELL.	Jessie	Miss MADGE RAY.
Henry Williams ..	Mr. S. WILFRED.		

"London Day by Day" has become a household word, thanks to the columns of one of our leading daily papers, and Messrs. Sims and Pettitt hit on a clever idea in using it as the title of their new piece, and thereby conveying that in that we should have a glimpse at least of every phase of life in this wonderful metropolis of ours. And the authors have fairly acted

up to the spirit of their title, for we are introduced to a Jew money-lender's office, whence often come the funds that enable the *jeunesse dorée* to disport themselves at such clubs as the Lotus to which we are carried, and where we see the young nobles whose great aim is to appear as like stage-coachmen as possible. Then we see Leicester Square and the Alhambra by night, a scuffle with the guardians of the peace, the coffee-stall and the motley class that avail themselves of it. We have the perpetration of a murder, we hear a case tried in a metropolitan police-court, and are carried down to St. Katherine's Wharf with a view of "the silent highway." This is a realism of life that pleases those who fill the large pit and gallery at the Adelphi, who also readily catch at high-flown sentiments; and so the authors, wise in their generation, do their best to satisfy the appetite of their patrons, and it seems successfully. There is nothing particularly new in the incidents set before us, but they are ingeniously fitted together, and appear to spring naturally from each other. Violet Chester is a charming girl, who has suffered for a wrong she never committed. When governess to a family, some jewels, a portion of a robbery, were found in her trunk; she was convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, and on release was to be under the surveillance of and to report herself to the police. This she has not done, and is therefore in comparative hiding at Hampton Court, earning her living as an artist. Frank Granville has fallen in love with her, and offers to make her his wife. She refuses on account of her past, but he still persists. Henri de Belleville, a thorough scoundrel, has also proposed to her, for he has learnt that Patrick O'Brien, who has come from Australia in search of her, is trustee for the sum of £100,000, which has been bequeathed to her by the repentant thief that caused her to be charged with the theft, and O'Brien also knows who was the accomplice. De Belleville, through the agency of Peter Marks, a broken-down lawyer and agent to Ascalon, the money-lender, uses his knowledge of the girl's being out on ticket-of-leave to press his suit. Her past is made known to General Granville, Frank's father; he up to this time has been friendly to the poor girl, but now refuses to sanction his son's addresses to her. Driven from her retirement, she hides herself in London apartments, where she is visited by Maud Willoughby, who proves to be De Belleville's wife, he having some years before married her under the name of Granville, as he wrongfully claimed to be the General's eldest son. Peter Marks, not altogether lost to all sense of good, experienced some kindness at Frank Granville's hands, and in gratitude for it tells him that Mrs. Willoughby can afford him effectual means of staying De Belleville's persecution of Violet. Frank calls on Mrs. Willoughby late at night, and she promises to assist him. Soon after he has gone, De Belleville comes to the house to endeavour to secure her silence as to their marriage, and, as she tells him that if he persists in his designs on the girl she will use her knowledge of his being a robber and an assassin, De Belleville murders her. He is escaping when he meets Violet at the door. As she will be able to give evidence of his having been the last to enter the house, and so fix the

crime on him, he endeavours to drag her away. O'Brien and Frank come to her rescue, and she manages to escape in the scuffle, but not before De Belleville has denounced her to the police. Feeling she is no longer safe in England, Violet is about to sail for Bordeaux, and De Belleville thinks it better to make himself scarce, and he is also at the St. Katherine's Docks. Frank is there to see Violet off, when the police arrive and charge him with the murder of Mrs. Willoughby, but he refutes the accusation, and the crime is brought home to De Belleville through the testimony of Violet and Jack, a street Arab. Ascalon, the scoundrelly money-lender, is proved to be no other than Moss, a notorious thief, and the accomplice of the man whose tardy confession has cleared Violet's character. This is the outline of the plot, and to help in the development of it there are Tom Galloway, an amateur boxer and sporting cabman, capitally played by Mr. Shine; his sweetheart, pert Dolly Blossom, equally well filled by Miss Clara Jecks; Jack, the street Arab, rendered to the life by clever Miss Kate James; and a very subordinate part, that of Jessie, the flower-girl, characteristically done by Miss Madge Ray. Mr. George Alexander, the newcomer to the Adelphi, proved a success, and will soon become a great favourite. Without any straining after effect, he was manly, sympathetic, and chivalrous. Mons. Marius was a plausible, good-looking villain, and Mr. J. D. Beveridge the cheeriest and kindest hearted of Irishmen. Mr. L. Rignold was most amusing as the conventional stage Jew, an exaggerated conception, but one for which he was not to blame. Mr. Abingdon was excellent as the drink-sodden, bemused lawyer, Peter Marks, a man that had once been a gentleman, and, despite his fallen state through his consuming passion, still bearing the semblance of one. The two heroines, Violet Chester and Maud Willoughby, were equally safe in the experienced hands of Miss Alma Murray and Miss Mary Rorke. Messrs. Bruce Smith and W. Perkins have painted some excellent scenery. The views of Hampton Court, Leicester Square, and St. Katherine's Wharf were particularly striking and effective.

"THE BRIGANDS."

Opera Bouffe, in three acts, composed by OFFENBACH; English adaptation by W. S. GILBERT (from the French of MEILHAC and HALEVY).

First produced in London at the Avenue Theatre, Monday, September 16, 1889.

Falsacappa	Mr. HALLAM MOSTYN.	Domino	Mr. FREDERICK POLLARD
Pietro	Mr. HORACE LINGARD.	Barbavano	Mr. JOHN AMBROSE.
Antonio	Mr. SAM WILKINSON.	Carmagnola	Mr. E. MORAND.
Baron Campotasso ..	Mr. GEORGE HONEY.	Florella	Mdlle. AGNES DELAPORTE
Count of Gloria-		Princess of Grenada	Miss MARIE LUELLA.
Cassis	Mr. MAURICE DE SOLLA.	Fiametta	Miss GERALDINE ST. MAUR
Duke of Mantua ..	Mr. LAURENCE WENSLEY.	Adolphe of Valadolid	Miss DAISY BALDREY.
Fragoletto	Mr. FRANK WENSLEY.	Preceptor of the Princess of Grenada ..	Mr. CHARLES BURBY.
Pipo	Mr. J. W. CREASE.		

Under the title of "Fal-sac-ap-pa," Mr. H. S. Leigh's adaptation of Offenbach's "Les Brigands" was first heard at the Globe on the opening night of Mr. Richard Mansell's management, April 22, 1871, when A. St. Albyn was the brigand chief; F. Dewar, Pietro; Signorina Annetta Scasi, Florella; Mdlle. Marguerite Debreux, Fragoletto; the Princess Emma Matchinsky,

Princess of Grenada ; Mdle. Cornelia d'Anka was the Prince of Boboli, and Miss Harriet Coveney, Adolphe. Miss Nelly Nesbitt was also included in the cast, and in the company playing in other pieces on the same evening were included Miss Marie de Grey, Miss Annie Jordan, and Mr. Edgar Bruce, &c. The story is not a very complicated one. Falsacappa learns that his band is discontented because they have not sufficient exercise in their profession. His daughter, Florella, has set her maiden affections on Fragoletto, a young farmer, who is taken prisoner and is about to be shot for being respectable, when he gets out of the difficulty by consenting to become a bandit. His first exploit is to capture a Government courier, from whose despatches the bandits discover that the Princess of Grenada is close at hand on her way to wed at the Court of Mantua, and that her portion is to be three million francs. Falsacappa makes prisoners of the Princess and her followers, his daughter assumes her character, and he and his band form her suite after overcoming the escort of Horse Marines, commanded by Baron Campotasso. The impostors present themselves at the palace, and are well received, but a slight difficulty arises ; the dowry is not forthcoming, the amount having been appropriated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Antonio. The real Princess and her escort having escaped and suddenly appearing, the brigands are discovered in their true characters, but are pardoned on account of Florella having once saved the Duke's life. The piece serves as a vehicle for some very pretty scenery and rich costumes, but the music is certainly not the best that Offenbach has composed, and the story did not prove too amusing. In French and with French exponents it would doubtless be more lively. Mr. Hallam Mostyn displayed plenty of energy and vigour in the character of Falsacappa, and possesses a good voice, but it requires discipline. Mdle. Agnes Delaporte, who has to assume several disguises, was a dashing Florella, and imparted plenty of go to the character, but rather forced her singing. Miss Marie Luella was encored for her song, "We are Spaniards by birth." Mr. Frank Wensley sang very unaffectedly and sweetly, and deserved the most favourable mention in the cast. His song, "When you on my cottage employed," is remarkably pretty, and merited the encore it obtained. Mr. Laurence Wensley filled the small part of the Duke of Mantua more than capably, Mr. Sam Wilkinson and Mr. George Honey showed themselves possessed of plenty of humour, and a graceful dance was very charmingly executed by Miss Millie Marion. Mons. Auguste Van Biene conducted, and the piece was produced under the direction of Mons. Marius. With the exception of the laughing chorus to "Should he expect us to be paying," which went capitally, none of the concerted numbers created any great enthusiasm.

"KING JOHN."

SHAKESPEARE'S Historical Play. Special dramatic performance under the direction of Mr. Edward Hastings, given at the Crystal Palace, Thursday afternoon, September 19, 1889.

King John	Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.	Philip Faulcon-	
Prince Henry	Miss AYLWARD.	bridge, afterwards	
Arthur, Duke of Bre-		Sir Richard Plan-	
tagne	Miss NORREYS.	tagenet	Mr. F. H. MACKLIN.
William Marshall,		James Gurney.. ..	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS.
Earl of Pembroke ..	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.	Peter Pomfret.. ..	Mr. GRAFTON.
Geffrey Fitz-Peter,		Philip Augustus,	
Earl of Essex	Mr. WARDEN.	King of France ..	Mr. BASSETT ROE.
William Longsword,		Louis, the Dauphin	Mr. FRED TERRY.
Earl of Salisbury ..	Mr. EDMUND GURNEY.	Archduke of Austria	Mr. STEWART DAWSON.
Robert Bigot, Earl		Giles, Vicomte de	
of Norfolk	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.	Melun	Mr. CHARLES ALLAN.
Hubert de Burgh ..	Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ.	Chatillon, Count de	
English Barons ..	Messrs. BARR, LAKE,	Nevers	Mr. ARTHUR ELWOOD.
	CLARKE, JONES, GIL-	French Herald ..	Mr. FORBES DAWSON.
	BERT, PERCY, &c.	Cardinal Pandolph.	Mr. H. KEMBLE.
Sheriff of Northamp-		Citizen of Angiers..	Mr. A. B. TAPPING.
ton	Mr. MONTAGUE.	Queen Elinor	Miss HENRIETTA LINDLEY.
English Knight ..	Mr. S. HERBERT BASING.	The Lady Constance	Miss AMY ROSELLE.
English Herald ..	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.	Blanch	Miss MURIEL AUBREY.
Robert Faulcon-		Lady Faulconbridge	Miss MORLAND.
bridge	Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD.	Attendant Ladies, Misses WILLIAMS, GRANT,	
		SMITH, HASTINGS, &c.	

The completeness with which "King John" was produced at the Crystal Palace may almost lead us to infer that we shall see it again at the Haymarket during some of those "classical" *matinées* which the enterprising manager lately announced; for it will be remembered that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" had its preliminary canter at Sydenham. The revival of "King John" would, in all probability, prove most acceptable in town. To many it would come as a complete stage novelty, for it has not, I think, been seen in London since 1873, though during the preceding forty years it had several times, at intervals, been revived. The character of the moody, treacherous King has been a favourite one with some of our foremost tragedians of the past. There is also great scope for acting in the parts of Philip Faulconbridge, of Louis of France, of Hubert de Burgh, and of Prince Arthur, and a grand opportunity is always afforded to the actress who undertakes to appear as the Lady Constance. Many of the smaller parts can also be made of importance, and whilst the stir and animation of the more warlike scenes alternate with the woes of Geffrey's widow, the supplications of the young Prince find a fitting climax in the death scene of King John. Mr. Hastings had secured a powerful cast, and, taking into consideration the difficulties of rehearsals which came so immediately on the production of the new play at the Haymarket, there was little to complain of, and far more to praise. Mr. Beerbohm Tree gave further evidence of his remarkable versatile power in the kingly dignity, the subtlety of the general characterisation, and the effective closing moments of the dying monarch. Mr. Macklin played with vigour, yet most discreetly. He was the gay, bold soldier of fortune, courageous to rashness, true to the king who had ennobled him, and yet, though so frequently the predominant character, never thrusting himself into prominence. Mr. Fernandez's Hubert was a sound, earnest, sterling performance, and his lines were always delivered with due emphasis. This will also apply to Mr. Bassett Roe and Mr. Fred Terry. The Lady Constance of Miss Amy Roselle found great favour; it was

intensely pathetic and moving, yet the result would have been more satisfactory had there been more of dignity in the sorrows of one whose "grief is proved," and then feeling it can say—

"Here I and sorrow sit.

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

Miss Norreys touched the hearts of her audience by her exquisite pleadings; throughout this young actress played most naturally, and looked the character of Prince Arthur to perfection. Mr. Charles Brookfield distinguished himself as Robert Faulconbridge. Mr. A. B. Tapping deserves special mention for the clearness of his delivery as the Citizen of Angiers. Mr. Edmund Gurney was an outspoken William Longsword; and Mr. Arthur Elwood a properly defiant Chatillon. Miss Henriette Lindley was very successful as Queen Elinor. Messrs. Nathan deserve credit for the handsome and correct dresses they provided; and Mr. Hastings's general management left nothing to be desired. Mr. Tree, Mr. Fernandez, Miss Amy Roselle, and Miss Norreys were honoured with the most emphatic calls.

"RUY BLAS AND THE BLASÉ ROUÉ."

New Burlesque, in three acts, by "A. C. TORR" and HERBERT F. CLARK, music by HERT MEYER LUTZ.

First produced in London at the Gaiety Theatre, Saturday, September 21, 1889.

Ruy Blas	Miss NELLIE FARREN.	Trumpeter	Miss BLANCHE MASSEY.
Don Cæsar de Bazan ..	Mr. FRED LESLIE.	Officer	Miss ALICE YOUNG.
Queen of Spain . . .	Miss MARION HOOD.	Don Salluste	Mr. CHARLES DANBY.
Donna Elto	Miss LETTY LIND.	Major Domo	Mr. BEN NATHAN.
Donna Christina . . .	Miss SYLVIA GREY.	Court Physician . .	Mr. FRED STOREY.
Duchess Agio Uncertanti	Miss LINDA VERNER.		

No one could accuse a certain section of the English people of being undemonstrative on the Saturday night when *the* Gaiety Company reappeared. People clapped their hands, waved handkerchiefs, hurrahed, shouted, as their several favourites successively appeared. For Miss Farren the gods hung out a banner, "The boys welcome their Nellie," when Mr. Leslie came on they sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," and they applauded Miss Marion Hood to the echo. And the kindly feeling which animated the audience extended itself to the burlesque, which in itself is not the most brightly written, and occasionally flagged. But what of that? there was really plenty of amusement and fun contributed by Miss Farren, who, besides her own character of Ruy Blas, assumes disguises as a "Portia," à la Ellen Terry, and is by turns a mashing hidalgo and a crossing sweeper, a Toreador, and a sweep, "My Sweetheart" in white, and a Pauline Deschapelles. Mr. Fred Leslie, after the *haillons* of Don Cæsar, is a strolling player, an artless maid in white, a Scotchman and an Irishman in one, makes up as Madame Katti Lanner, and finally as Mr. Henry Irving, and in that character joins in the famous *pas-de-quatre* from "Faust up to Date," with Mr. Ben Nathan as Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Storey as Mr. Edward Terry, and Mr. Danby as Mr. Toole. Besides some capital solos and *pas seuls*, Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie have, among others, a taking

duet, "Ma's Advice," and a topical ditty, "I've just had a wire," and two excellent *pas de deux*. Then Miss Marion Hood sang very sweetly "The Song of my Heart" and "In Dreamland," Miss Letty Lind danced a "Toreador Waltz" to perfection; Miss Sylvia Grey also "witched the world with her twinkling feet." Mr. Fred Storey gave us one or two of those eccentric dances in which he is so clever, and there was an admirable "Laughing Quintette." All Herr Meyer Lutz's music is bright and sparkling, the choruses are animated, and are done justice to by a bevy of lovely young ladies in beautiful costumes, and the scenery is exquisite. As to the play on which the burlesque is supposed to be founded, save in the first act, where it is fairly closely followed, we hear but little of it; but for all that the night was a thoroughly successful one. During the short time that the theatre has been closed it has been most artistically redecorated. The scheme of colour is different shades of blue relieved by a slight treatment with dead gold, the whole bearing out the designs on a Persian vase. The upholstery, curtains, &c., are blue, the boxes are hung with papers in harmony with the surroundings, and the house presents a beautifully light and refreshing *coup d'œil*. The renovation has been carried out by Messrs. Campbell and Co., under the supervision of Mr. Romaine Walker, and is deserving of the highest praise. Altogether the new Gaiety season has started most successfully.

"THE ROYAL OAK" (Period 1651).

A Historical Romantic Drama, in five acts, by HENRY HAMILTON and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

First produced at Drury Lane Theatre Royal, Monday, September 23, 1889.

Charles II. . . .	Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.	Humphrey Penderel . . .	Mr. FRED THOMAS.
Lord Wilmot . . .	Mr. ARTHUR SEATON.	Mat Blake	Mr. WILLIAM PARKES.
Sir Bevis Cholmondeley	Master FRANK STEPHENS.	Abel Wood	Mr. STANISLAUS CALHAEM.
Dorian Cholmondeley	Mr. ARTHUR DACRE.	Ned Thornycroft . .	Mr. FRANK HARRISON.
Colonel Ancketell . .	Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE.	Brook	Mr. WALTER URIDGE.
Sergeant Hophni Greaves	Mr. FRED DOBELL.	Lieutenant of the Tower	Mr. GEORGE FINCH.
Corporal Trumbull .	Mr. FRANK COLLINGS.	Servant at the "George Inn" . .	Mr. STAUNTON.
Ezra Hackett	Mr. JAMES ELMORE.	Servant at Boscobel House	Mr. RICHARDS.
Rev. Melchizedek .	Mr. HENRY LORAINÉ.	Lady Cholmondeley .	Miss ADA NEILSON.
Seek-and-find . . .	Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS.	Mildred Clavering .	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Walk-in-the-way . .	Mr. R. C. LYONS.	Patty Woodroffe . .	Miss FANNY BROUGH.
Dearlove	Mr. E. W. GARDNER.	Alison Culpepper . .	Miss VENIE ATHERTON.
Captain Nicholas Tattersall		Deborah Wood . . .	Miss SYBIL GREY.
Richard Penderel .		Susan Sloe	Miss E. VERNIE.

The story of the new production at Drury Lane Theatre is an interesting one, but as played on the opening night its development took far too long; This will, of course, be remedied immediately, and it will then be time to speak in detail of the acting, which was all round excellent, but for which there will be fairer opportunities when the drama plays closer. Without at present going into detail, it may be said that the "Merry Monarch" is endeavouring to escape from the Roundheads, and takes refuge at Lady Cholmondeley's, whose son Dorian is betrothed to Mildred Clavering. She, to save her lover's life, accepts the proposals of Colonel Ancketell, a villainous Parliamentarian, and is suspected by her lover of encouraging the advances of King Charles, who, forgetful of the ties of hospitality and

honour, makes love to her. Corporal Trumbull fires at the King, but the bullet kills young Sir Bevis Cholmondeley. After various hairbreadth escapes, in which he is assisted by Mildred and her maid, Patty Woodroffe, and Walk-in-the-way Dearlove, the King eventually gets away to France by the lugger Swiftsure, Dorian Cholmondeley nearly paying with the loss of his head on Tower Hill for having assumed the character of his royal master. The scenery can at once be spoken of in the very highest terms. Nothing could be more perfect than "The Park, Monk's Norton," in which take place rural sports and dances. "The Hall" of the demesne exhibits a fine interior; "The Royal Oak" is a triumph of scenic painting; "The Beach, Shoreham," with the shifting shingle, the salt spray, the lurid clouds through which the moon struggles, and the tossing boat bearing off the fugitive King, are extraordinarily true to nature; and "Tower Hill" as filled by a motley crowd surrounding the platform on which is the headman's block, with the grim executioner, attended by the Parliamentary guards, the officers of state, &c., form a picture not yet surpassed. When, at the close of the performance, which had lasted four and a half hours, Mr. Augustus Harris stepped forward and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, are you satisfied?" there was an unanimous "Yes" in reply from all parts of the house. Independently of the drama, it is well worth a visit to "Old Drury" if only to view the rich and tasteful manner in which the house has been redecorated. The fine ceiling is beautifully painted in panels, containing eight allegorical figures representing Music and Dancing; an elaborate frieze on a blue ground runs round the building, and bears prominently the names of past great actors; and round the dress circle stand out prominently such authors and composers as Balfe, Congreve, Mozart, Shakespeare, &c. The grand staircase, the foyer, &c., have undergone complete restoration, and the entrance, now fitted with handsome stained-glass doors, give admission to a commodious lounge and fumoir. Nothing has been left undone that may administer to the comfort and elegance of the building.

CECIL HOWARD



Our Omnibus=Box.

After this present number, *THE THEATRE* will be published at 78, Great Queen Street, by Charles Eglington. All MSS., tickets for performances, &c., should in future be sent to the Editor at that address. As the amateur dramatic season will now shortly be recommencing, the Editor would feel obliged if the Secretaries of A. D. Clubs would forward to him, as soon as possible, a list of fixtures, &c., for publication, and on the respective dates the performance will be duly noticed in the magazine.

As a rule "benefits" are to be objected to, but there are some cases in which they may be taken in the full acceptance of the term. Such a one is that which it is to be hoped will soon be arranged on behalf of Miss Maud Brennan, "an admirable actress and an excellent woman." Miss Brennan has had much suffering of late, and has undergone more than one operation at the Westminster Hospital in consequence of an accident she met with in America. It is hoped that Miss Brennan will soon be well enough to leave the hospital, but having to support an invalid mother her resources are so much reduced as to leave her almost penniless. In the meantime any assistance that can be rendered her in her dire necessity will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. C. L. Carson, the editor of "The Stage," to whom contributions may be sent.

In the July number of *THE THEATRE* there appeared a memoir of the late Mrs. Isabel Dallas-Glyn. It was impossible at the time to obtain a photograph of the deceased lady, but since then the editor of this magazine has been kindly favoured with one, a reproduction of which is now given.

Those who wish to while away an hour or two pleasantly should read Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" (to say nothing of the Dog), with illustrations by A. Fredericks. The little book is published by Arrowsmith, Bristol, and is an amusing account of doings on a river trip.

An entirely new and original drama in five acts entitled "My Jack: a Story of Land and Sea," written by Benjamin Landeck, was produced at the Surrey Theatre on Sept. 9, and appeared to afford intense gratification to the immense audience assembled. The play was of the veritable "transpontine" order, and no complaint could be made as to want of



MRS. D. ISABEL DALLAS-GLYN.

thrilling situations. The hero, a brave sailor lad, rescues the brother of his sweetheart from the foaming billows, she herself having gone off *à la Grace Darling* to succour him. Further, the said hero is accused of murder, performs prodigies of valour in Africa, a lighthouse is blown up, and buries the unfortunate keeper in its ruins, there are a wicked baronet, who does all he can to compass the ruin of the hero, and the comic sailor and his lass who befriend him, and the heroine is of course accused of being false to her true-love. But all comes right in the end, and when the author, a very young man, has learnt to cut down his dialogue to reasonable limits he may hope to produce something thoroughly worthy of notice, as there is considerable stuff in "My Jack." The piece was excellently mounted, and Mr. C. J. Hague as the hero, Mr. George Conquest as a wily murderous Greek, Mr. George Conquest, jun., as the jolly Irish sailor (though his brogue was not always perfect), Mrs. Bennett as a very charming and sympathetic heroine, and Miss Jenny Lee as a blind old lady, deserve very favourable mention.

Miss Vane Featherston made her first appearance on any stage some few years ago at the Olympic Theatre immediately on her leaving school, and gained experience by playing small parts at the Royalty, Duke's, Adelphi, and Haymarket Theatres. During these engagements the fair subject of our photograph was known in the dramatic world as Miss Vane only, but being by this time tolerably assured that the career she had chosen would be a successful one, on joining the "Caste Company" to tour she took her full name, and has since played as Miss Vane Featherston. The provinces witnessed her successes as Polly Eccles, Naomi Tighe, Mary Netley, and Mrs. Pinchbeck ("Home"), and during the year and a half Miss Featherston was touring the characters of Sam Willoughby, Nan, Molly Ledger, Lottie ("Two Roses"), Anne Carew ("Sheep in Wolf's Clothing"), Mildred and Alice (the twin sisters in "Blow for Blow") added to her reputation. On returning to town short seasons at the Criterion and Olympic followed, and in 1884 Miss Featherston joined Mr. Charles Hawtrey's Company at the Globe to play Edith Marsland in "The Private Secretary." A three years' engagement ensued, during which the young actress was highly spoken of as Freda in "The Pickpocket," Amelia in "The Lodger," Mrs. Featherstone in "The Snowball," Maggie in "The Doctor," Mrs. Tubbs in "Merry Margate," and Constance Dubois in "Tenterhooks." In more serious parts, such as Lizetie in Cecil Raleigh's powerful and touching drama "The Spy," and as Muriel in "The Inheritance" (by the same author), produced at a *matinée* at the Comedy Theatre on May 16, Miss Featherston showed such high emotional power, and played with such intensity, as to obtain the most favourable notice, and to lead us to hope that in her next engagement she will have frequent opportunities of doing justice to even more powerful characters, for she evidently possesses the capacity.

Thanks to the energy of Mr. J. T. Grein, the London correspondent of the *Revue d'Art Dramatique*, and joint adapter of "A Man's Love," several plays and comic operas will be produced at Amsterdam by the Royal Dutch Comedy Company, which will in future pay authors' fees, and so by degrees do away with the system of piracy that has hitherto existed in Holland. The following is a list of the plays sold to the company:—"Marina," by John Colman; "East Lynne," by John Colman and J. Chute; "Woodbarrow Farm," by Jerome K. Jerome; "The Missing Man," by H. Sutherland Edwards and L. Wagner; "The Profligate," by A. W. Pinero; "The Middleman," by H. A. Jones; "Erminie," by H. Paulton and Jakobowsky; and some half-dozen other pieces are being treated for. Mr. Grein hopes in time to bring about a union of foreign publishers which will protect the rights of English novelists as well as of dramatists.

"Master and Man," a four-act drama, by Henry Pettitt and G. R. Sims, which was originally produced at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, has been played during the past month at the Pavilion, and has met with as great success as it did in the provinces. It is the story of a nefarious ironmaster and his still more nefarious associate, a hunchback, who are both in love with the heroine, she all the while giving her heart and hand to the virtuous hero, with whom she may eventually look forward to leading a happy life, after his having proved to be innocent of an attempted murder and they have jointly recovered their stolen child from a party of mountebanks. Retributive justice is nearly dealt out to the hunchback, who is on the point of being thrown into a furnace, but is saved by the magnanimous hero.

There is apparently room for two sets of Promenade Concerts at the same time, and the public is the gainer, for the competition keeps up the high standard of the programmes. *Seniores priores*, Covent Garden has specially distinguished itself with its classical nights, and has included amongst its vocalists the popular favourite Nikita, Mdme. Hope Glenn, Mdme. Patey, Mdme. Clara Samuell, Mdme. Rose Hersee, Miss Fanny Joyce, Mdme. Antoinette Sterling. Signor Foli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Percy, Signor Ciampi, Walter Clifford, &c., and amongst its instrumentalists Miss Nettie Carpenter and Mr. Carrodus (violin), Mdlle. Anna Teresa Berger (cornet), &c. At Her Majesty's Mr. J. H. Leslie has introduced "Plébiscite" concerts, so that the majority of votes shall decide the pieces to be selected, and this system has been much appreciated. The principal soloists have been Miss Alice Gomez, Miss Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Charles Manners, Mrs. Shaw (siffleuse), Mr. R. Groome, Mdlle. Marguerite Macintyre, Mr. Edward Lloyd, M. Henri Marteau (violin), Mdlle. Hetta Lippmann (pianoforte), Mr. Wotton (bassoon). As another inducement to those who like sweet sounds, and yet at the same time to enjoy their cigar,

instrumental music is now performed in the handsome conservatory smoking saloon by Zerega's Spanish Troubadours.

A new musical and dramatic monologue, brightly and cleverly written and entitled "Grown Up," preceded "Proof" at the Princess's Theatre on Monday, Sept. 9. Miss Nina Verity, the heroine, is supposed to be just eighteen, and to have returned from her first ball; and so she goes over the events of the evening—her meeting with a former boy lover, Jack, now come to man's estate, and how her dearest friend Jane tried to steal him away; of her own *penchant*, and the delights of the dances, and the supper, and the flirtations; and at last sings herself to sleep as she clasps an old doll, a once favourite plaything to be put aside now that its owner has grown up. Miss Catherine Lewis (Mrs. Lewis-Robertson, who is the authoress of the monologue, and who commenced her dramatic career at the Lyceum in 1873, and has since achieved a world-wide reputation with the Carl Rosa Opera Company in England, and in a round of operatic characters in Australia and America) played with remarkable spirit, and sang a charming *berceuse* by Mr. Edmund Spence exquisitely. Another song, in which the young lady is supposed to be somewhat elated from taking too much champagne, was very cleverly and artistically sung, but would perhaps have been better omitted. Miss Lewis has achieved success as an actress in the leading characters in "Called Back," "The Country Girl," &c., and hopes to produce in London a comedy written by Mr. Robertson, entitled "Keepsakes," which has been favourably received abroad.

John Maddison Morton, the veteran and kindly author of innumerable farces, one of which alone—need we say "Box and Cox"?—has perhaps produced more genuine laughter than dozens by other writers, was born at Pangbourne, near Reading, January 3, 1811, and from 1817 to 1820 was living in Paris and Germany. He was then put to school at Islington for a short time, but from the close of 1820 up till seven years later he had for a master the celebrated Dr. Richardson at Clapham, and found congenial schoolfellows in Julian Young, Charles James Matthews, John Kemble, Henry Kemble, John Liston, Dick Tattersall, and young Terry, son of Terry the actor. Five years later, in 1832, Lord John Russell appointed Maddison Morton to a clerkship in Chelsea Hospital, in which office he remained till 1840, when he resigned, not liking desk work any better than his friends of a later day, W. S. Gilbert and Robert Reece. He had evidently inherited the dramatic instinct from his father, Thomas Morton, the well-known author of "Speed the Plough," "Town and Country," "The Way to Get Married," "Secrets Worth Knowing," &c., for Maddison Morton had only been three years a Government clerk when he turned his attention to farce writing. In April, 1835, his "First Fit of the Gout" was produced at the Queen's Theatre in Tottenham Street.

The principal parts were played by Wrench, Morris Barnett, and Mrs Nisbett, for in those days the best actors and actresses did not consider it degrading to appear in farces, and in some of those by the subject of our photograph figure such celebrities as the elder Farren, Madame Vestris, Liston, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Buckstone, Mrs. Stirling, Wright, Mrs. Glover, Compton, Harley, Robson, Charles Mathews, Sothorn, Toole, Howe, &c. Unfortunately farces went out of fashion in favour of the extravagance, the puns and the strained tomfooleries of the modern burlesque, which gave the first knock-down blow to the old-fashioned farce—which, when written by Maddison Morton, was full of dry, sententious humour, and of which the plots, though occasionally taken from the French, were distinctly original and pungent in their dialogue. Few of the present generation of playgoers had seen in public the author of “Box and Cox” until on Monday, December 7, 1885, the three-act farce, entitled “Going It,” was produced at Toole’s Theatre. It was in the old vein—bright, witty, and bristling with verbal quips; and having kept the house in a continued roar of laughter, the author was called for, and Mr. Toole led on an elderly gentleman of the old school, prim, neat, well-set up, and rosy-cheeked as a winter apple. Should the taste for short farces revive, there are still several most amusing plays by the same writer that have not yet been acted, and which would be well worth producing. Though Benjamin Webster told Maddison Morton “that he had made more money by farces than any other description of drama,” the latter benefited comparatively little by them at the time, and through press of circumstances, and as the only means of discharging liabilities he had unavoidably contracted, he was compelled to part with his copyrights, “the accumulation of a life’s laborious and not unsuccessful work”—work which, in all probability, brought about the writing of Burnand’s “Cox and Box,” and later the literary and musical partnership of Gilbert and Sullivan. Quite lately Mr. Morton produced for the special use of amateurs a book of “Plays for Home Performance,” which are well worthy of notice. The universally-esteemed and gentle-hearted playwright is now “a poor brother of the Charter House,” to which, on the nomination of Her Majesty, this great and accomplished gentleman was appointed in the year 1881. “Here,” as he himself writes, “I shall doubtless spend the short time I may have to live, and then be laid in the quiet little churchyard at Bow—not, I hope, entirely unwept, unhonoured, nor unsung.” That one who has ministered so truly and harmlessly to the enjoyment of hundreds may yet pass many days of cheeriness and contentment must be the earnest hope of all; but in the meantime let us show our appreciation of his past labours by making the benefit which is to be given in his behalf at the Haymarket Theatre, in the course of the present month (October), such a success as will prove the esteem in which we hold John Maddison Morton.

Mrs. Langtry made her reappearance on the English stage on Monday, September 9, at Wolverhampton, as the heroine in “Esther Sandraz.”

During the week she also played Rosalind in "As You Like It," and Madame de Pompadour in "After the Rehearsal," by Charles Osborne. The "Jersey Lily" was very favourably received, and was ably supported by Mr. Laurence Cautley, Mr. Everill, Miss Le Bert, and Mr. Bourchier, who has joined the professional ranks. This last-named gentleman has long been an eminent amateur, having distinguished himself as a good actor as far back as when he was at Eton.

Miss Wallis will commence a twelve nights' engagement at the Grand on October 21, and will fill the title-*rôle* in Mr. Wills's "Ninon," her original character. Mr. Harrington Baily will again be her business manager. There will be a few *matinées* of "The Middleman" at the Shaftesbury, but Mr. Willard cannot promise very many, as he finds the *rôle* of Cyrus Blenkarn one of the most arduous he has ever undertaken; but he and his co-manager, Mr. Lart, have arranged for the reproduction at *matinées* of such plays as "Used Up" and "Daddy Hardacre," which will be novelties to the younger generation. The booking for "The Middleman" is almost unprecedented, and it is stated that it will be put on at Palmer's Theatre, New York, next season, when Mr. Willard has promised to appear in his original part. By-the-by, a new version by Mr. Alfred Berlyn of "Le Luthier de Cremone," to be entitled "Filippo," is shortly to be seen at the Shaftesbury. "Proof" is going remarkably well at the Princess's. Mr. Caffrey now appears as Chamboran, and has made a decided hit.

Miss Alice Atherton has been so successful in the provinces in Bronson Howard's "Cousin Kate" (the new name given to "One of our Girls"), that we shall hope to see the piece played in London at an early date.

Mr. Fred Horner contemplates a season at Toole's Theatre, and will produce during this month his new farcical comedy, "The Bungalow," for which a strong company, including clever Miss Cissy Grahame, has been engaged. Mr. Horner, it will be remembered, collaborated with M. Médina in "Pépère," which has been well received in Paris.

None of the theatres will long remain closed. "The Castle of Como," an opera by Major Cockle, founded on the "Lady of Lyons," is to be tried at the Opéra Comique on the 28th inst., and it is now arranged that the American actress, Miss Loie Fuller, will open the Globe Theatre on October 18 with Howard Taylor's "Caprice," which has been well esteemed in the United States. Mr. Fuller Mellish has been engaged to support her.

"In Danger" holds well its own at the Vaudeville. Mr. Fred Terry now plays Allan Stanford *vice* Mr. Lewis Waller, who has resumed his part in "The Profligate" on tour. Maddison Morton's capital farce, "Betsy Baker," with Miss Cicely Richards as Betsy, now precedes "In Danger."

Mr. Fred Mervin succeeds Mr. Dennison at the Court in the part of Colonel Tavenor in "Aunt Jack," which is playing to immense houses, Mrs. John Wood and the principals having, if possible, improved in their several parts; and the fun is fast and furious.

Those who have not yet been to the little Strand Theatre to see Mr. Willie Edouin in "Our Flat," should certainly do so if they like a hearty laugh. Miss May Whitty now very ably fills Miss Fanny Brough's part as Margery Sylvester.

"Paul Jones" has passed its 250th night at the Prince of Wales's, and is still such an attraction that it is impossible to say how much longer it may run. Miss Agnes Huntingdon (in whom Mr. Horace Sedger discovered a gold mine), after the able manner in which she so long filled the title-*rôle*, deserved a short holiday, and during her absence the youthful privateersman found an excellent representative in Mr. Templar Saxe.

Mr. Henry J. Leslie, notwithstanding his multifarious duties at the Lyric, where, by-the-by, "Doris" has steadily increased in favour, and his management of Her Majesty's, will find time to preside at the annual dinner in aid of the Musical and Dramatic Sick Fund. Great preparations are already being made at Her Majesty's for the production of "Cinderella" on a most costly scale, and with the strongest cast. Miss Minnie Palmer will, after all, be the little lady to wear the glass slipper, and Miss Violet Cameron is to be the handsome Prince. Covent Garden is to have a circus again at Christmas, for which the only "real live lion" that can or will ride on horseback has been secured by Mr. F. Thomas and Mr. Augustus Harris, who will also have a pantomime of "Cinderella."

There is quite an exodus of actors and actresses leaving for America. Mr. H. B. Conway, Mr. William Terriss and Miss Millward, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and their company, Miss Eastlake, Mr. Wilson Barrett and his company, have sailed, or are on the point of sailing, for New York; and may every prosperity and all success attend them. Before leaving for his second visit to the States, Mr. Wilson Barrett has been playing a round of his principal characters in the provinces, and has been everywhere received in the most enthusiastic manner.

"Randolph the Reckless," the two-act operatic extravaganza, of which Victor Stephens is both author and composer, was produced in London at the Elephant and Castle with great success; the music is bright, and the story most amusing. Miss Alice Aynsley Cooke, Miss Alice Brookes—a remarkably pretty young lady full of go and vigour—Mr. Victor Stevens, Mr. T. P. Macmillan, and Mr. Harry Fischer particularly distinguished themselves.

New plays produced and important revivals in London from August 12, 1889, to September 23, 1889:—

Revivals are marked thus.*

- Aug. 24. "The Postscript," one-act comedietta, by Hamilton Knight. Vaudeville (in evening bill).
- „ 27. "The Middleman," new drama, in four acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. Shaftesbury.
- „ 31. "Love's Trickery," operetta, in one-act, libretto by Cunningham Bridgman, music by Ivan Caryll. Lyric.
- Sept. 5. "On Probation," four-act comedy, by Brandon Thomas and George H. Jessop (for copyright purposes). Elephant and Castle.
- „ 9. "Randolph the Reckless," operatic extravaganza, in two acts, libretto and music by Victor Stevens (first time in London). Elephant and Castle.
- „ 9. "My Jack," five-act melodrama, by Benjamin Landeck. Surrey.
- „ 9. "East Lynne" (new version), by the late Joseph Paulton. Marylebone.
- „ 9. "Lucky Star," drama, in four acts, re-written by George Corner and E. Matthews. Britannia.
- „ 12. "A Man's Shadow," new drama, in four acts, adapted by Robert Buchanan from the French play, "Roger la Honte," of MM. J. Mary and G. Grisier. Haymarket.
- „ 14. "London Day by Day," new and original drama, in four acts, by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Adelphi.
- „ 16. "Master and Man," drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt and George R. Sims (first time in London). Pavilion.
- „ 16. "The Brigands," opera bouffe, in three acts, composed by Offenbach, the English adaptation from the French of Meilhac and Halévy by W. S. Gilbert. Avenue.
- „ 19.* "King John," Shakespeare's historical play. Matinée. Crystal Palace.
- „ 21. "Ruy Blas and the Blasé Roué," burlesque, in three acts, by "A. C. Torr" and Herbert F. Clark, music by Meyer Lutz. Gaiety.
- „ 23. "The Royal Oak," grand romantic and historical drama, in five acts, by Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris. Drury Lane.

In the Provinces, from August 12, 1889, to September 18, 1889.

- Aug. 16. "The Rose of Windsor," new English legendary opera ; words by Walter Parke, music by Bond Andrews. Prince's Theatre, Accrington.
- „ 19. "False Evidence," Irish drama, in five acts (author unannounced). St. James's Theatre, Manchester.
- „ 23. "The Great Globe," military drama, in four acts, by J. O. Stewart. Victoria Theatre, Stalybridge.
- „ 26. "Cousin Kate," comedy, in four acts, by Bronson Howard. Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- Sept. 2. "The Brigands," comic opera, new version by W. S. Gilbert, music by Offenbach. Theatre Royal, Plymouth.
- „ 3. "Ruy Blas and the Blasé Roué," burlesque, by "A. C. Torr" and Herbert F. Clark, music by Meyer Lutz. Grand Theatre, Birmingham.
- „ 6. "A Mean Advantage," comedietta, adapted from the German by Rudolph Dircks. Prince of Wales's Theatre, Blackpool.
- „ 9. "Danger Ahead," domestic comedy drama, in four acts (author unannounced). Grand Theatre, Nottingham.
- „ 14. "A Brace of Gaol Birds," drama, in one act, by Mark Melford. T.R. Sheffield.
- „ 16. "Nanon," new comic opera, written and composed by Richard Genée. New Grand, Birmingham.
- „ 18. "A Bijou Residence to Let," comedietta, in one act, adapted from the French by Mme. Van de Velde. T.R. Nottingham.
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In Paris from August 17, 1889, to August 30, 1889.

- Aug. 19. "Les deux font la paire," one-act comedy, by MM. René Lafon and Noiroi. Dejazet.
- „ 21. "Les Petits Mystères de l'Exposition," vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Milher and Numés. Théâtre Cluny.
- „ 22. "Le Coffret," one-act comedy, by M. Julaime. Renaissance.
- „ 22. "Pepère," comedy-vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Médina and Julaime. Renaissance.
- „ 30. "Jack l'Eventreur," drama, in five acts and seven scenes, by MM. "Xavier Bertrand" and "Louis Clairian" (MM. Gaston Marot and Péricaud). Chateau d'Eau.

THE THEATRE.



In and Out of Shakespeare.

By the Author of "Shakespeare Diversions."

I.—NOW ARE WE IN ARDEN.



NOTHING, in Hartley Coleridge's judgment, can exceed the mastery with which Shakespeare, without any obtrusive or undramatic description, transports the imagination to the sunny glades and mossy shadows of umbrageous Arden. The leaves are well said to "rustle and glisten," the brooks murmur unseen in the copses, the flowers enamel the savannahs, the sheep wander on the distant hills, the deer glance by and hide themselves in the thickets, and the sheep-cotes sprinkle the far landscape all spontaneously without being shown off or talked about. "You hear the song of the birds, the belling of the stags, the bleating of the flocks, and a thousand sylvan, pastoral sounds beside, blent with the soft complaints and pleasant ambiguities of the lovers, the sententious satire of Jaques, and the courtly fooling of Touchstone, without being told to listen to them." Shakespeare is thus duly credited with doing all that the most pictorial dramatist could do, without ever sinking the dramatist in the landscape-painter. It is Hazlitt, I think, who says the forest of Arden can alone compare with the mountain scenes in "Cymbeline;" yet how different the contemplative quiet of the one from the enterprising boldness and precarious mode of subsistence in the other! The gallant sportsmen in "Cymbeline" have to encounter the abrupt

declivities of hill and valley; Touchstone and Audrey jog along a level path. The deer sighted by Polydore and Cadwal are only regarded as subjects of prey,—“The game’s afoot.” With Jaques they are fit subjects to moralise upon at leisure, “under the shade of melancholy boughs.”

“Well, this is the forest of Arden,” quoth Rosalind, in the guise of Ganymede, when first the three fugitives from court find a resting place in that woodland region. And whereabouts in the map is Arden? “Between the rivers Meuse and Moselle,” some matter-of-fact expositors at once reply. And they tax the author of “As You Like It” with geographical ignorance accordingly, in supposing that in French Flanders there could be a lioness to kill and a palm tree to flourish. Most reasonably, as well as heartily, a good critic of these bad critics desires them to allow poetry to have a geography of its own. He, for one, has no wish to learn that Bohemia is without a sea-coast, no wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the atlas, no wish to see our forest of Arden identified with the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus. He is quite satisfied that Shakespeare meant to take his forest out of the region of the literal when he assigned to it a palm tree and a lioness. What though Lady Morgan tell us, as a travelled lady, not only that the “forest of Ardennes smells of early English poetry, and has all the greenwood freshness of Shakespeare’s scenes,” but also that it is scarcely possible to feel the truth and beauty of his “As You Like It” without having loitered, “as I have done,” amid its tangled glades and magnificent depths? With Charles Knight we venture to think that it was not necessary for Shakespeare to have visited the Ardennes in order to describe an old oak, whose “boughs were mossed with age, and high top bald with dry antiquity,” and that although his own Warwickshire Arden is now populous, and we no longer find there a “desert inaccessible,” there are fifty places in England where, with the “As You Like It” in hand, one might linger lovingly from noon to dewy eve, and say “Now am I in Arden.”

That we there tread the soil of poetic fancy is indicated only, says Ulrici, through the presence of lions and serpents in the European forest. Another commentator speaks of Arden as a sort of *terra incognita* of chivalry. Poetry must always have something of the vague and indistinct in its character. Science maps out for the places where old-world geographers pictured lions and

elephants to symbolize undiscovered desolation. "Let Arcadia remain unsurveyed." For Shakespeare, too, as Philarète Chasles contends, was bent on the creation of an Arcadia; and Dr. Maginn makes bold to affirm that all the prodigies spawned by Africa, *leonum arida nutrix*, might well have teemed in a forest, wherever situate, that was inhabited by such creatures as Rosalind, Touchstone, and Jaques.

Alexander Smith commenced his studies in a Skye bothy with some reflections on man as an ease-loving animal, enamoured at heart of Arcadian dales, under the shadow of whose trees there are shepherd boys piping "as they would never grow old,"—human nature being vagabond in its tendencies, and therefore attracted to Shakespeare, whose sweet and liberal nature blossomed into all wild human generousities, and whose "As You Like It" is "a vagabond play." The young Glasgow poet protested for his part, that if there waved in any wood that blows upon the earth a forest peopled as Arden was in Shakspeare's imagination, with an exiled prince drawing the wholesomest, humanest lessons from misfortune, a Jaques moralising on the stricken deer, a fair Rosalind chanting her saucy cuckoo song, with fools like Touchstone (not like the fools we know in the flesh), and the whole region from centre to circumference filled with mighty oak-bolls all carven with lovers' names,—then would he, latter-day poet and life-dramatist, whatever his worldly prospects, pack up at once and join that vagabond crew. For there would he count on finding more gallant courtesies, nobler sentiments, innocence and happiness more complete than are to be discovered here, though the quest for them range from king's palace to shepherd's cot. "Just to think how these people lived! Carelessly as the blossoming trees, happily as the singing birds; time measured only by the acorn's patter on the fruitful soil." A world without debtor or creditor; passing rich, yet with never a doit in its purse; with no sordid cares, no solicitude for appearances. Arden forest, alas! is not in any verifiable map; its roots are not of earth, earthy; it draws sustenance from a poet's brain, and the light asleep on its billowy leafage is the light that never was on sea or land. "A bright tradition of the golden age," Wordsworth in effect calls it—when those whom an adverse fate had driven from house and home,

Enter'd, with Shakespeare's genius, the wild woods
Of Arden—amid sunshine or in shade
Cull'd the best fruits of time's uncounted hours,
Ere Phœbe sigh'd for the false Ganymede.

Good Doctor Evelyn, the clerical guide, philosopher, and friend of Plumer Ward's "Man of Refinement"—but who reads "Tremaine" now?—takes or makes occasion to observe of the banished Duke that, had he found no other occupation or interest, no other tongues, books, or sermons—in short, no other "good" than in the trees, brooks, and stones, he would have hanged himself. Then what is it that always makes those lovely scenes of the forest of Arden so enchanting to every taste? Because it is lovely poetry, and because of the "action" of the story—the fate of the usurping brother, whose followers fall off daily, and secede to the rightful ruler, until the right is reclaimed—it being a part of Shakespeare's skill, however, to keep this "action" in the background, for his immediate object is pastoral; but the event of the fable is always on our minds, though secretly, and perhaps insensibly. Had Shakespeare propounded to himself nothing more than mere and absolute solitude, with nothing of hopeful expectancy beyond it, Dr. Evelyn can see in such a picture nothing beyond absolute vacuity. But no such picture is at all in Shakespeare's way, or in the manner of the man. And with him we are safe, as St. Marc Girardin remarks, against *la pastorale* becoming pseudo-pastoral, and against the degradation of drama into declamatory talk or philosophical romanticism; he is never the dupe of the feelings he translates into dramatic action, and even when he depicts enthusiasts is on his guard against becoming one himself. If he represents royalty taking to pastoral life, he is not himself subject to any idyllic illusion; he would not have gone with Hawthorne to Blithedale farm, unless as "a chiel takin' notes, and faith! he'd prent 'em;" he recognises the *invraisemblance* of the "situation," and makes Touchstone his mouthpiece for girding at those who would affect a pastoral life without being veritable shepherds. "*Voilà la fausse idylle que Shakespeare met en scène et dont il se moque.*" With his wonted impartiality he gives us on the one side enthusiasm for pastoral associations, and on the other smart raillery of them; now a fine sympathy with the woodland spirit of reverie, and anon a caution against the affinity of melancholy meditateness to inaction and misanthropy.

To have been in Arden is to have been happy. And though one may not feel happy in coming away, at least one brings thence some happy thoughts, pleasant impressions, dulcet memories that abide and recruit and refresh. With Bon Gaultier,—

I have had a dream of summer—summer in the golden time,
 When the heart had still its freshness, and the world was in its prime.
 I have been away in Arden, and I still am ranging there;
 Still I feel the forest breezes fan my cheek and lift my hair;
 Still I hear the stir and whisper which the arching branches make,
 And the leafy stillness broken by the deer amid the brake.
 Where along the wood the brooklet runs, upon its mossy brink
 Myself a stricken deer I've laid me, where the stricken came to drink.
 There be Amiens and his co-mates, up, yon giant stems between,
 Yonder where the sun is shining, 'neath the oak upon the greens.
 Hark! the throstle-cock is singing! and he tunes his merry note,
 Carolling an imitation of the sweet bird's joyous throat.

And that is As I Like It. I? Yes, and Thou, He, and She,
 We, You, They.



The Forsaken.

A Poem for Recitation.



LONG time upon a raft he lay,
 Alone of all the living,
 Nor marked the hours drift away,
 And knew but when 'twas awful day,
 To feel his thirst reviving.

Three corses once with sway and dip
 Had swung awhile a'near him—;
 He missed their still companionship—
 The hot sea-salt was on his lip,
 The blist'ring sun did sear him.

His hollow eyes were dim and red;
 The Heavens glared derision;
 All but his dusty heart was dead—
 The curse of Cain was on his head,
 And Hell before his vision.

He dreamed;—the air with wood-fire scent
Drove sweetly o'er a village,
Where, type of toil and merriment,
The bee a'twinkle came and went,
In quest of yellow pillage.

Dear God, the place was homely sweet,
And blithely called the linnet;
He marked the little Church, the street,
The butterfly above the wheat,
The poppy flaming in it.

And phantom-faint did the chiming bell,
O'er fields of breathing clover,
Down the long lime-blossoming lane swell
To the garden of rose and asphodel,
With hive-bees swarming over.

But, love! It was a richer note
From out the cottage came,
Lilt-lilting from the whitest throat,
And red-berry lips that sweetly mote
The Graces three outshame.

Two brothers' love, ye understand,
And she the heart of both—
They parted from her on the strand,
And the sleeper clenched his dying hand,
For *he* had not her troth.

They sailed away,—in truth were they
The merriest of the crew,—
But the moaning wind grew day by day,
And the Pleiades burned an ashen grey—
Then storm and wrack they knew.

Ah! dread, as in delirious dream,
The jar of the booming thunder,
The crashing spar and the splinter's gleam,
And the boiling wave that poured with a scream
On gasping wretches under.

A raft ! A raft ! 'midst fume and roar,
A hasty thing contriving,
They crowded down, some pallid score,
They fought for place on its crazy floor
In wan and fearful striving.

And one afloat, with twitching face,
His chest the mad tide drinking,
Clutched—grasped !—But *he*, oh, God of grace !
Bent down and cut him from his place,
And smiled to see him sinking.

Down glowered the storm, they drifted slow,
One day was like another,
But each his anguish would forego
To look askance, and whisper low,
Of the man who slew his brother.

A speck upon the level tide !
It neared, their passage crossed—
Christ ! 'Twas the long-boat at their side,
Full geared, with meat and drink supplied,
That they had launched and lost.

In silence stern they got them in,—
He stood there desolate ;
No tenderness from them might he win,
Who sinned that vile and cruel sin,
And they left him to his fate.

* * * * *

Still far and faint and phantom-clear
Rang out the village bell ;
It grew, it filled his heart with fear,
It burst upon his horrid ear
With loud and awful yell.

He woke—mad shrieks did pierce the gloom,
And his dread soul listened,
The air was thick with flying spume,
And the wind along the wave did fume,
And teeth of lightning glistened.

The tortured raft with strain and groan
 Split through with mighty tearing—
 The sea laughed at his dying moan ;
 The sharks have crunched his every bone ;
 His soul hath fled despairing.

B. B.



Romeo.

"Speakst thou of Juliet?
 How is it with her?
 Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
 With blood removed but little from her own!
 Where is she? And how doth she? and what says
 My concealed lady to our cancelled love?"

"**B**EAUTIFUL!" said Helen Foote, admiringly. "Why, none of you can hold a candle to him, Mr. Conroy. How he throws his heart into his acting! That last bit was superb. If you'd *only* do that in 'The Stranger.'"

I laughed. "Your eloquence always puts me out. I'm occupied in admiring your acting instead of heeding my own," I said gallantly.

Miss Foote shrugged her shoulders. "Nonsense, Mr. Conroy. Where did he come from? I've been ill so long that I've heard no stage news. I suppose he's from London?"

"I believe so. I'm not certain, for he keeps his own counsel very closely."

"Eut what a boy he looks!" Miss Foote cried, as the curtain fell amid rapturous applause.

"He says he is six-and-twenty," I said, laughing.

"Well, and that's ten years younger than I," said Helen Foote, who was not in the least sensitive about her age. "What's his name?"

"Denzil Beatoun." As I spoke, the owner of the name was called before the curtain, and as he bowed in acknowledgment of the repeated plaudits I saw Helen Foote's hand

clench on her black lace fan. For a moment Denzil Beatoun's handsome brown eyes had met hers, and for that space of time she seemed spell-bound. The next moment he was gone, and Helen Foote's colour came back.

"I was right," she said composedly; "he *is* very clever."

The next day Denzil Beatoun was absent from rehearsal, and afterwards, partly from curiosity, partly, I hope, from a kinder feeling, I went round to his rooms in North Craig Street. He was sitting over the fire when I entered, looking very haggard and worn, and idly sketching something on a sheet of paper.

He flung it aside as I came in, but not before I had noticed it was a woman's face, and a very lovely one.

"Now this is very kind of you, Conroy," he said, holding out his hand, "especially in such a busy time. How gets on Tannhäuser?"

"Pretty well," I said, seating myself; "I shall be ready for Monday."

"Who is to be your Lady Halle?"

"Miss Foote, of course."

"She's a fine woman."

"And a fine actress," I returned. "You'll be in raptures with her on Monday, Beatoun. You've never seen her play before?"

"My good fellow, I never go into raptures over anything—not even myself," Denzil Beatoun said coldly, ignoring my question altogether. Rather surprised at his sudden change of tone, I remained silent, and presently he said, "What disgusting weather Letton boasts. We've had nothing but East winds since we came here. They play the mischief with me."

"You don't look very brisk," I assented. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing in particular," he said, wearily; "headache and dizziness, that's all. Oh, I shall be all right for this evening." And then he broke out into a laugh, and, drawing his desk nearer him, held out a small sheet of satin-wove paper. "Read that," he said, abruptly.

I read the few words of invitation, and handed it back to him.

"Lady Erne writes a pretty hand."

"Tush! shall I go or not, Conroy?"

"How can I tell?" I said, in surprise; "it's your own affair, Beatoun."

"I know. But I've grown superstitious for the first time in my life. And I think there is something evil in the road to Erne Manor."

I laughed. "Don't go then."

"I see, you think me a coward," Denzil Beatoun said between his set teeth. "I *will* go, Conroy."

"You're wise, I think."

"And you—are *you* wise, Conroy?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said, hurriedly.

"I'm not blind, my dear fellow—and I've seen Alice Erne."

"And what then?"

"Not much. She sings well, but not so well as Miss Foote."

"When did you hear Miss Foote sing?" I asked, not sorry to change the topic. "She told me she had not sung a note since her illness."

Denzil Beatoun flushed, and poked the decaying fire fiercely.

"What does it matter to you, Conroy? Yes, I *did* know Miss Foote in London."

"I thought you were old friends."

"Why?"

"From her manner last night."

"Indeed! Miss Foote is a clever woman."

"So she remarked of you as a man, Beatoun."

"Which was very kind of her under the circumstances. Do you indeed go to the Manor, Conroy?"

"How do you know I'm invited?"

"I read it in your face long ago."

"Are you a thought-reader, then?"

"Not a professed one," he said, lightly, "yet I can read yours easily enough. I see you'd like to learn how I came to know Miss Foote—how I got this invitation from Lady Erne—and how much or how little I know of the fair Alice."

"What nonsense," I said, laughing.

"True, nevertheless. Are you going already? I shall see you this evening at the theatre. *Au revoir*."

A week afterwards we met at Lady Erne's hospitable table. Sir George monopolised Beatoun, and her ladyship was busy talking to her nephew, Major Lindsay, so I was free to devote myself to Alice Erne and her lively school-

fellow, Miss Dacre. After dinner we had a lot of singing, in which I took no part, but contented myself with keeping a jealous watch over Alice and her cousin while Beatoun and Miss Dacre were singing "My Pretty Page." Presently, Alice rose and came up to me, looking flushed and prettier than ever.

"Harold has been telling me about your adventure at Liverpool," she said, "and I wonder you could run such a risk."

I glanced at Harold Lindsay, sulkily. I did not want to be indebted to *him* for Alice's good opinion. "What risk, Miss Erne?" I said, rather crossly.

"Why, saving the poor dog. I think it was splendid of you, Mr. Conroy."

"It will be much more splendid of you to come and turn over my leaves for me," said Miss Dacre, gaily; "Mr. Beatoun has grown tired of waiting on me, it seems."

Beatoun did not hear; he was talking to Sir George, and so I had to go to the young lady's assistance. She was merciful, however—she only sang three songs, the last a pretty pathetic ballad of love and loss. She was just singing the refrain of the second verse:—

"O, laddie, laddie, laddie,
Thou wert made for more than this;
To be loved a day, and then flung away,
Just bought and sold with a kiss—"

when Denzil Beatoun came up to me and whispered hastily, "I must get away from this place somehow. Make my excuses, Conroy. Say I'm ill—dead—dying—anything you will." He broke away from me, said something in Lady Erne's ear, and hurried out of the room. Miss Dacre pouted and expressed her opinion that Mr. Beatoun was mad. Alice looked pale and scared, but her mother was quite composed.

"Poor Denzil," she said, as I made my excuses and adieux, "I understand him exactly, Mr. Conroy. We rely on you to help him over his trouble," she added, confidentially.

"What did she mean?" I wondered, as I hurried down the avenue in pursuit of my fellow-actor, who was pacing impatiently to and fro before the gate.

"What an age you've been!" he exclaimed, taking my arm. "Step out, Conroy; it's awfully cold."

We walked on in silence for some minutes, then my companion burst out with, "What possessed me to close with Fay's offers,

I wonder? I wish your Company had been at the bottom of the sea."

"Thank you," I said, rather offended, "and may I ask why?"

"The one woman in the world I wanted never to see again," he said musingly. "Will the *other* track me down, I wonder? Oh no," with a little laugh, "*she's* safe at all events. Look here, Conroy, I'll tell you all about it, and by-and-by you can work it up into a tale. Promise me one thing—you'll wait till I am dead. 'Absent thee from felicity awhile, and in this dark world draw thy breath in pain to tell my story'—Pshaw! how the cant sticks to one. Like a good many other young fools, I saw a pretty face and I dubbed its owner an angel. She was—a little different. We were engaged, and I broke with all my people for her sake. They did not like her, and they shook me off with very little sorrow; I was always a scant-o'-grace. But my godmother, Lady Erne, stuck to me all along—God bless her for it! Alice never knew—but she must know—my God! she must know *all* before long."

He broke off abruptly, then with a defiant laugh went on, "My angel behaved in a queer manner for an angel. She got tired of me after a time, and one day borrowed all the money I had left. That evening I was arrested for debt—a pretty thing for General Beatoun's only son. Thanks to Lady Erne, my people came to my assistance, and the day I was free I went to see Adeline. I saw her as she was; not in a pleasant light, when I had loved her. She insulted me so that I lost patience, struck her, knocked her down. Mind, Conroy, I make no excuse; it was inexcusable. I left London at once, and went to Leeds. There I met your manager and we came to terms. Of course I was ignorant that my old sweetheart, Helen Foote, the woman I'd jilted for Adeline's sake, was in the Company. The song Miss Dacre sang to-night is the one Adeline sang to me last. Is it all clear to you now? Honour among thieves, Conroy. I've kept faith with you about little Alice Erne. But I'll never go again to the Manor. I might learn to like the child too well for my own peace or hers, or yours. Bad as I am, Conroy, I never thought of playing false to you. Stop, I won't be pitied. And there is something else I have to say. I saw in the *Letton News* yesterday that Adeline Harley died a fortnight ago from concussion of the brain. So you see I shall

have to answer for that blow I struck. Good-night, Conroy. You know the worst of me now."

In spite of the sword hanging over his head on so slender a hair, Denzil Beatoun's laugh was as ready and gay as ever when he stood at the wings the next night, waiting till the scene between Juliet and her nurse should be over, and he be called on. As we stood together, somebody tapped me on the shoulder—it was our manager, Mr. Fay. "One minute, Conroy," he began in an excited whisper; "they say Mr. Beatoun—"

"What about me?"

Denzil turned round hastily. A few steps behind him stood two policemen, big burly Yorkshiremen both. "They want me," Denzil Beatoun said composedly. "I told you so, Conroy. Murder will out."

He went up to them, leaving me amazed at his coolness, and after five minutes whispering came back, smiling. "I'm going to play out my part," he said. "These good fellows are going to watch the exits, and two are posted at the wings. Their measures are well taken, eh? Well, I must be going on. Wish me good luck with Romeo, Conroy. I wonder if he was ever played in the same circumstances before?" and waving his hand he went on, looking particularly calm and self-possessed.

The manager and myself watched him from the wings, wondering at his indomitable pluck. Miss Foote was in the stage box, looking on, and, like ourselves, almost electrified by the passion and pathos of his acting. The last scene was superb—his dying words spoken in even more masterly a manner than his other speeches, and I saw that Miss Foote was crying behind her fan. Our little Welsh mananger coughed huskily. "Poor boy, poor boy! Knowing what you and I know, Conroy, we can appreciate it—we can tell what pluck it needs. Listen, how they're applauding!"

At this juncture the curtain rose rapidly to afford the audience one more glimpse of Romeo's handsome face and figure, the cold grey stone of the Capulets' tomb contrasting forcibly with his golden hair and rich dress, against which one of Juliet's long black curls showed up in strong relief. The curtain fell again, and the calls for Denzil and Miss Fay were reiterated. But, instead of going before the curtain, the manager's daughter came up to us with a scared look in her dark eyes.

"You're wanted, papa," she faltered.

"What now, Rachel? I'll see after it. Go you in front, Rachel, fack," and the little manager bustled away.

A minute later one of the policemen touched me on the arm. "Mr. Fay would like to see you at once, sir—" and surprised, and a little startled, I went on.

The stage was still in semi-darkness, but instinctively I made my way at once to where Romeo was lying still in that languidly graceful attitude. The manager was kneeling beside him, and as I came up to the group a woman's cry rang sharply out behind me. Somebody rushed past me and flung her arms round the young actor. "O, Denzil, my darling; my darling!"

The brown eyes opened suddenly and looked up sadly and gratefully into Helen Foote's agonised face. "Helen, you're an angel to come to me now." Their lips met and parted, and then Denzil Beatoun held out his hand to me. "Will you take it, Conroy? At least I have been true to *you*. You can write the story now, you know."

Overwhelmed with the horror and the suddenness of it, I turned to the manager, who was holding in his hand—not the stage poison cup, but a tiny phial, whence it seemed this Romeo of ours had drunk his death. Even then I heard the audience applauding, and Mr. Farquhar, our Mercutio, apologising for Mr. Beatoun's non-appearance on the plea of sudden indisposition. How terrible the stage looked, with its lights, and flowers and music surrounding the tragedy which was so nearly played out. I turned again to look at this man, who might have been more sinned against than sinning, and even as I turned, the brown eyes met mine—dimmer now, but fearless still.

"I'm sorry I frightened Miss Fay. Good-bye, Conroy—Saint Helen, let me kiss you before my strength goes."

He raised himself to kiss her, then fell back, his hands clenching; and Helen Foote bowed her head with a cry of anguish, as our brilliant, beautiful Romeo passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

ELLA PICTON.



On the Banks of the Boyne.



N all picturesque Ireland I do not think you could meet with a more picturesque little village than the village of Slane, in the County Meath, lying about twenty-two miles north-west of Dublin. In my mind's eye I see it now, and I am trying to recall and to count every individual house, cottage, and cabin, as they were when I knew them, and as they were at the date at which this story commences. Yet, even though I count the little cabins in "the Arches" which lie right and left of Bobby McDougal's, the butcher's, I cannot recall that from the church below, upon the Castle Road, up to the Roman Catholic Chapel on the road leading to Collon and the old abbey on the Hill of Slane there are more than one hundred and fifty dwellings, all told.

Slane, in Royal Meath, is classic ground, from the steeple on the hill, up the steep steps of which my weary little legs have oftentimes toiled in days of yore, down to the famous, ruined Hermitage of Saint Erc, which stands on the left bank of the Boyne, and which was built by Saint Erc, who was a nephew and a particular favourite of Ireland's patron saint. There are those, indeed, who assert—but

" Priest's *nephews*! Oh! sure he's in Heaven
His failings are nothing to me."

Stand at the exquisitely sculptured ruined doorway of Saint Erc's Hermitage—that one directly facing the river and nearly opposite to the Eagle Rock—and look to the left, and you can discern, upon an eminence of vivid green, the ruins of another abbey—the far-famed abbey of Fennor. Down beside the canal, which runs parallel with the river, and about midway between the abbey and the hermitage, is a comfortable-looking cottage. Said cottage is tenanted by Lukey Maguire, the lock-keeper, and upon this particular May evening Lukey was seated upon one arm of the lock placidly smoking his evening pipe.

But he was not alone upon this occasion. There were, in addition to his wife—a *sonsy* woman who stood there with her

hands folded under her capacious checked apron—four or five neighbours of both sexes. In fact, the lock was the local evening club, where the neighbours met to interchange gossip. They were all eagerly discussing a marriage which had taken place in the neighbouring town of Drogheda the Sunday before.

"Well, well, now," said Mrs. Maguire, with a shake of her head which set all her cap-borders in motion, "if any one tould me me own sisther's son, Terry Reddy, would do such a thing as go an' get marrid, an' he all as wan as a priest—he was sarvin' mass over there at Mellifont so long—I wouldn't believe it. Throth, he's a disgrace to the family."

"Arrah, whist, woman!" exclaimed her husband. "Sure it was only nath'ral for him to get married. Wasn't there a priest's boy that Saint Erc himself had, there beyant at the ould hermitage, an' didn't he an' the girsha he marrid reg'lar bamfoozle the Saint—he was that soft an' good-hearted—antil the Saint saw the best thing for him to do would be to marry them. That was the Saint's way av puttin' pinance an them."

"Throth, yeh ought to be ashamed av yerself t'spake that away," said his wife, indignantly. "Arrah, never heed him," she continued, addressing the assembled company; "Lukey doesn't respect the cloth half as much as he ought, an' me wid a priest meself in the family."

"But I never heerd about Saint Erc's sarvant boy," said one of the guests. "Will yeh tell us about it, Lukey?"

"To be sure I will, if herself"—indicating his better three-fourths by a nod—"will let me."

"Sorra hair I care"—Mrs. Maguire was herself dying to hear the story—"but if you're bint an tellin' it, yeh ought to come in out of the cowl; there's some dhrops av rain fallin'."

The hospitable invitation was accepted, and, half-an-hour later, as the company sat round the comfortable blazing fire, heedless of the rain now falling thickly without, each with a steaming vessel (for cups, and even a tin porringer were brought into requisition) of punch, Lukey related the following story to the assembled company, whose numbers had been augmented by the arrival of two lightermen.

"Now, neighbours, yeh mayn't believe it," commenced Lukey, looking around almost menacingly, "but I tell you the story is as thrue as that God made little apples, an' that that inquisitive Eve ate them."



MISS MINNIE TERRY.

“This is a stem
Of that victorious stock.”

HENRY V., Act ii. Sc. 4.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR “THE THEATRE”
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

"Och! whist! whist! Lukey," exclaimed his wife. "Don't let me hear you spake that a-way av anyone that there's a picture av up in the chapel. Never mind," she added significantly, "I'll tell Father Dinnis about it afore the next time he goes to confession. Go an, Lukey."

"Well, anyhow," continued Lukey placidly, and apparently unheeding the interruption, "my own opinion is that wan story is as good as another—so here it's for you. From all I can hear the Saints an' monks used to be very nabourly to wan another in thim days, an' used to do an odd turn for wan another in the way av praichin."

"Bedad, they do that same now," interposed Mrs. Maguire, "for whenever they want a new chapel, or to have the priest's house tached, some sthrange priest comes and praiches a sarmon an gets the money. Go an, Lukey."

"So," continued Lukey, "there was wan Christmas day up there at Fennor, an' the priest was very bad wid the gout."

"There now, Lukey," again interrupted Mrs. Maguire, "that'll do. If yeh can't stop spakin' bad av the clargy, hould yer tongue, me gay fellow."

"Why, woman alive! What did I say wrong?"

"How could a priest have the gout? Doesn't it come from all soarts av grand aiten and dhrinkin'? and we know well that all them Saints an' monks that lived about here used to ait nothin' but three sprigs of wather grass, an' oaten cake med-athout salt, three times a day—an' only wanst on fast-days! Go an, Lukey."

"He was very bad thin wid—wid—the rheumatics."

"I declare to goodness, Lukey, I'll not sit in the same kitchen wid yeh! yer not lucky, so yer not. Shure rheumatics wasn't invinted thin; for I heerd Docthor McGusty at the dispinsary say whin Peggy Murray got awful pains an fever afther a big wettin' she got, that it was rheumatic fever she had, but none av us ever heerd av such a new-fangled nonsinsical disaise. So Pat Murray, athout sayin' a word to the Docthor, av coorse wouldn't give her the dirhty stuff she was to get, but gev her plinty av good stiff punch wid a lump av butther in it. He tould me that at her wake. God rest her sowl, for she died afther all."

"Anyhow the priest was very bad wid pains av some soart," said Lukey in desperation, "an he couldn't sarve mass;
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so he sends over a message on Christmas eve for Saint Erc to come over an' sarve mass for him in the morning.

"Now Saint Erc was nabourly, so he said he would. So he tould his sarvjint boy, Thady, to waken him airly, as he wanted to say a mouthful av prayers himself afore settin' out. Well! what d'ye think, but the *omadhaun*, Thady, ate a mortial heavy supper av oaten male stirabout on the sly, an' thin tuk a dhrop of the wine that the Saint used to keep—but only for the sick, av coorse—an' he overslept himself in the mornin'!

"Well! the Saint was in a tarin' passion, an' he gev Thady all soarts, an' thin he put his mithre on his head, an' tuk his crozier in his hand, and banged the doore, and wint down to the coracle that was waitin' for him. But, as ill-luck would have it, his foot slipped, and into the river he wint head-foremost, an' his mithre wint wan way an' his crozier the other, an' whin he was got out he was all wet wid the wather.

"'It's lucky I haven't on me best vestments,' he said to himself; 'but I must go back for thim now'—so that by the time he got to Fennor, I can tell yeh it was gettin' purty late.

"Saint Erc walke'd up to the chapel, an' he saw a grand congregation that stared at him as if he had two heads on him, an' never axed him for a blessin' nor nothin'. In he walked, and, what dye think! but he seen somewan, the very morial av' himself, sayin' Mass at the altar!

"Saint Erc, av coorse, seen at once who it was. It was the divil himself—God betchune us an' harm!—dhressed up to look like the Saint. As luck would have it, the Saint had an ould soda-wather bottle full av' very powerful holy wather wid him, so he walks up quite quiet an' aisy an' he throws it over the divil. The ould chap set up a *millien murther*, an' his horns sprouted an' his tail grew out, an' he vanished in a flash av lightenin', for, av coorse, we all know the divil hates holy wather.

"Whin Mass was over, Saint Erc wint in to have a chat wid the priest, an' there he was wid his two feet rowled up at a big blazin' fire, an' as crass as a yard av' check. So Saint Erc sat for a little while, and had a bit to ait an' a good stiff glass of poteen punch to keep him from gettin' could afther his wettin', an' thin he set out for his journey home."

E. OWENS BLACKBURNE.

Ballade of the "Dramatic Dead-head."



T ancient feasts, the truth abiding,
 Of what beneath life's surface lay,
 Was imaged by the skull presiding,
 Rose-crowned and genial—in its way :
 It was the "dead-head" of the day !
 And to this social whim erratic
 Trace, without much ado, we may
 The "dead-head" of our world dramatic.

Sometimes in faultless raiment gliding
 About the stalls at *matinée*,
 Or, seedy, in "the circle" hiding
 Mid red-shawled dames with ringlets grey,
 To programme girls he crieth "nay ;"
 And his delight is most emphatic—
 He sitteth out the direst play,
 The "dead-head" of our world dramatic.

But 'twere a risky task deriding,
 The Protean gang who never pay,
 For noble lords would share the chiding
 With City clerks from Brixton gay—
 Both on the precious "order" prey ;
 And praise from *salon* as from attic,
 Swells when descends the free *entrée*,
 On dead-heads of our world dramatic.

L'ENVOI.

Gentles ! In time not far away
 May there arise some stout fanatic,
 Beneath whose scorn shall swift decay
 The "dead-head" of our world dramatic !

T. L. CLAY.

On Correspondence.



THE Art-without-art of correspondence is not to be learned by book or by every buyer of note-paper. In its esoteric purity it exists only for the few, and with the few it is inborn. Upon first sight it may seem an easy matter to transfer one's confidential thoughts to paper, yet we will make bold to affirm that it is harder to write a good letter than a clever book. And why? Principally, we think for this reason. Ideas, that start piquant from the brain evaporate as they pass down the pen-stick, and reach the paper in a diffuse condition. Art may partly reconcentrate them there, but art-without-art never allows them to spread. If this applies to the construction of a smart volume, it applies yet more to that of an essay in miniature, which is what a perfect letter should be—an essay combining simplicity of diction with directness of appeal. It should not be over-elaborate, it should not strain after effect. In short to possess the faculty, we must know exactly what we want to say, and say it. Now, we ask, to how many is this power granted? To few—few, in good sooth.

As no theory comes apt without illustrations, we give a specimen or two of authentic correspondence that we venture to think are types of that inborn and untrained faculty alluded to. At the same time we do not wish to assume a didactic position in the matter,—and everyone is welcome to his own opinion.

Says Charles Lamb: "There is an order of imperfect intellects . . . the owners (of which) have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretence to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them."

If this is true as regards conversation—and who will deny it?—it applies yet more to the subject of correspondence. The mechanical process whereby we seek to give form to our thoughts for the enlightenment of another, has with such natures a fatal propensity towards distorting the truth—warping the straight line of the original idea; and as a consequence we are apt to feel for

the writer's meaning wide of the mark. It is curious to observe how certain individuals, who can put a plain fact before us with decent clearness colloquially, get most hopelessly obscure and involved when set to express that fact on paper. Then, it is to be supposed, the brain runs ahead of the fingers, and being summoned back at every spurt, comes zig-zag and forgetting the lay of the ground it has already traversed. What is the result? A halting document, in which the main idea is mazed in a web of false starts and doubles. Pity it is that for such natures no epistolary ready-reckoner exists for enabling them to put finger at once on the logical sequence of two simple propositions—no mental sign posts to point out the shortest cut to the goal of their thoughts. And yet is that type given by Lamb a purely isolated one? Are we not all tarred a little with the same brush, only in different degrees? Some get the top of the pot, some the scrapings, but withal it is only a question of shade. Of shade, indeed, for how many of us escape that *bête noire* of obscurity? Said the Greek sage, "Know thyself." Let the modern's motto be "Say what you mean."

"Letters," writes Chesterfield, "should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them just what we would say to those persons if we were present with them." But how, good my lord, if this turned out libellous? It might in certain cases, we are all sure. But perhaps in the days of our "British Cicero" things were different. Perhaps in the last century morality was more naïve and genteel, and the law too refined to hold a man responsible for his more reckless written statements. It was an ingenuous time. Witness the Arcadian artlessness of this sentiment—your own:—"The height of abilities is . . . to be upon your own guard, and yet, by a seeming natural openness, to put people off of theirs." Ah, you were great! We wonder what you would have thought of the following gratuitous missive, so much in accordance with your principles, if not your taste. The original lies before us, and was addressed to a certain lady many years ago. It is to be regretted that the anonymous writer's *obscurum per obscurius* is so in evidence. Still her pious intention pops up its head through the mist, we think:—

"Madman,—If you will be more carefull in sorting your linen when leaving your house and when it comes home you would find things missing such has pockethandkerchefts cuffs and collars Pinfores and Tea Towles for your laundress keep them and wears them. Knowing her not to Be very Honest and Drinks very much and her children wearing your Pinfores know the Pearson who left her card on Monday is Highly recomnded."

Surely the motive that speaks herein, if the style is acroamatic and abstruse, is dovetailed into the language with an ingenuity that would have delighted you. Again, what could be more in keeping with your exposition first quoted than the direct, forcible, native terms in which the following ingenious request is couched? We select it, with the others given, from a pile of modern correspondence, as embodying in itself the two essentials of pattern letter-writing—freedom from art and purity of language—in which critics would have we are nowadays deficient:—

"Pleace Miss,—i am very sorrow to trouble some to you as i am been laid up long time with Bad leg as i feel better i wants to go to work Cane you send me Pair Boots to stand in cane you send me Bit tea sugar as I am not able to come See you i shall feel thankful if you will be so kind yours tuly Humble servent Mrs. M——"

Here, it is to be observed, there is no seeking after effect—no dressing up of ideas in fanciful images that would only retard the firm and heroic march of language.

Of a different order is the specimen quoted below. This rather illustrates the type of intellect more "Suggestive than Comprehensive" alluded to by Lamb, and shows that strange irresponsibility of individuality that is characteristic of certain minds. Still it is a fine example of style, and deserves to be recorded, if, now and then, like American drinks, it is a little mixed:—

"Mrs Morris rites in answer to Mrss Ratliff lttter wich Mrs Morris had on satarday about a pair of sheets the Mrs Morris sent the last weeak the sheets that i sent Back came from Mrs Ratliff with her close and therefore Mrs Morris sent Back Mrs Morris has not had any washing only Mrs Ratliff and Mrs Richards and they was not theires and they did not belonge to you and the vest Mrs ratliff speak of i do not kown any thing about the last weeak i had your close there was 6 vest and there was 6 vest returned i know i loocked the clothes out my self and packed it my self because i would not have any mistake Mrs Morris knows that every thing was corect when it left my house i know therefore Mrs Morris shal not pay for it if i had lost it Mrs Morris would pay for it—S Morris."

There is, it will strike some hypercritical folks perhaps, a slight confusion as to personality here; but that may be merely typical of our self-analytical times, remarkable for the birth of a Dr. Jekyl. More than one such example lies before us, from which we may quote in proof a sentence, seemingly of a startlingly paradoxical nature, such as the following:—

"She is father less and mother less but she has a father who is a bruit."

Of the same description is the statement by a certain Thomas Jackson who is in correspondence with a lady regarding a "futman's" place :—

"Thos Jackson begs leave to inform you that I sent a letter in anser to yours &c."

—though we are a little delicate about theorizing too minutely on the latter's style, inasmuch as in his first epistle he asserts his age to be 20, and in his second 200, which may be a *lapsus calami*, but may be also the result of his addressing his missive from a particular "Hill Tap."

Much remains to be said on this subject; but the laws of space are arbitrary. Permit these examples to speak for themselves, while with Romeo to the question "I pray, can you read anything you see?" We answer "Ay, if I know the letters, and the language."

MAJOR.



Our Play=Box.

"THE DEAD HEART."

A story of the French Revolution, in a Prologue and three acts, by WATTS PHILLIPS, revised by Walter H. Pollock.

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre, Saturday, September 23, 1889.

Robert Landry	Mr. HENRY IRVING.	Pierre	Mr. TAYLOR.
The Abbé Latour	Mr. BANCROFT.	Jocrlsse	Mr. ARCHER.
The Count de St. Valery ..	Mr. HAVILAND.	Gulscard	Mr. BLACK.
Arthur de St. Valery (his son)	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.	A Smith	Mr. RAYNOR.
Legrand	{ Mr. ARTHUR	A Crier	Mr. DAVIS.
	{ SIFRLING.	A Woman	Mrs. CARTER.
Toupet	{ Mr. EDWARD	Cerlsetto	{ Miss KATE
	{ RIGHTON.		{ PHILLIPS.
Reboul	Mr. F. TYARS.	Rose	Miss COLERIDGE.
Michel	Mr. CLIFFORD.	Catherine Dival ..	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Jean	Mr. HARVEY.		

Aristocrats, People, Soldiers, Gendarmes, Gao'ors, &c.
SCENE: Paris.

When the melodrama that pleased audiences some thirty years ago at the Adelphi was announced for revival at the Lyceum, many people wondered whether a play of the type of "The Dead Heart" would prove as acceptable as Mr. Irving's productions usually are. The conspicuous success the revival has achieved has at once settled that point. In its original form as produced November 10th, 1859, with Mr. Benjamin Webster as Landry, Mr.

David Fisher as the Abbé Latour, Mr. Billington as the Count de St. Valery and Arthur, his son (the actor doubled the parts), Mr. Stewart as Jacques Legrand, and Mr. J. L. Toole as Toupet, and Miss Woolgar as Catherine Duval, and Miss Kelly as Cerisette, the entire dialogue would scarcely have suited the play-going public of the present day, and the "cockney" fun essential to an Adelphi drama would have proved distasteful. And so the aid of Mr. Walter Pollock was called in to generally revise and improve. There was little fear but that Mr. Irving would avail himself of the fine opportunities for giving us those stage pictures for which the theatre, over which he presides, is so famous. To render them perfect in every detail of costume, not only such living authorities and aids as Mr. Joseph Grego, Mr. W. H. Margetson, and Mrs. Comyns Carr were called into requisition, but the oldest costume books and paintings that treated of the subject in hand were laid under contribution—the uniforms of the guards were faithfully reproduced, the scheme of the different "sets" was carefully studied, and music that would help the action and embody in it the revolutionary airs that would add such fidelity to the pictures, was specially composed by Mons. Jacobi. The result was worthy of the care and trouble bestowed to bring it about. From the opening scene of the garden of the Café de la Belle Jardinière, where all is light and life, to the storming of the grim-looking Bastille, besieged by an infuriated mob of ruffianly *sansculottes* and savage women, to the frowning entrance to the prison of the Conciergerie, and so on to the dreaded guillotine and the Tree of Liberty by its side, until we come to the last exquisite picture of Landry's self-sacrifice—all were as nearly perfect as possible. Let us glance at the story, supposed to commence in 1771. Robert Landry is a young sculptor full of life and hope and happiness, and is engaged to Catherine Duval, a very beautiful girl. Unfortunately for them she has attracted the attention of the Count de St. Valery, a rather unscrupulous nobleman, who has for his most intimate friend the Abbé Latour, a cynical and sensual *roué*. As Catherine is true to her lover the Abbé devises means whereby she shall be thrown into the Count's arms; he is to obtain admittance to her chamber, and so stain her reputation. The Count follows his friend's advice; Catherine's cries for help are overheard by Landry; he finds her in the Count's arms, and will not altogether believe that she is blameless, as he finds verses addressed to her, proof he thinks that she has given her admirer encouragement. He is, however, just attacking the Count when a file of soldiers enters the room, accompanied by the Abbé, who, to get rid of Landry, has accused him of lampooning the king's mistress, and has obtained a *lettre-de-cachet* for his entombment in the Bastille. Eighteen years elapse; the revolutionists storm the prison, and amongst the seven that they liberate is one

supposed to be dead. It is Robert Landry. From his long confinement he issues forth, apparently quite an old man, with ragged grey locks and beard, a blanched countenance, and a dazed, almost imbecile, manner. Speech has nearly left him; he finds it difficult to utter any sound, and his memory is a blank save on two subjects—his hatred for those who consigned him to a living tomb, and his love for Catherine. As the fetters are struck off from his wasted limbs, the repetition of his loved one's name, uttered by his old friend Legrand, gradually awakens his soul to life. But when he learns that his Catherine, in whom he so trusted and believed, has been false, has married the Count de St. Valéry and has been left a widow with one son, his nature is turned to stone—he is “a living man with a dead heart.” The Abbé Latour has been left guardian of young Arthur de St. Valéry, who shows every disposition to become a gambler and a rake. The Abbé, with the keen eye of a sensualist for beauty, has long wished to make Catherine his own. He at length, in an excellently written scene, presses his admiration on her, and tells her that her son's future is in his hands. If she will give herself to the Abbé, he will save Arthur. As she refuses, he fiendishly lets her know that the lad shall be encouraged in his excesses. With this design, Latour carries him to the Café Jocrisse, a noted gambling house. Catherine follows to endeavour to watch over her boy, and there she meets Landry. She recalls to him what they were to each other, but on him now her once loved tones have no effect—“his heart is dead.” Five years more have elapsed. Landry has risen to power; he is a leader of the people, and the time for the accomplishment of his revenge has arrived. Latour and Arthur de St. Valéry are imprisoned in the Conciergerie, only to come forth the next day to death. But the public executioner must not avenge the wrongs that Landry has suffered. Latour must die by his hands, and so he is summoned to Landry's room, the door is locked on these two, and Landry offers the Abbé a chance of life. A passport is prepared by means of which he may escape, but he must fight for it, and so this duel to the death takes place, and the Abbé with all his skill of fence falls beneath the sword of the man whose life he has ruined. It is the early morning of the day of the execution. At the foot of the guillotine lies Catherine, waiting for one last look on the face of the son she so dearly loves. Hither comes Landry, gloating, perhaps, on the near realization of his long-cherished hatred. Catherine recalls to him their early love, their past affection for each other, but he is as stone. Still Catherine pleads. She tells him how St. Valéry had repented almost immediately of his conduct to Landry and had obtained his release, which he had entrusted to Latour, who, jealous of the prisoner, had given it out that he was dead, and it was only then, and after a lapse of time, that she

became the Countess of St. Valery. The flame of love in Landry's breast may have flickered and died down, but it has never quite expired and this confession revives it. He says, "A voice speaks to me from the grave! In the heart that I thought dead the old love lives." But the hour of the sacrifice is close at hand; there is but one way to save Arthur. There is no time to obtain a pardon from Robespierre; the utmost that can be arranged is to get a free pass. Legrand is despatched for and returns with it. Arthur comes forth from his confinement and is clasped in his mother's arms, and then as the fatal number 30 has to be answered, Landry with nobility of soul and sublime devotion replies and takes the place of young St. Valery on the guillotine, his last loving looks fixed on the face of the woman through whom he has so deeply suffered. As Robert Landry, Mr. Irving gave us another proof of his consummate skill as an artist—so happy and light-hearted in the opening scene, afterwards so stern and unrelenting, and finally so exquisitely pathetic and touching. Mr. Bancroft's long absence from the stage made him excessively nervous at first. His approaches to Catherine were neither impassioned nor subtle enough, but he rose to the occasion in the duel, and his death was very fine. Miss Ellen Terry has not a great call upon her well-known abilities in her present character, but was most sympathetic and touching in her maternal agony. Mr. Arthur Stirling as Legrand gave a sturdy human piece of acting, and Mr. Edward Righton and Miss Kate Phillips were both most satisfactory, though, perhaps, the latter should have shown a little more the lapse time, for 25 years *do* alter a woman. Mr. Gordon Craig, a son of Miss Ellen Terry, made a very promising *debüt* as Arthur de St. Valery. He is good-looking, has a nice voice, and has evidently studied in a good school. The only improvement that might perhaps be made would be to render the crowds a little more savage; that in their dancing of the *carmagnole* there should be more *abandon*, and that they should throw more ruffianism into their singing of "Ca Ira," and the Marseillaise. Mons. Jacobi's music can only be spoken of in the highest terms of praise, and the scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven and Telbin is a work of art.

"CASTE."

Comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson.

Revived at the Criterion Theatre, Saturday, October 5, 1889.

Revival, 1889.

Original production April 6, 1867.

Hon. George D'Alroy	Mr. LEONARD BOYNE	Mr. FREDERICK YOUNGE.
Captain Hawtree	Mr. ARTHUR ELWOOD	Mr. BANCROFT.
Eccles	Mr. DAVID JAMES	Mr. GEORGE HONEY.
Sam Gerridge	Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD	Mr. HARE.
Dixon	Mr. CHAPUY	
Marquise de St. Maur	Mrs. CHARLES POOLE	Miss LARKIN.
Esther Eccles	Miss OLGA BRANDON	Miss LYDIA FOOTE.
Polly Eccles	Miss LOTTIE VENNE	Miss MARIE WILTON.

Mrs. Bancroft, the original Polly Eccles, sets down "Caste" as "assuredly Tom Robertson's *chef d'œuvre*," and her particular

character as one of the most difficult to play—especially in the third act, where she scarcely leaves the stage—and as her favourite part next to that of Naomi Tighe in *School*. In the list of plays produced by the Bancrofts at the (old) Prince of Wales's and Haymarket theatres, "Caste" is reckoned as financially the third in successes of Tom Robertson's plays, and fifth among all the pieces they put on the stage. There is scarcely a playgoer but has seen "Caste." It has been revived three times for a run before; it has been a trump card with Tom Robertson's and other provincial companies, and has been repeatedly attempted by amateurs. And yet the humour, the pathos, and the sterling quality of the play appeared on the night of its revival at the Criterion to appeal to the brilliant assembly present, almost all of whom had, probably, witnessed them before, as freshly as though the play were a new one. Certainly, the cast was a good one taken altogether. We had Mr. David James once more as the bibulous, but amusing old rascal Eccles, a clever representation, though a little overdone in the matter of singing; and we once more had Mr. Charles Brookfield as the honest, loving, but uncouth Sam Gerridge, an excellent performance. But I think there was a good deal of curiosity awakened as to how the representatives of the two sisters would acquit themselves. Strange to say, Miss Lottie Venne had never seen Mrs. Bancroft in the character, and therefore her reading may be taken as original. It was a success, though not quite as great a one as was expected. Was it that Polly was a little too pert, and not the essence of good humour and kindness that she should be, though a little coquette? In the third act her hysterical laughter on finding that D'Alroy was alive was perfection. Miss Olga Brandon distinctly scored as Esther; she was so gentle and womanly, and yet so nobly proud in refusing to accept the aid of the Marquise at the sacrifice of her boy; her affection for D'Alroy was so tender, and her sorrow at the parting with him and her joy at his return moved her audience to tears. Mr. Leonard Boyne was chivalrous and manly in his love, and showed completely the nobility and simplicity of D'Alroy's character. When quite accustomed to the part his will be an excellent performance. Mr. Arthur Elwood looked Captain Hawtree and was fairly successful, but did not quite touch the good breeding of the character. Mrs. Charles Poole did not by any means realize the high-bred Marquise de St. Maur. She gave one the idea of a *parvenue* instead of a *grande dame*, and her chronicles of "Froissart," which used to be so amusing, became wearisome. "Caste" was well if not enthusiastically received, and I think may reckon on another fair run.

"THE BUNGALOW."

Farcical comedy, in three acts, founded on "La Garçonnaière," by FRED HORNER.

First produced at Toole's Theatre, Monday, October 7, 1889.

Gregory Bell	Mr. F. KAYE.	Mrs. Violet Vaughan....	Miss CISSY GRAHAME.
F. Leighton Buzzard ..	Mr. CHAS. GLENNEY.	Mrs. Amy Gwynne	{ Miss VANE FEATHER-
Henry Vaughan.....	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS.		STON.
Percy Gwynne	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS.	Zeffie Williams	Miss CICELY RICHARDS
Mrs. Bell	Miss SALLIE TURNER.	Puti-Beebee	Miss M. A. GIFFARD.
Millicent	Miss HELEN FORSYTH.		

"La Garçonnaière," on which Mr. Fred Horner has founded his play, was produced at the Théâtre Dejazet on October 22nd, 1888, and was successful; but then our French neighbours enjoy a class of work which the British public will not countenance for a moment. In eliminating what was objectionable, the adapter has taken out the "salt" of the original, and though there is much that is extremely funny left, the motives that bring about the misunderstandings become absolutely trivial, silly, and improbable. Under the title of "Bachelor Quarters," the piece was tried at a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, on June 21st, of this year, and exception was taken to some of the dialogue which has since been modified. The piece was then the property of Messrs. Horace Sedger and W. Greet, who had purchased it from Mr. Horner. They, however, resold it to him, and the American and Australian rights were eagerly sought after. As now played the story runs thus:—An artist, Leighton Buzzard by name, has used, as his studio, a riverside cottage called the Bungalow, which has three entrances. As he is about to be married to Millicent Bell, he determines to give up this place, and to get rid of his rather troublesome model, Zeffie Williams, which he does after considerable blackmailing. Zeffie has also been model to his prospective father-in-law, Gregory Bell, and has been drawing on his purse, too, pretty heavily. As he has a termagant and suspicious wife, Gregory determines to have one last interview with Zeffie and pay her off, and, to do this secretly, he borrows one of the keys of the bungalow. Leighton has a great picture on his easel which he has religiously kept from the view of his friends. Mrs. Vaughan and Mrs. Gwynne are in love with each other's husbands, and so, under pretence that they are most curious to see the work of art, Mrs. Vaughan persuades Gwynne and Mrs. Gwynne Vaughan to take them to the studio. Leighton lends the keys to his friends on the condition that they shall be used on certain days; but, of course, the borrowers utilise them all on the same day, with the result that Mrs. Bell, who has come to look after her husband, catches all the couples. The young husbands are both convinced that their wives are carrying on a desperate flirtation with someone, and eventually fix on old Bell as the Don Juan. The first act opened well, the second was very amusing, though there was a great deal too much of exit and entrance, but the explaining away of matters in the third act was not funny enough. This, however, has been strengthened, and a more suitable representative of Mrs. Bell has been found in

Miss Sophie Larkin, Miss Sallie Turner having entirely failed to grasp the humour of the character, an important one. Mr. Charles Glenney was excellent as the much-tried and bewildered Leighton Buzzard, and had a most charming sweetheart in Miss Helen Forsyth. Mr. Yorke Stephens was full of go as Henry Vaughan, but Mr. Compton Coutts was not quite as good as usual as Percy Gwynne. Miss Cissy Grahame and Miss Vane Featherston, both delightful actresses, were very clever as the two wives who pretend such affection for, whilst they would really like to claw each other, and Miss Grahame, indeed, gave us a piece of real high comedy in her scene with Mr. Coutts. Miss Cicely Richards might have imparted a little more dash to the model Zeffie Williams, but it is a part that requires very careful handling lest it should become vulgar, and was therefore, perhaps, wisely kept under control. Miss M. A. Giffard submitted to conceal her comely features under a coat of dark paint, and as Puti-Beebe did her little that she had to do well. It is to Mr. F. Kaye, however, that the honours of the evening are due. Not since Mr. Lewis, of Daly's company, have I seen such spontaneous quaint humour or such genuinely funny acting. Mr. Kaye was a host in himself as Gregory Bell. "The Bungalow" has been considerably improved, and now goes very briskly, so briskly, indeed, as to look like growing into a thorough financial success. It is preceded by Mr. Fred Horner's comedietta, "On Toast," which is amusing, and served to afford some hearty laughs to Colonel North, who was present on the first night, there being in it several allusions to the nitrate-king's costume ball.

"THE CASTLE OF COMO."

Romantic opera in three acts, founded on BULWER LYTTON'S Play of "The Lady of Lyons," by GEORGE COCKLE, B. Mus. Oxon. Libretto by the late CHAS. SEARLE, with additions by the composer.

New scenery by E. G. BANKS.

First produced at the Opera Comique, Wednesday, October 2, 1839.

Pauline	{ Mdle. ROSINA ISIDOR.	Glavis.. .. .	Miss DE VERNET.
		<i>On Friday Evenings</i>	Col.(afterwards General)	} Mr. DONNELL BALFE.
		<i>and Matinées by</i>	Damas	
		Miss ADRIENNE	Mons. Deschappelles ..	Mr. H. POPE.
Widow Melnotte	VERITY.	Capt. (afterwards Major)	} Mr. McCARTHY.
Beauseant	Miss AMY MARTIN.	Desmoullins	
		Mr. LEO STORMONT.		

AND

Claude Melnotte	{	<i>Monday, Wednesday and Friday</i>	Mr. CADWALADR.
		<i>Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,</i>	Mr. RICHARD CLARKE.

Had Bulwer Lytton's play been generally considered a good theme on which to compose an opera, it is probable that there would have been more attempts to utilize it than its only one—I think by Mr. Cowen, which he entitled "Pauline." Major George Cockle, Musical Bachelor of Oxford, evidently possesses, for an amateur, considerable technical knowledge, of which he makes good use, but he lacks inspiration. His music scarcely ever lifts us out of ourselves by its dramatic force, nor does it touch our sensibilities by its sweetness or charm. It is in the concerted pieces that

the composer is heard to most advantage, and though the orchestration was too noisy, as a whole there were often moments when one could be persuaded that Major Cockle would give the world something thoroughly worth listening to in the future. As to the libretto, I am convinced that those who did not know the "Lady of Lyons" would be quite unable to understand what was going on, for no books were to be had. There was no spoken dialogue or much *recitative* to help the audience to comprehension. We hear nothing of Claude as the gardener's son, and of his presumption in loving the proud Pauline, nor of his temptation by Beauseant, nor do we see anything of the vulgar-minded Mdme. Deschapelles. The scene opens with a chorus of villagers called together in honour of the forthcoming marriage, then a short chat between Beauseant and Glavis (the latter character so ably rendered by Miss De Vernet that I was sorry we saw no more of her). Then comes the description by Claude to Pauline of the "Palace of Como," illustrated by descending gauzes which, on being raised, discover the palace and garden profusely illuminated, an innovation which might well have been spared, as it rendered the position of the singers almost ridiculous. The scene in the Widow Melnotte's cottage was, perhaps, the best in the opera. It gave Miss Amy Martin her one opportunity, of which she most artistically availed herself, and also brought into prominence Beauseant where he is foiled in his designs on Pauline. The last act in which Claude returns from the wars as a Colonel and prevents Pauline's marriage with Beauseant, was decidedly weak. Taken as a whole the work was disappointing, though at the close the composer was called for, but did not appear, an announcement being made that the "Castle of Como" would be repeated nightly. This is quite probable, for Major Cockle is said to be a gentleman of means, as he, indeed, must be to have mounted his opera in the really splendid manner in which it is put upon the stage. On Wednesday, the opening night, Mr. Cadwaladr bore the burden of the opera, and though not quite as sympathetic as might be wished, made his mark and used a good tenor voice to much advantage. Mdlle. Rosina Isidor did not look the Pauline, but her experience enabled her to come through the ordeal fairly satisfactorily. Great praise is due to Mr. Leo Stormont, both for his singing and acting as Beauseant, and Mr. Donnell Balfe acquitted himself well as Damas. The composer had every reason to be grateful to Signor Coronaro for the able manner in which he conducted a powerful orchestra, that, individually good, required, as a body, a thoroughly efficient master over it. The dances introduced, though out of keeping, were graceful, and the chorus was well trained.

On the souvenir that was to be obtained of the *matinée* performance given for the benefit of Mr. J. Maddison Morton at the Haymarket Theatre, October 16th, 1889, was found the original cast of—

“BOX AND COX.”

A Romance of Real Life.

Produced at the Lyceum Theatre, under the management of Madame Vestris, Monday, November 1st, 1847.

John Box	“A Journeyman Printer”	Mr. BUCKSTONE.
James Cox	“A Journeyman Hatter”	Mr. HARLEY.
Mrs. Bouncer	“A Lodging House Keeper”	Mrs. MACNAMARA.

So that it is just on forty two years that this inimitable farce has been the delight of all classes of the public. Mr. Beerbohm Tree had generously given the theatre himself, and those who appeared in the several parts rendered gratuitous service in “Done on Both Sides” (another excellent farce of Maddison Morton’s), and in “Masks and Faces,” as played at *matinées* at the Haymarket under Mr. Tree’s management, he appearing as Triplet, Mrs. Bernard Beere as Peg Woffington, and Mrs. Tree as Mabel Vane. There is no occasion to speak of their excellence. In “Box and Cox,” Mr. Arthur Williams was to have played as Cox, but he was unfortunately laid up with gout, and so Mr. Harry Nicholls took his place, and Mr. E. Robson played Box; Mrs. E. Phelps was Mrs. Bouncer, and they caused one continuous roar of laughter. Then followed “Auld Lang Syne,” “a song of friendship to John Maddison Morton,” written by Clement Scott:—

Good friends! before you pass away,
And ere we drop the curtain,
There’s one thing I am asked to say
Which you will cheer—that’s certain!
If I were host, I’d pledge a toast
To shake the roof and rafter,
In praise of one who lauded fun
And consecrated laughter!

If wine were here we’d drink to him
Without more fuss or parley,
And o’er the glass discuss the whim
Of Compton and of Harley;
Alas! the Harp is mute I trow
We touched in Halls of Tara,
But few allude to Buckstone now,
And none to Macnamara!

Dear friends of old we often miss,
On both sides the Equator,
But there no *acti temporis*
Let me be the *Laudator*!
For one is left—who then and now
No pessimists retort on,
The son of English “Speed the Plough,
Old Box and Cox’s Morton!

So here's a hand, my trusted friend,
 Come give us one of thine,
 No time can break, no change can bend
 The chain of "Auld Lang Syne."

We still can sing "The Play's the thing,"
 God bless us! it is pleasant
 When here's a man, a Veteran,
 Who links the past and present;
 A man of whom no ill is heard,
 Whose epitaph will face one,
 "He never wrote and unkind word
 And never thought a base one."

A man of whom, when work is done,
 Will own some honest writer,
 "He made men better for his fun
 And hearts of women lighter!"
 Life's but a farce of toil and strife,
 We miss the path, or strike it:
 With such a Touchstone sweet were life,
 'Twould then be "As You Like It"

God speed!, old friend! but not good-bye!
 Old friendships' never sever;
 But you to cloister haunts must hie
 Whilst we work on—as ever.
 But when at last we end the play
 And face the life eternal,
 You'll bravely bare your head, and say
 Your *Adsum!* like the Colonel!

So here's a hand, my faithful friend,
 Come give us one of thine!
 No time can break, no age can bend
 The chain of "Auld Lang Syne."

The graceful and kindly lines were to have been addressed to Mr. Morton in person, but, unfortunately, Mr. Tree, who had spoken them with great feeling, had to announce that the veteran playwright was too unwell to be present. However, the fact that the Committee would be able to hand him about £250 would no doubt cheer him in his sickness. A very fashionable audience filled the house, but the dramatic profession, with but few exceptions, was conspicuous by its absence. Great praise is due to Mr. Walter Emden and Mr. Harrington Bailly for their active exertions to ensure the success of the afternoon, and to Messrs. Edward Hastings and A. B. Tapping for their able stage management.



MR. ARTHUR DACRE.

"Have the thing out, and make an end of it
—but, for heaven's sake, *don't brood.*"

THE SILVER SHIELD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

"CAPRICE."

Play in Four Acts, written by HOWARD P. TAYLOR, revised by FRED W. BROUGHTON.

First produced in England, at the Globe Theatre, October 22, 1889.

Jack Henderson ..	Mr. J. G. GRAHAME.	Jake	Miss NELLIE LINGARD.
Mr. Henderson ..	Mr. JOHN MACLEAN.	Philander Potts ..	Mr. ALFRED MALTRY.
Harry Woodthorpe ..	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.	Edith Henderson ..	Miss MARIE LINDON.
Wally Henderson ..	Mr. AUBREY BOUCAULT.	Emma Watson ..	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.
Jethro Baxter ..	Mr. T. J. HERNDON.	Mercy	Miss LOIE FULLER.

The young American actress who made her first bow to a London audience in "Caprice," created a most favourable impression. Miss Loie Fuller is arch and naïve, sympathetic, and can be bright and pathetic by turns, has remarkably nice eyes and a mobile mouth, set off by very pretty teeth. But surely in her *repertoire* she must have some better piece than that written by Mr. Taylor, which, though revised by Mr. Broughton, proves to be nothing but a very poor Americanized version of "An Unequal Match." In "Caprice" Jack Henderson, a wealthy young fellow, falls desperately in love with a country hoyden, Mercy Baxter, who, innately a lady, yet from her surroundings on an American farm and her want of education, is only attractive from her good looks and her sunny unsophisticated nature. Henderson *père* objects to the match, but when Mercy, overhearing him pointing out to his son the social ruin it will bring on him, offers to give up her Jack, the old gentleman relents, and so the young people are married. What may almost be expected ensues. Jack, without actually ceasing to love his little wife, wearies of her constant solecisms and ignorance of the usages of society, and becomes peevish and fretful. At last he betrays his feelings to his friend Woodthorpe (engaged to Edith Henderson) and poor Mercy leaves her husband suddenly with the words "I'm going to learn to be a lady." Some months elapse, and Jack Henderson on New Year's Day meets at his father's house a most bewitching lady, polished, easy, and graceful, who sings, plays the piano, and is a society belle. She is introduced as Lucy Ashton, but in her Jack recognises his lost wife, whom he at once takes to his arms again and makes happy. With the exception of Jethro Baxter, the American farmer, all the other characters but the hero and heroine are mere sketches. Mr. J. G. Grahame was thoroughly earnest and true to nature as Jack Henderson. In Mr. J. T. Herndon, a new comer from America, we had an excellent Jethro Baxter, quaint in manner, impressive in his simple honesty, and distinctly humorous. Mr. John Maclean is always good, and so made the most of the character of the wealthy Mr. Henderson. Mr. Fuller Mellish and Miss Marie Lindon imparted brightness to the play by their love bickerings; their one special scene, where they become really engaged, was remarkably well played. Mr.

Alfred Maltby (under whose direction the piece was produced) and Miss Susie Vaughan made the most of their small opportunities. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault was almost too much of a rattle as the youthful Wally Henderson. Considering the trying ordeal that Miss Fuller had to pass through in entering on management, the production of a new play, and her first appearance in England, she succeeded wonderfully, and the only regret was that the piece she had chosen was of such poor quality. Unlike many manageresses or "stars," Miss Fuller was most anxious that her company should share in the numerous calls and the applause, and did *not* take it as though all was intended for herself only. No expense has been spared in mounting the piece. The scenery was charming, and realism was carried so far as to introduce a live cow, fowls, &c., at Jethro's farm, though I hardly think much was gained by it. "A Promise," a new one act comedietta by S. Boyle Lawrence, of which report speaks well, will in a few days be put on in front of "Caprice."

"LA PRIMA DONNA."

New Opera Comique in Three Acts, Composed by TITO MATTEI. Adapted from a well-known story by H. B. FARNIE and ALFRED MURRAY.

First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Wednesday, October 16th, 1889.

Leopold	MR. ALEC MARSH.	The Margravine of }	{ MDLE. FLORENCE
Maximilian	MR. GEORGE SINCLAIR.	Adelberg. }	{ PALTZER.
Baron Pippinestr ..	MR. GEORGE CAPEL.	The Princess Mina. ..	MISS AMELIA GRUHN.
Sigismund	MR. HARRY GRATTAN.	Otto	MISS E. GOWER.
Ballard	{ MR. ALBERT	Folligny	MISS IDA LISTON.
Florival	{ CHEVALIER.	Pastorale	MISS MAUD BRENT.
Rigolet	MR. JOSEPH TAPLEY.	Ninette	{ MISS ALICE
Anselmo	MR. H. GRAHAME.		{ LETHBRIDGE.
Lebel	MR. F. BENWELL.	Della	MDLE. SARA PALMA. }
	{ MR. STANLEY		
	BETEMANN.		

The new management of the Avenue have evidently determined to provide in the future a more refined class of music and entertainment than has hitherto reigned there, and to this end have secured a most capable manager in Mons. Marius, for it will be remembered that this gentleman is a musician as well as an actor. Some time since Signor Tito Mattei had attained a favourable verdict for his opera, "Maria de Gand," and his work now produced will be pronounced graceful, musically, and as possessing many charming numbers, and as such will attract those that would not care for more frivolous airs. The libretto is an adaptation by H. B. Farnie and Alfred Murray from "The Duke's Dilemma," a story that appeared in "Blackwood," and the groundwork of which should possess much comic element. It can be dismissed in a few words. An impecunious German Grand Duke is at his wit's end for a court, all his ministers having struck for their salaries. One faithful valet only remains; he knows that just at this moment it is most important that they should make a good display, as his royal master is expect-

ing his future bride and her brother, the Prince. At this moment a Parisian troupe of actors arrive, and learning the Duke's dilemma, their manager at once arranges that his company shall fill the places of the recalcitrant court, he himself assuming the office of prime minister. The one whom he has most to fear is a Baron, the envoy from a neighbouring State, who wishes to thwart the marriage, and so the clever manager sets his *prima donna* to flirt with him, she unwittingly gaining the attention of the Prince. Her lover, the tenor, in revenge for her coquetry flirts with the Baron's ward, and thus there is a game of cross purposes. Of course everything comes right at last, the loves of the Duke and the Princess ending in marriage. These two characters were filled almost to perfection by Mr. Marsh and Miss Grünh, who, quite a novice, at once enlisted the sympathies of the audience by her charmingly unaffected acting and her sweet voice. Her solo, "I'm Not Yet a Stolid Matron," and her duet with Mr. Marsh, "Yes or No," were exquisitely rendered. Her lover created quite a furore by his singing of "Their Pity I Would Scorn to Crave" and "The Cause of Liberty." Mr. Joseph Tapley has wonderfully improved in his acting, which is now excellent, and he sang with special fervour and real passion the romance, "Love Farewell," and the "Kissing Duet" with Mdle. Palma gained a double encore. Mdle. Paltzer was heard to most advantage in her song "Flirtation" which was fairly well sung. Mr. George Capel has a good patter song, "Truth Stranger than Fiction." Mr. Albert Chevalier is a host in himself; the stage was never dull so long as he occupied it, and he was compelled to sing three encore verses to his topical song, "Behind the Scenes." He is quite original and thoroughly humorous. Mr. George Sinclair made so much of a small part that it is to be written up, and one or two songs are to be introduced so as to take advantage of his fine baritone voice. The *prima donna*, Mdle. Palma, proved herself a finished musician, best in florid passages, with an agreeable voice and appearance. The bravúra, "Brava Bravissima" and her song, "Love Me" were both re-demanded. I must not forget Miss Lethbridge's very graceful dancing. There is an excellent quartet, "How Charmed I am to Meet You"; and of the choruses, all of which are excellent and more than tuneful, that which formed the finale to the first act, "Oh, Excellent Device," is one of the best that has for some time been heard—and in almost all cases they were done full justice to. The scenery is beautiful, and the dresses, by Mons. and Mme. Alias, marvels of taste and delicacy. The first act of "La Prima Donna" is the best, but there will be little difficulty in writing up the second and third; then the opera will with almost certainty prove a decided hit. Much praise is due to Mons. Marius for his stage management, and even more to Mr. John Crook for the able manner in which he conducted.

"PENELOPE."

Musical Version of "The Area Belle." Lyrics by GEORGE P. HAWTREY, Music by EDWARD SOLOMON.
Placed in evening bill at the Comedy Theatre, Tuesday, September 24th, 1889.

Pitcher	MR. W. S. PENLEY.		Mrs. Croker	{ MISS CARLOTTA ZER- BINI. MISS ALMA STANLEY.
Tosser	MR. W. LUGG.		Penelope	
Walker Chalks	MR. R. STOCKTON.			

To supplement the attractions of "Æsop's Fables," this most amusing musical version of the favourite farce, "The Area Belle," is now given nightly with the greatest success. Mr. Edward Solomon has never composed anything that so completely carries out the spirit of the joke, and is yet melodious throughout, and the lyrics, by Mr. G. P. Hawtreay, are not only neat but witty. The trifle is excellently interpreted by one and all of those taking part in it, and few would have given Messrs. Penley and Lugg credit for possessing such good voices or for such musical knowledge.

"THE DANCING MASTER."

A comedietta, by MAX PEMBERTON and MILTON WELLINGS, with incidental music by MILTON WELLINGS.

First produced at the Opera Comique, Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1889.

Lord George Dale	MR. FLEMING NORTON.		Majorcy	MISS PRAEGER.
Peter (<i>the Dancing Master</i>)	MR. CALVERT.			

A few words will dismiss the comedietta. Lord George Dale has fallen in love with a rustic beauty, whom he brings to Peter to be taught dancing and deportment. She proves to be Peter's sweetheart, and the kind-hearted old nobleman not only joins their hands, but provides for their future. The only "incidental music" was that of a couple of minuets, which were delicate. Miss Praeger was a pretty and engaging Marjory, and Mr. Fleming Norton a bluff, hearty Lord George Dale. I merely give the cast for purposes of record.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Musical-Box.

THE autumn musical season may be said to have been opened by Otto Hegner, on the 2nd October, at St. James' Hall. The young artist (he is more than a prodigy) interpreted Weber's "Concertstück" admirably. Mr. Max Heinrich and the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, under Mr. George Mount, aided by the little performer, appeared again on the 9th, giving a finished rendering of Chopin's Concerto in E. minor. Nikita, in delightful voice, with Mr. Heinrich and the R. A. O. S., again assisted. Otto Hegner also recited on the 5th and 12th, playing Beethoven's E. minor "Sonata," and several compositions of his own.

"The Castle of Como," a romantic opera by Mr. George Cockle, B. Mus. Oxon, was produced at the Opera Comique on the 2nd Oct. The composer chose to treat his subject from a grand opera point of view. *Recitatives* abound, and there is no spoken dialogue. Technically, "The Castle of Como" is clever and scholarly; but Mr. Cockle's effort can only be set down as yet another failure to convert the old bombastic and terribly artificial play into operatic form.

Leeds Musical Festival commenced with Berlioz's "Faust," on Oct. 9th, Sir Arthur Sullivan conducting, and Madame Albani, Messrs. Lloyd, Brereton, and Watkin Mills being the soloists. The orchestra of 120, led by Mr. Carrodus, met with approval; but the chorus laid itself open to some slight stricture. In the evening, however, it made atonement by a magnificent rendering of Mr. Frederick Corder's new work, "The Sword of Argantyr," one of the five novelties set down for production at Leeds, which, though favourably heard, did not meet with an extravagant reception. The third act of "Tannhauser," admirably given, followed. On Thursday morning, Schubert's Mass in E flat, "Acis and Galatea," &c., were performed, and in the evening a novelty, "The Sacrifice of Freia," a dramatic cantata by Dr. William Creser, the organist of Leeds parish church. The poem is by Dr. Hueffer, so it may rightly be concluded that the composer has treated it in strictly Wagnerian manner. The performance was beyond praise, Miss Macintyre, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton being the soloists, the composer conducting. Another novelty followed, in Dr. Mackenzie's

"Pibroch" for violin and orchestra, composed for Signor Sarasate, and met with emphatic approval. It will be shortly heard in London. A miscellaneous concert concluded the programme. Friday brought forward two novelties, Dr. Hubert Parry's setting of Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," in which Miss Macintyre won yet new laurels, and Mr. Brereton, if possible, excelled himself; and Professor Villiers Stanford's "Voyage of Maeldune," with Mr. Edward Lloyd, Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Mr. Barrington Foote. Both novelties were admirably interpreted, and were received with enthusiasm. In both works the composers somewhat follow lines laid down by themselves in previous work; but it may be said in each case an artistic advance is noticeable. The "Choral Symphony" of Beethoven and other works also occupied choir and orchestra, and drew large audiences. On Saturday morning, Brahms's "German Requiem" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" and at night, the festival conductor's "Golden Legend," originally produced at Leeds, with Madame Albani and Mr. Lloyd of the then artists, but with Miss Miss Damian and Mr. Watkin Mills in the parts created by Madame Patey and Mr. Frederick King were performed; and an arranged selection from the same composer's "Macbeth" music brought to a conclusion an arduous but a successful Festival.

Signor Tito Mattei is an accomplished musician, a popular pianist, and a charming man; but whether his "*La Prima Donna*" will make a great success, I venture to doubt. It was produced on the 16th October, at the Avenue, and I leave the plot and libretto to other hands. Nothing the Signor writes could be uninteresting, but he is not tuneless enough for opera comique. There is nothing you can carry away with you; though this, perhaps, is something to be thankful for in these days of piano organs and American ballads. I except the valse air (there are several) which recurs at the finale of the third act. Other very charming numbers are a duet for soprano and tenor, and the finale, albeit a trifle commonplace, in act i; in act ii, a quartette, and a valse air for soprano, and a tenor solo in the third act. Mdlle. Sara Palma, as *La Prima Donna*, sings admirably; but Miss Florence Paltzer does not, though the possessor of an excellent voice. Mr. Joseph Tapley (who has much improved in his acting since the "*Old Guard*"), sings the tenor music with true expression; and Mr. Alec Marsh, the baritone, uses his fine voice to advantage. The choruses are spirited, and the orchestration clever; but — well, time will show if "*La Prima Donna*" will "keep the stage."

MICHAEL WATSON, who died at the age of 50 on the 3rd October, was well-known to the public as the composer of many popular songs, and to his friends as genial, kindly, broad-shouldered, a clever

musician, draughtsman, amateur actor, and *bon camarade*. He will be much missed from the army of song-composers, rapidly, alas, losing its officers, while gathering too many to the rank and file. He was buried at Forest Hill on the 7th.—Mr. F. H. Cowen's new cantata, "St. John's Eve," is to be given at the Crystal Palace on December 14th.—Guiseppe Verdi was seventy-five on the 9th.—Mr. Freeman Thomas has been wielding the baton at Covent Garden. He has not the fervour of Mr. Higgs, or the winsomeness of Mr. Crowe; want of practice, perhaps.—Madame Valleria's health broke down at Leeds, after Mr. F. Corder's "Sword of Argantyr"—Mr. Santley will remain in Australia until March.—The Bristol Musical Festival Society will give two festival concerts on November 1st and 2nd; Gounod's "Mors et Vita" is down for performance.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

We have received the following new music for review :—

From ASCHERBERG & CO. : "In Dreamland" (H. Logé), which has a strangely reminiscent phrase on page four; the words are not too lucid. "Only Bubbles" (A. H. Behrend) is scarcely worthy of this clever musician. Two songs, "Love Can Wait," and "The Lifeboatman" (H. Troté), are respectively melodious and stirring. Of three by J. M. Capel, "Wait and See" is naïve and quaint. The words of "I Would be more to Thee" are absolutely unintelligible, even when read, much less when heard sung. "John's Wife" (Weatherly and J. L. Roeckel) has both humour and merit. "Love's Reverie" (H. Kreuz) has little to recommend it beyond a commonplace refrain in valse time. Some of the songs from "Ruy Blas" at the Gaiety are also to hand.

METZLER & CO. : Mr. Hamilton Clarke, who is a clever musician, must have been hampered by the incredibly foolish libretto of "The Silver Trout," an operetta. Lady A. Hill has written better songs than "A Song of the Sea," nor is Mr. J. L. Molloy quite as happy as usual in "I Would that the Boats were Home."

ENOCH & SON. : Of three Waltzes, Otto Roeder's "Little Gleaners" is the best; a child of the "See-Saw" type, and more original than its parent. We dislike songs made into waltzes, as in "Fiddle and I." "Eldorado," by Popplewell Royle, has well-marked time. Two sacred songs reach us from this firm—"Babylon," by Michael Watson, which is admirable, and "Thy King," by Paul Rodney, in which not the inevitable orphan, but a whole band of Pilgrims die and are transported to Heaven, to a waltz-melody in slow time.

W. MORLEY & CO. : In "Will you come back to me," Frank Moir is melodious, but terribly commonplace; and Mr. Joseph Barnby has written a simple song in "An Evening Melody." "On

Conway Quay" (H. Trot  re), is a musicianly, effective, and well constructed song ; few composers know how much there is in a song's construction. Miss Maude White departs somewhat from her usual style, but gives us an excellent song, in "At her Spinning Wheel." "The Captain of the Life-boat" (Louis Diehl) has a stirring, though not particularly original refrain, and is a good song for a baritone. "Pompei" valse (H. Rosa) and "Nuit d'Amour" valse (Theo. Bonheur), are poor ; title pages of both are charming,—*voila tout!* Boggetti's "Old Whitehall" is quite harmless.



Our Omn  bus=Box.

THE December number will contain the first of a series of notes under the heading "Amateurs' Play Box."

Mr. Augustus Harris and his collaborator, Mr. Henry Hamilton, have so deftly used the pruning knife in their excision of superfluous dialogue, even cutting out one entire scene, that without any loss of interest in the action of "The Royal Oak," the play is now over by eleven o'clock. Indeed, the authors have added to its attractions. Originally it ended with the narrow escape from death of Dorian Cholmondeley on Tower Hill, but as it was thought that something more should be seen of the King, round whose fortunes the events are woven, it was determined that we should, after all his buffets by Dame Fortune, behold him basking in her smiles, and so in the final tableau the scene is laid in Whitehall. It presents the restoration of Charles II., and shows us his triumphant entry into London seated on a magnificent white charger, and preceded, of course, by such a pageant as the manager of Drury Lane so well knows how to put upon the stage. Mr. Henry Neville, I was glad to see on my second visit, had rather altered his make-up, and more closely resembled the pictures of the swarthy good-natured and gallant libertine who sat on the English throne after so many vicissitudes. Mr. Neville happily contrives never to lose sight of the kingly dignity, even when unable in his direst straits to resist

making love to a pretty girl. He does not show us the noblest but certainly the truest side of the royal character. Mr. Arthur Dacre is a gallant gentleman as Dorian Cholmondeley, loyal to Quixottishness as were so many cavaliers, and true to his sovereign even when that sovereign he imagined had done him the greatest wrong. He was earnest in the display of his affection to the woman he loves, and dignified when on the scaffold. Miss Winifred Emery is hardly strong enough for Drury Lane, but played very tenderly and gracefully as Mildred Clavering. Miss Ada Neilson, as Lady Cholmondeley, was the noble representative of an ancient family whose motto is "*Toujours loyal*," and spoke her lines with distinction; and Master Frank Stephens showed promise as the little baronet, Sir Bevis, who died in saving his King. Mr. Luigi Lablache, without rant or exaggeration, drew a very strong picture of the villainous puritan, Colonel Ancketell, and was of material assistance. Mr. Harry Nicholls is exactly fitted in his part as "Walk-in-the-way Dearlove." Starting as a snuffling roundhead, the merry twinkle of whose eye alone betrays that he is not the demure sober follower of Cromwell that his dress declares him, the love of a pretty girl with a trim ankle changes him into a roystering cavalier with beaver cocked and glaringly smart attire, while for his canting whine are substituted profane oaths and in lieu of psalms he sings: "A-rub-a-dub-dub-dub, the King shall enjoy his own again." That Mr. Nicholls can bring out to the full the humour of such a part every one will admit, and he is most ably seconded by Miss Fanny Brough, one of our best actresses, so full is she of quaint humour, quickness of repartee and intelligent brightness. Mr. Fred Dobell and Mr. Frank Collings effectively represent the fanatical attributes of the old "Ironsides;" Mr. R. C. Lyons is a bluff drinking sea dog as Captain Nicholas Tattersall; and Mr. Fred Thomas is a sturdy yeoman as Richard Penderel. "The Royal Oak" is now preceded every evening at 7.30 by the comedietta, "The Opera Cloak," a bright and amusing little play.

"Ninon," Mr. W. G. Wills's play with which Miss Wallis (Mrs. Lancaster) commenced a fortnight's engagement at the Grand Theatre on Monday, October 21, 1889, was originally produced at the Adelphi Theatre, 7th February, 1880. Mr. Henry Neville was the "St. Cyr," the late Mr. E. H. Brooke, "Marat;" Mr. James Fernandez, "Baget;" Mr. J. G. Taylor, "Simon;" Mr. F. W. Irish, "Beaugras;" Miss Jenny Rogers, "The Dauphin;" and Miss Wallis, as now, filled the title-rôle. The drama was then played in four acts; it is now done in five. It is a "Story of the French Revolution that began in 1789 and ended in 1794," and, well written and strong up to a certain point, fails altogether in the closing scene. Joseph Baget, a jeweller and man of the people, had two daughters. One, Adele,

is supposed to have fallen a victim to the wiles of the Count St. Cyr, and in consequence drowned herself. Her father, thirsting to be avenged on her seducer, readily joins Marat (who has a hatred for St. Cyr), in persuading Adele to take upon herself the task of ruining her sister's betrayer. To accomplish this she is to do her best to win the affection of St. Cyr, and worm from him his secrets. Both of these ends she accomplishes, the most important secret being that of her lover's being at heart a royalist and having effected the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple prison, where he would soon have died under the cruel persecution of the ruffianly Simon. In accomplishing her vengeance, unfortunately for herself Ninon loses her heart to the man she has marked for destruction, and when she learns that instead of having wronged the dead Adele, he was actually her champion and killed her betrayer, Ninon's horror may be imagined. She confesses her lover's duplicity to St. Cyr, and as she has arranged with her father and Marat to give up her victim to the infuriated mob at a certain hour, she persuades St. Cyr to marry her, that he may prove by this act that he is not an "aristocrat, but one of the people." The weakness of the play consists in the trying to make one believe that even all powerful love would induce a noble heart such as St. Cyr's to forgive a woman who had been so utterly deceitful, and who could carry out with such fiendish malignity a plan that would compass the death of a man she pretended to love. In such a case St. Cyr should rather have accepted death than dishonour in mating with such a creature, and to purify the character of the heroine she should have been sacrificed for clinging to the fortunes of her lover in his last moments. But it has been thought necessary to have a happy ending, and so dramatic force suffers. Ninon is a character which Miss Wallis created and is a most difficult one to render; the struggle between her love and her revenge, her assumed lightheartedness and her self-contempt for the parts he is playing, her horror of bloodshed that is overcome only by the memory of her dead sister's wrongs—all these must be brought into play, and are done so effectively by Miss Wallis. Mr. William Herbert supported her as the handsome St. Cyr, and Mr. Bassett Roe was excellent as the human tiger, Marat. Mr. Julian Cross was at his best in his abject fear when pleading for his life, and Mr. George Canninge made a clever character sketch of Father Beaugras. Little Miss Allwood was an interesting Dauphin. Miss Rose Meller played with marked discretion and firmness as Josephine, St. Cyr's sister; and Miss Earl as Nanette was a true type of the sanguinary woman-leader of the revolution.

When Geoffrey Thorn's burlesque, "Dandy Dick Turpin," was tried at the *matinée* at the Grand on April 27th of this year for copy-right purposes, the bold outlines which had to be filled in appeared

to promise a most amusing whole. The promise has scarcely been fulfilled, even though considerable improvements have been made in it since it was placed in the regular evening bill. A superabundance of puns, good, bad, and indifferent, too frequent political allusions and topical hits that are in many cases purely local or personal, will not make a burlesque, and Mr. Thorn, clever writer as he is, has not availed himself of the opportunities which Ainsworth's Rookwood offer for travesty. "The wicked eye-way-man with a disposition to pretty lass-eny" is, according to the burlesque, the rightful heir to Rookwood; his place having been usurped by Sir Ranulph, "a Jubilee Juggins," whose mother Lady Rookwood goes about, *à la* Queen Eleanor, always accompanied by a dagger and a bowl of poison which she threatens everybody with. Barbara Lovell, the gipsy prophetess, after being silenced all through the piece, is eventually allowed to confess that she "changed the children at nuss," and that Turpin is the legitimate Rookwood is proved by the production of his vaccination certificate. Of course, he has many hairbreadth escapes, most of which he accomplishes by the aid of his sweetheart, Sybil, a remarkably pretty singing gipsy, the part being charmingly filled by Miss Florence Dysart. The famous ride to York is burlesqued in an amusing manner, the antics of the property horse producing shouts of laughter. William Goldfinch, "a Romany in whose presence it is judicious to mind your Rye," and who is ever endeavouring to betray his chief, is one of the most smartly drawn characters, and was as smartly played and danced through by Mr. Arthur H. Alexander, of whom we should hear much more in the future. Miss Fannie Leslie has a fund of animal spirits which she brings into play to the utmost as the mashing Dick Turpin, sings brightly as usual, and dances nimbly. Miss Julia Warden makes a dashing Tom King. Mr. Tom Paulton is a very droll Lady Rookwood, without the slightest tinge of vulgarity, and Miss Blanche Eversleigh speaks her lines humorously and well as Barbara Lovell. Misses Louie and Lottie Wilmot distinguish themselves as dancers in a well arranged *pas de quatre*. The band of highwaymen and the gipsies are represented by good-looking young ladies who join effectively in the numerous choruses sprinkled through the burlesque, the music of which is well arranged and chosen by Mr. James M. Glover. The verses of one or two of the topical songs should be revised, as they are not in the best taste. Needless to say that the piece was very handsomely mounted, both as to scenery and dresses, for the proprietor of the Grand is always liberal in these respects. We understand that the burlesque will, in future, on tour, be played in three acts instead of in two.

"Sybil," or "Love Rules," was one of those fortunate plays produced at a *matinée* that had in its cast both actors and actresses

who could gloss over its terrible shortcomings. There was nothing new in the story and not much in the dialogue, but there was originality in the drawing of two of the characters, for it is not often that we have a winsome widow, who has twice drawn rather worse than a blank in the matrimonial lottery, who is willing to tempt fortune a third time ; nor have we had an outside stockbroker, a *ci-devant* military man, tell us in a thoroughly genial and honest way how gullible the great British public is. We had the adventuress and her confederate, with whom she of course quarrels as to the plucking of one particular pigeon that she has set down for a toothsome morsel for herself, and we had a callow lover, who, six months after he has protested everlasting affection to the before-named widow, vows that his heart will break unless he is wedded to the widow's pretty daughter. As "Sybil" will probably never see the footlights again, it might be passed over, but that a young actress, Miss Georgie Esmond, was one of the most charmingly natural *ingénues* that has been seen for some time, and in addition sang very sweetly. Mrs. Bertha Dawes it must be confessed made the widow a most fascinating one, though she must have married very early or preserved her youthful looks in a marvellous manner. Handsome Miss Marie de Grey excelled in the part of the adventuress. Mr. Walter Everard was a cool incisive blackleg ; Mr. Wallace Erskine a passionate young lover. Mr. Forbes Dawson imparted much life to a dreary afternoon, in which he was assisted by Miss Nellie Lingard as a 'cute American widow, and by Miss Lottie Harcourt as a smart maid. Mr. Charles Glenney was excellent as a sporting baronet, whose constancy is as notable as his passion for horse racing. The *matinee* was given at Terry's, on behalf of Sir Randall Roberts, whom everyone will pity in his almost certain coming affliction.

"The Profligate" resumed its interrupted run at the Garrick Theatre on Wednesday, October 2nd, and the high opinion already formed of its being a play that will hand down Mr. Pinero's name to posterity as a great dramatist was confirmed. Though sad, it is so human, the lesson it teaches is so great, the language is so epigrammatic, and the characters so forcibly and naturally drawn, that a second and even a third visit only discover fresh beauties in the entire work. It was unfortunate that the engagements already made by Mr. Hare for his provincial tour compelled him to close the Garrick just in the height of a prosperous production, but there is such sterling worth in "The Profligate" that it should run again for a considerable time. With the exception of Mr. Hare the original cast still appears. Mr. Forbes Robertson has even improved in his delineation of the opposing forces, the good and evil of Dunstan Renshaw's character, adding lightness to the first act and intensity

to the succeeding ones. Miss Kate Rorke is more innocently loving and tender in her earlier scenes, and stern yet impassioned in the development of the insult to the outraged purity of the wife, who loving so deeply is crushed by the discovery of her husband's past life. Mrs. Gaston Murray is admirable as the scheming, worldly Mrs. Stonehay, and Miss Beatrice Lamb has gained strength in her depiction of the well-meaning, but weak Irene. Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, who now appears as Lord Dangars in place of Mr. Hare, is an excellent substitute, but it is only natural to say that the original would be preferred.

Miss Fortescue during the past month appeared for a week at the Grand Theatre, Islington, as Selene in "The Wicked World," and Julia in "The Hunchback." Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedy is, perhaps, one of his best written plays, though so wonderfully original in conception and fanciful in development. Like Miss Neilson, another most beautiful pupil of the author's, Miss Fortescue possesses all those personal advantages that the character of the Fairy Queen demands, and brings to the portrayal of the character earnestness, dignity, and pathos. The Sir Ethair of Mr. Frank K. Cooper was highly to be commended; he looked a gallant knight, and his elocution was perfect. Mr. Louis Calvert, too, was good as Sir Phyllon, and the Lutin of Mr. Arthur Wood was full of humour. As Julia in "The Hunchback" Miss Fortescue showed how much she has improved by careful study; the coldness which was sometimes noticeable in her previous performances has given place to warmth, passion, and power, with the result that she may now take rank with some of our most promising actresses. Much of her success, it must be admitted, is due to the most valuable support she received from Mr. F. K. Cooper as Master Walter, a performance worthy of the highest praise, and from Mr. Louis Calvert as her lover, Sir Thomas Clifford, who also acted admirably. It is a long time since a more vivacious, bewitchingly mischievous Helen has been seen than that of Miss Adela Measor. Her scene with Modus was so excellently played as to secure her special recalls twice every evening. Miss Fortescue's company, with which she is touring, is well selected.

Mr. Arthur Dacre originally practised the medical profession and studied at Guy's and Marischal College, Aberdeen, and is an M.D., M.C., M.R.C.S.E., and L.S.A. He was for some time in the Government Emigration Service as Medical Officer, and in that capacity visited the Cape of Good Hope, India and the West Indies, Ceylon, America, etc., afterwards practising privately in Kensington. But the "dramatic fever" had taken too strong hold on him, and he abandoned good prospects to tread the boards. So, armed with a letter of

introduction from Mr. John Hare (a former patient) to Mr. Dion Boucicault, in New York, Mr. Dacre obtained an engagement and made his *debüt* there as Captain Molyneux in "The Shaugraun," in 1878. At the close of the season he returned to England, and made his first professional bow to a London audience under Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Court, 1879, his first important part being that of Harold Kenyon "The Old Love and the New." It was a happy event, for on this occasion he met that accomplished actress and ornament to the stage, Miss Amy Roselle, whom Mr. Dacre afterwards married in December, 1884. He next appeared with Madame Modjeska as Armand Duval "Heartsease," Mercutio, "Romeo and Juliet," Maurice de Saxe (the leading character), "Adrienne Lecouvreur," then to the Haymarket, February, 1881, as Ernest Vane in "Masks and Faces," and on to the Court again, September, 1881, as Maurice de La Tour in "Honour." At the Globe, Mr. Dacre played Guy Faucet in the "Cynic," Young Marlowe, in "She Stoops to Conquer," and Captain Absolute, in the "Rivals," January, 1882. An engagement at Drury Lane followed for Madame Ristori's season, during which he appeared in the leading juvenile parts, afterwards playing the hero George Maitland in "Pluck." At the St. James's under the Hare and Kendal management, he took the part of Victor de Riel in "Impulse." Mr. Dacre's conscientious study, gentlemanly bearing, added to great natural personal advantages, had caused him to steadily increase in public favour, and when he went on tour to play Loris Ipanoff in "Fedora" with Miss Laura Villiers, the *Saturday Review* wrote of the performance:—"In the case of the two principal parts, Fedora and Ipanoff, and especially it may be said of Ipanoff, the play is given with singular passion and truth. No actor who has undertaken the part in England has approached Mr. Dacre in fervour and in control, and the great scene in the last act is as moving a thing as we have seen for a long time." Mr. Dacre's subsequent principal parts in London were: Clement Huntingford in the revival of "The World," at Drury Lane; Tom Potter in the "Silver Shield," at the Comedy (1885); Noel Musgrave in "Harvest," at the Princess's; the original "Jim the Penman" (James Ralston), at the Haymarket; and Geoffrey Calvert in "Hard Hit," at the same theatre; and Captain Tempest in "A White Lie," at the new Court (1889). In August, 1887, Mr. Dacre went on tour with Miss Amy Roselle, and appeared as Sir Hugh Maitland ("Twixt Kith and Kin"), Littleton Coke ("Old Heads and Young Hearts"), Arthur Meredith ("Our Joan"), Camille Dujardin ("The Double Marriage"), and Claude Melnotte ("Lady of Lyons"). Mr. Dacre's present engagement is at Drury Lane. His performance of Dorian Cholmondeley in "The Royal Oak" has received on all sides the most favourable notice.

October, 1889, will be a notable date in theatrical annals, for on the 2nd of the month Mr. Edward Terry, by invitation from the Church Congress held at Cardiff, read a paper on "The Amusements of the People." The substance of the delivery was admirable; it was concise, the arguments in support of the drama were well chosen and forcible, and the author pointed out how uncharitable it really was for those who had never entered the playhouse, frequently to condemn an institution of the bearings of which they were totally ignorant; whereas, were the clergy more usually to attend, "their very presence might ensure propriety from the respect due to their cloth." Mr. Terry proved that for the success of a play vice must in it be always punished and virtue triumphant, and in support of his argument that the stage has become a necessity of the people he quoted Schlegel, who, in enumerating the numerous kindred arts that are called in to support and beautify the drama, finishes with the following most true remark as to those who attend a dramatic performance:—"All alike are diverted, all exhilarated, and all feel themselves for a time raised above the daily cares, the troubles and sorrows of their lives."

The new Exeter Theatre was opened on October 7th, 1889. It will be remembered that disastrous results attended the burning of the old one. Every precaution has been taken in the erection of the present house to guard against loss of life in the future. The theatre is built on the ideas of Mr. Irving for a "safety" theatre, from plans worked out by Mr. Alfred Darbyshire, F.I.B.A., which include complete isolation, the power of immediate separation from each other of the different divisions of the building, exits immediately on to the street, from the level obtained direct on to the exterior by the special construction. There are also outside staircases, and an iron curtain to the proscenium can in ten seconds be made to descend *directly on to the foundation* of the building, thus completely cutting off the stage, in which portion of a theatre fires most frequently originate.

At the Adelphi, Court, Criterion, Drury Lane, Haymarket, Lyceum, Lyric, Prince of Wales's, and Shaftesbury, there is little likelihood of any change in the bill for some time to come, as all these houses are doing excellent business. The Promenade Concerts are drawing to a close; at Her Majesty's they concluded last week owing to the extensive alterations that must be effected in the theatre and the great preparations that are being made for "Cinderella." Mr. Freeman Thomas at Covent Garden will have the satisfaction of knowing that his season of concerts has been one of the most successful on record.

Miss Minnie Terry, for I suppose we must give her the full dignity of Miss, though she is better known as "dear little Minnie," is the

only daughter of Charles and Margaret Terry, and was born at Caudebran, Gironde, France, January 1st, 1832, and made her first appearance on any stage with Miss Fortescue's company as Georgie in "Frou-Frou" at the National Standard Theatre, Bishopsgate, November 16, 1835, repeated the same performance at the Crystal Palace, and again on the occasion of Miss Angela Fenton's special *matinée* at the Haymarket in the same year. Her first original part was that of Gretchen in "Partners," by Robert Buchanan, produced at the Haymarket, under Beerbohm Tree's management, January 5, 1838. She was compelled to refuse the part of the boy in "Tares." On May 8, 1838, she appeared as Mignon in "Bootle's Baby," at the Globe, a creation of her own, and for some nights resumed the character of Georgie, playing it on the occasion of the benefit of the Buttercup and Daisy Fund, July 26, 1833. Little Minnie then went on tour with "Bootle's Baby," under Mr. Edgar Bruce's and Miss Woodworth's management, and in the provinces, as in London, received unqualified praise. She made special visits to Oxford and Cambridge in her old part in "Partners." Mr. and Mrs. Kendal next engaged her for Daisy Desmond in "A White Lie," at the Court Theatre, June 1, 1839, and she was again forced to refuse the child's part in "Proof," at the Princess's, owing to the rehearsals of "A Man's Shadow," September 12, 1839, in which she is now appearing as Suzanne at the Haymarket. Miss Minnie possesses much of the vivacity of the Terry family, and being of a highly strung and most sensitive nature her parents very wisely, it will most likely be considered, have kept her from study. She is now only learning to read. All her parts but one have been learnt through the kind and most efficient training of her aunt, Miss Marion Terry, who also delights in telling her fairy stories, which are in great request. For Suzanne, Miss Ellen Terry coached her little niece, Miss Marion Terry being absent from London. Miss Minnie Terry exhibits none of the objectionable traits of the "infant phenomenon," but is a sweet lovable child, and appears really to mean the words she has to utter in act ii. of "A Man's Shadow:" "I am very happy and I mean always to be a good little girl."

The pretty grounds of Bramblebury, Wandsworth Common, the property of Mr. W. H. Dickinson, were *en fête* for the last three days of the week, ending October 12th. A Bazaar and Fancy Fair was held in aid of the funds required for establishing a People's Palace at Battersea. In the absence of the Lord Mayor, who was unable to be present, the bazaar was declared open by Mr. Sheriff Harris, Mr. Dickinson presiding. In addition to the numerous amusements provided, Miss Elizabeth Bessle (who has achieved a great reputation in the provinces in Shakespearean plays, and is

also known as a talented authoress) was entrusted with the organisation of the dramatic attractions, which were safe in her practised hands. Thursday, the opening day, was fortunately very warm and summerlike, and so the scenes from "Twelfth Night," arranged as a pastoral play, and given in the open air, were much enjoyed. Miss Elizabeth Bessle was warmly applauded for her most artistic embodiment of Viola; Mr. Herbert Basing gained great *kudos* for his Malvolio; Miss Margaret Ayetoun was a bewitching Countess Olivia, and Miss Mary Bessle attractive as Maria. On the Saturday night a most amusing farce, "The Tinted Venus," adapted from Anstey's novel by Elizabeth Bessle, was played for the first time in public, and created roars of laughter through the clever acting of the authoress as Venus, and of Mr. F. W. Irish as Leander Tweedle, the barber, who becomes the unwilling possessor of the statue. On the same evening, Mrs. Inchbald's comedietta "The War of Wits" (to which the late E. L. Blanchard was indebted for the plot of "Carina") was capitally rendered by Mr. Herbert Basing as the Marquis, Mr. Leonard Howard as Sebastian, Mr. Frank H. Westerton as Nicolas, and the two Misses Bessle respectively as Julia and Flora, Miss Mary making a particularly bright intriguing soubrette. In "A Regular Fix," Maddison Morton's farce, Mr. Herbert Basing distinguished himself as Hugh de Bras. In another part of the grounds, on the same evening, a scene from the "School for Scandal" was given by Mr. Tagg and Miss Lydia Davis as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle.

"Sweet Lavender" will reach its 600th performance on the evening of Friday, November 8th.

Mr. Charles J. Fawcett is busy on a three act play for that rising young volatile comedian, Mr. Forbes Dawson, which will be produced at a *matinée* during the ensuing season at Terry's Theatre, under the management of Mr. H. T. Brickwell.

Mr. H. B. Farnie, the well-known dramatic author, died rather suddenly in Paris on Sunday, September 22nd, though he had been ill for a considerable time previous to that. Originally a journalist, he became editor of a musical weekly, called the "Orchestra," and afterwards of "Paris Times," and "The Sock and Buskin." He was perhaps *facile princeps* in adapting French comic opera, was an excellent rhymster in that particular class of work, and a first-rate stage-manager. He will be remembered for his librettos of "La Reine de Saba," "The Sleeping Queen," and his adaptations of "Rip Van Winkle," "Nell Gwynne," "La Mascotte," "Olivette," "Les Cloches de Corneville," and "Paul Jones." Mr. Farnie was a

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perfect master of the French language, and spent much of his time in Paris.

A great novelist, but one who also made a name as a dramatist, Mr. Wilkie Collins, passed away in London on September 23rd, 1889. He was the author of "The Lighthouse," "The Frozen Deep," "The Woman in White," "No Thoroughfare," "Man and Wife," "The New Magdalen," and "Rank and Riches," all of which plays but the last named were successes. He was born in January, 1824. Mr. Collins was a great sufferer from gout.

Much sympathy will be felt for Miss Violet and Irene Vanbrugh, who are steadily advancing in their stage career, and for her two sisters, the Misses Edith and Angela, who are no mean musicians. By the death of the Rev. Prebendary Barnes, they have lost their father, "Vanbrugh" being the *nom de théâtre* assumed by these young ladies.

Mrs. Wilson-Erskine's Comedy Company occupied the Ladbroke Hall on September 27th and 28th, the manageress, well-known as an amateur, appearing to great advantage as Hester Grazebrook in "An Unequal Match," and as Mrs. Fleeter in "My Sweetheart." On each of the respective nights a new play by Mr. Frank Lindo was produced. "An Old Man's Dream" turns on the disappointment inflicted on a kind hearted guardian, Esmond, who has long loved his pretty ward, Mable Lysle. During Esmond's three months' absence in Germany, Mabel and Cyril Wilmot, a young wooer, plight their troth, and the guardian finds his hopes dashed to the ground. The piece is prettily written, and was well acted as far as the author and Miss Marion Denvil were concerned. "The Mechanic" was made of sterner stuff. A young artisan, Claude, has been robbed of a clever invention by a manufacturer, Rameau, who has passed it off as his own and enriched himself. Three years later Claude, who has suffered poverty, and lost his mother from want of money during her illness, finds in Janet, the girl he loves, the grand daughter of the man who has wronged him, and against whom he has vowed to revenge himself. But love is all powerful, and so everything ends happily. Mr. Lindo was a little too forcible perhaps in the exhibition of his sufferings, and some of the dialogue might be toned down, but there was considerable merit in the writing. Both plays would be acceptable to amateurs.

New plays produced and important revivals in London from September 23, 1889, to October 23, 1889 :—

(Revivals are marked thus*)

Sept. 24. "Penelope," a musical version of "The Area Belle." Lyrics by George P. Hawtrey, music by Edward Solomon. (Placed in evening bill). Comedy.

- Sept. 25. "Sybil, or Love Rules, an Idyl on the stage in a preface and three chapters," by Edward Nelson Haxell. *Matinée. Terry's.*
- „ 27. "An Old Man's Dream," new domestic drama in one act, by Frank Lindo. *Ladbroke Hall.*
- „ 28.* "The Dead Heart," a story of the French Revolution, in a prologue and three acts, by Watts Phillips, revised by Walter H. Pollock. *Lyceum.*
- „ 28. "The Mechanic," romantic play, in one act, by Frank Lindo. *Ladbroke Hall.*
- „ 28. "The Orphans," drama in six acts, new version of "Deux Orphelines" of D'Ennery and Cormon. *Standard.*
- Oct. 2. "The Castle of Como," romantic opera founded on Bulwer Lytton's play of "The Lady of Lyons." Libretto by the late Charles Searle, with additions by the composer, the music by George Cockle, B. Mus., Oxon. *Opera Comique.*
- „ 2. "The Dancing Master," comedietta, written by Max Pemberton and Milton Wellings, with incidental music by Milton Wellings. *Opera Comique.*
- „ 4.* "Caste," comedy in three acts by T. W. Robertson. *Criterion.*
- „ 6. "The Bungalow," three act farcical comedy, founded by Fred Horner on "La Garçonnière. *Toole's.*
- „ 6. "Dandy Dick Turpin," new and original burlesque in two acts, by Geoffrey Thorn. *Grand Theatre, Islington.*
- „ 16. "La Prima Donna," opera comique, in three acts, adapted from a well-known story, by H. B. Farnie and Alfred Murray. Music composed by Tito Mattei. *Avenue.*
- „ 22. "Caprice," play in four acts, written by Howard P. Taylor, revised by Fred W. Broughton. *Globe.*
- „ 23. "Caught at Last," comedietta in one act, by "A. G. C." (Lady Cadogan). *Avenue.*

In the Provinces from September 18, 1889, to October 14, 1889 :—

- Sept. 30. "A Terrible Secret," realistic drama in three acts, by W. Richard Waldron. *Free Trade Hall, Colne.*
- Oct. 2. "A Mare's Nest," comedietta in one act, by Frederick Mouillot. *T. R., Norwich.*
- „ 3. "A Night in Paris," farcical comedy in three acts, (author unannounced). *T. R., Cheltenham.*
- „ 4. "Dorothy Vernon," romantic drama, in five acts, by J. W. Boulding. *T. R., Ashton-under-Lyne.*
- „ 4. "The Tramp, or Bygone Days," new "society romance," in three acts, by Cyril Harrison. *Public Hall, Warrington.*

- Oct. 10.* "Forgotten," play in four acts, reconstructed and partly re-written, by F. Frankfort Moore. T. Royal, Peterborough.
- „ 12.* "Twixt Axe and Crown," revised version of Tom Taylor's drama. T.R., Manchester.
- „ 12. "The Tinted Venus," comedietta, adapted from Anstey's novel, by Elizabeth Bessle. Bramblebury, Wandsworth Common.
- „ 14. "Fond Hearts," new original musical drama in three acts, by Fred Evanson. Prince of Wales's, Southampton.
- „ 14. "A Clear Conscience," original comedietta, by T. N. Walter. T. R., Lincoln.

In Paris from August 30 to October 12, 1889 :—

- Sept. 20.* "La Famille Benoiton," comedy in five acts, by Victorien Sardou. Odéon.
- „ 26. "Arlequin Seducteur," comedy in one act, in verse by M. Paul Sonnies. Vaudeville.
- Oct. 7.* "Théodora," drama in five acts and seven scenes, by Victorien Sardou. Porte St. Martin.
- „ 12. "Le Secret de la Terreuse," drama in five acts, by M.M. Busach and Cauvin. Chateau d'Eau.



THE THEATRE.



The Censorship of Plays.



O reach the origin of that dramatic Censorship which remains to-day as one of the few surviving remnants of governmental interference with the freedom of speech, we have to go far back into the history of the English stage. As early as 1527 the author of a moral interlude, performed at Gray's Inn, had been imprisoned by order of Henry VIII., who felt himself aggrieved at the tone of the play; and the spirit which inspired this action on the part of the bluff King often enough became manifest during that brilliant period of intellectual activity which followed so close upon the rise of the secular drama. Early in the reign of Elizabeth, and just before the establishment of permanent play-houses in the suburbs of London, the Master of the Revels, who was already the official regulator of all matters pertaining to public pageants and masques, was further charged with the task of examining all comedies, tragedies, interludes, and stage-plays, with power to allow or to reject them as in his wisdom he might consider fit. But for a good many years after this the relations existing between the theatre and its overseer were ill-defined and subject to continual variation. Sometimes the actors might enjoy a period of comparative freedom; sometimes the Council, on the occasion of an outbreak of the plague, or an accident during a Sunday performance, would return to the charge with ever-increasing severity, and either shut up the theatres altogether for a time, or place them under the strictest supervision.

In 1622 Sir John Ashley was appointed Master of the Revels, and the scope of his authority was duly set forth in the patent granted to him, in which he was invested with very arbitrary powers. It was there definitely stated that "every player and players, with the play-makers, either belonging to any nobleman, or otherwise, bearing the name or names of (or) using the facultie of play-makers or players of comedies, tragedies, interludes, or what other showes soever," should "present and recite" every play which they intended to perform, "before our said servant, or his sufficient deputie," who should have the fullest authority "to order and reforme, authorise and put downe," at the sole dictates of his individual will; disobedience in regard to his enactments rendering the offender liable to punishment by imprisonment and fine.

Only a few years after the granting of this patent, the Master of the Revels let slip a splendid opportunity of exercising his powers. The occasion was the production of Middleton's famous Aristophanic satire, "A Game at Chess," which, boldly dealing with some of the vexed political and religious problems of the day in a manner which commended it to a large body of the English people, became amazingly popular, and ran for the unprecedented period of nine performances. Complaint was then made to the Privy Council by the Spanish Ambassador on account of the treatment dealt out in the play to the King of Spain and to the Spanish faction generally. The Council interfered; the performances were prohibited; the players taken into custody and sharply reproved; while the Master, Sir Henry Herbert, was reprimanded for having permitted a play of such a nature to be put upon the boards. The piece itself filled the coffers of the management, but the unfortunate author paid by imprisonment for his unique success.

After the Restoration a change took place in the methods of dramatic Censorship. Patents being granted by the King to Killigrew and Davenant for the establishment of authorised companies, these two managers, relying upon Royal support, immediately entered upon a sharp struggle with Sir H. Herbert, who now endeavoured to recover his authority, which had, of course, become a dead letter during the Civil War. Killigrew and Davenant vigorously resisted this attempt, and much bickering followed. However, the upshot of the matter was that the powers of the Master of the Revels, as such, lapsed, and a certain duty and responsibility in the matter of play-licensing henceforth became attached to the office of Lord Chamberlain.

The stage, however, did not accept this new master in a very gracious spirit, and indeed treated both him and his authority with so much contempt that William III. found it needful to come to the rescue with a Royal Proclamation. This appears to have mended matters to some extent, and to have made authors and managers on the whole rather more circumspect. But the often meaningless, and sometimes absolutely foolish, interference of the Lord Chamberlain—interference which generally arose from mere personal spite or crotchet—continued to produce no small amount of friction and unpleasantness, nevertheless. An instance of this may be found in the case of Gay's unacted opera, "Polly," by which the author had intended to follow up the extraordinarily successful "Beggar's Opera." Gay, after having been kept waiting some days for the official decision, was at length curtly informed that his piece "was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppressed;" and as he himself puts it, no reasons were assigned for the action, nor "was any charge made against" him "of having given any particular offence." In spite of every effort made by the poet and his friends, poor "Polly" was shelved, although it is impossible to understand upon what ground objection could be taken to it by the official who had licensed its predecessor.

But all this while, it must be remembered, the functions of Censor had been exercised in right of custom, or patent, only. Shortly after the occurrence of the just-mentioned *fiasco*, they were duly assured and defined by Parliamentary enactment. This was done by the famous licensing Act of 1737. It happened that Henry Fielding, in his two plays "Pasquin," and the "Historical Register," had most unmercifully ridiculed Sir Robert Walpole, who was filled with anger and alarm. Directly afterwards, the minister received the manuscript of a play called "The Golden Rump," which was then in preparation for the stage, and which teemed with ribaldry and political abuse. This stung Walpole into action. Sometime previously a bill had been before the House of Lords, which aimed at restraining the number of play-houses in London, and at interfering in sundry ways with the dramatic profession. This Bill, had, however, been allowed temporarily to drop. Walpole now took up the measure, and re-introduced the Bill with an additional clause which widened its scope, by legally establishing the position of Lord Chamberlain as the Censor of stage-plays. Henceforth, no play could be performed "unless a true copy thereof were sent to the Lord Chamberlain of the King's household, for the time being

fourteen days, at least, before the acting, representing, or performing thereof;" any person found guilty of representing a prohibited play being made liable to a fine of £50.

It is to the lasting honour of Lord Chesterfield, that he had the good sense and courage to oppose the passing of this Act. In the debate upon the measure in the House of Lords, he spoke out with a clearness and decision which are beyond all praise, showing how unjust such a law must prove to be, what a loophole it would leave to various kinds of abuse, and with what inconveniences and dangers its working would inevitably be surrounded. "The Stage and the Press," he said, in language which still has significance, "are two of our out-sentries; if we remove them, if we hoodwink them, if we throw them in fetters, the enemy may surprise us. Therefore, I must look on the Bill before us as a step towards introducing arbitrary power into this Kingdom. If poets and players are to be restrained, let them be restrained as other subjects are, by the known laws of the country; if they offend, let them be tried as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their country. Do not let us subject them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man. . . . A power lodged in the hands of one single man to judge and determine without any limitation, without any control or appeal, is a sort of power unknown to our laws, inconsistent with our constitution. . . . We ought not to invest any such power in his Majesty's Chamberlain."

These were bold and sensible utterances, but they were doomed to prove of no effect. The voice of Parliament was against Chesterfield, and, in spite of his arguments and eloquence, the Bill passed into law. Almost immediately afterwards, Brooke's "*Gustava Vasa*," and Thomson's "*Edward and Eleanor*," were prohibited on political grounds, though even such a Tory as Johnson declared that it was "hard to discover why either play should have been obstructed." (*Life of Thomson*.)

It would be impossible here to follow in detail the consequences of this ill-advised Act, or catalogue the numerous instances, whereof the record is preserved, in which bigotry, short-sightedness, party-feelings, or personal prejudices, have made the Censor's power an instrument to their ends. One or two cases must suffice as samples.

When Colman became deputy-licenser, he furnished a striking verification of the aphorism that none are so severe on the faults of others as those who have been to blame in the same way themselves. His keen moral scent enabled him to detect impropriety in such

sentences as—"Why he plays on the fiddle like an angel," in "Black-eyed Susan," and "Heaven bless you," in Douglas Jerrold's "Rent Day." But the most famous example of his peculiar officiousness was his treatment of Sir Martin A. Shee's "Alasco," a tragedy which he so mauled and disfigured that the author, in a fit of indignation, withdrew it entirely from the stage, and published it with a long and somewhat violent preface, and a complete text containing, italicized, every phrase or word to which the Censor had objected. Colman's hypercritical astuteness was thus made apparent, and the public was allowed to form its own judgment of a man who could stigmatize, as unfit for public recital, such sentences as—

"Fight and be free!"

"No, no, whate'er the colour of his creed,
The man of honour's orthodox."

and—

"With all a soldier's prejudice to priests;"

together with many others of an equally harmless character.

Mr. Larpent's treatment of Theodore Hook's "Killing no Murder," is another flagrant case in point. Larpent, the then Reader, belonged to the Methodists, and as Hook's farce contained a scene ridiculing that sect, he withheld his sanction for its performance. Hook was equal to the occasion. He excised the offending passages, and inserted others, in which great fun was made at the Reader's expense. As the play now contained no available ground for continued obstruction, Larpent was forced to allow it to be represented, thus placing himself in the pillory. In this way, the author had his revenge, and more than his revenge, for the dispute furnished a telling advertisement for the piece by which it had been occasioned.

Quite in keeping with the spirit thus exemplified, was the behaviour of the Licensor some years ago, when Mr. Robert Buchanan laid before him the dramatized version of his novel "God and the Man." Mr. Buchanan entered a powerful and eloquent protest at the time against the system of meddlesome interference of which his case was only an instance; but the matter is of such recent occurrence that it demands no more than a passing reference here.

And now, after glancing back over the pages of history, is it not worth while to ask whether the time has not come for the dramatic Censorship to take its place in the limbo of outworn institutions?

With the official examination of plays still a present and active reality, the drama labours under disadvantages which no longer beset any of the sister arts. The painter and the sculptor may choose their own subjects, and treat them as they see most fit ; the author—though he, too, is threatened by the pruriency of these recent days—yet claims his right to utter his thoughts without asking any man's permission, or being subject to the *sic volo* or *nolo* of any state-subsidized caprice. Art and literature are governed only by the public opinion to which they appeal, and are left at the mercy of no irresponsible monitor, of whose judgment there is no guarantee, and whose mind may or may not be swayed by a multitude of considerations totally foreign to any question of the public safety, over which he is paid to watch. Upon what ground of justice, or even of expediency, is the drama singled out for special treatment and hampered by particular restraints ? England is the country of free speech and a free Press ; why is it not the country of a free drama also ? We boast of the liberties which we enjoy, and contrast our own condition with that of the tongue-tied and conscience-bound inhabitants of many other lands. But why should we still feel shamed by the recollection that we, too, in one of the largest and most important branches of intellectual activity, have still to acquire that freedom which elsewhere has been won for us at such enormous cost ?

Something might perhaps be urged in favour of the present condition of things if the existence of the dramatic Censor was any genuine guarantee of the character of the plays which receive his *imprimatur* ; though I for one should still hold that whatever advantage might thus accrue was far too dearly purchased at the price. But as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind—as every playgoer must know perfectly well. The Censorship has proved itself powerless to guard from outrage the finely-strung sensitiveness of the British matron, or to insure Mrs. Grundy's feelings against occasional shock. But though it cannot do this, it can and does hand over both playwright and manager to the mercy of a despotism which is fatal to the highest and best interests of dramatic art. It is not in the nature of things that a power like that placed in the hands of the Censor should ever be wielded without abuse. Autocratic authority is necessarily synonymous with tyranny, whether the autocrat himself be wise or foolish, good or bad. Under the best conditions, the existing system leaves a wide field open for the disastrous play of that personal bias from which

not even the most enlightened are entirely free; while we have no conceivable warrant that at any future time, under conditions which are not the best, it may not prove, in the hands of some bigoted zealot, a powerful engine for the stamping out of that virility which is beginning to make itself apparent in the literature of our stage.

But fighting the arguments by which the Censorship is still defended is like fighting, not "extinct Satans," but Satans who, having once been dead, have come to life again. They are one and all old foes, with old and strangely familiar faces. We have met them again and again on other occasions—they have ever been to the front, ranged on the side of darkness, wherever a battle has been fought round the cardinal principles of the freedom of conscience and speech. Beaten as they have been from almost every entrenchment, it now remains to be seen how long they will be able to hold out in this, one of the last of their retreats. But it seems to me quite time that an effort should be made to put the drama on an equal footing with literature and art by freeing it from those leadings strings which are an anachronism and a disgrace. Our stage literature must remain handicapped so long as we are content to tolerate what Mr. Buchanan has so well called "a special providence salaried by the State," nor will it ever take its proper place or exercise its fullest influence until the official Censorship has been replaced by the truer Censorship of public opinion and a free Press.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.



Such is Fame !



HE troubadour sang on the Castle wall,
 Heigh-ho, the troubadour's young;
 Whatever the song that his lute let fall,
 They praised him tenderly, one and all ;
 Heigh-ho, the troubadour's young !
 To win a smile from maiden sweet,
 To sing of love at my lady's feet,
 To gain the favour of stately dame—
 Such, when the troubadour's young, is Fame !
 Heigh-ho, high and low,
 Sooner or later the shadows fall,
 The story is done,
 And the glory won,
 And the green earth covers us, one and all !

There passed one out at the Castle gate,
 Heigh-ho, the troubadour's old !
 His heart was heavy with long years' weight,
 He once had been comely, too, and straight—
 Heigh-ho, the troubadour's old !
 His eyes looked up at the Castle wall,
 He heard the laughter, the praise and all ;
 To live, forgotten, both song and name,
 Such, when the troubadour's old, is Fame !
 Heigh-ho, high and low,
 Sooner or later the shadows fall,
 The story is done,
 And the glory won,
 And the green earth covers us, one and all !

The young sang on in the waning light,
 Heigh-ho, the world is a play !
 The old passed out to the silent night—
 Crept with his memories out of sight—
 Heigh-ho, the world is a play !

And he sat alone in his garret dim,
 Where nobody troubled or thought of him,
 And he prayed it had only been his to die
 Ere the laurels faded and Fame went by!

Heigh-ho, high and low,
 Sooner or later the shadows fall,
 The story is done,
 And the glory won,
 And the green earth covers us, one and all!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.



Robertsoniana.



THE author of "Caste" and of several very successful *dramas de société*, as one may call them, rather than comedies, without violence to a language which has given us many of both dramatic species, came of an old theatrical race. Indeed it has been told, figuratively, I suppose, of Thomas William Shafto Robertson, or Tom Robertson as more generally called, that he was born in a theatre. Be this as it may—and so many are the purely apocryphal tales told us about members of the histrionic band, that I pause ere committing myself inadvertently to the least increase of their number—it is undoubtedly true that T. W. Robertson was born into the mimic world, which is so frequently spoken of as "the profession," his parents being players born and bred, and his ancestry, paternal and maternal, as far back as he could trace either line, wholly and solely theatrical. And though but an indifferent actor, as I remember him in his youth, he must have had in his blood the very *praxis* of his art, so as to be able by brain and pen to work so happily for the development of mimetic faculties in those youthful contemporaries whose later as well as earlier fame has been largely founded on his life-like conceptions. It was in the "forties" I first knew my old friend, he being at the time engaged in juvenile business at the old Olympic, not, I need hardly say, in either of those brilliant epochs associated severally and successively

with Vestris, Liston, Farren, Brooke, Wigan, Robson, and Leigh Murray—separated all, or for the most part, by considerable spaces of time. It was, in fact, during the occupation of the Olympic by a luckless commonwealth, following the tenure of the house by an actor named George Wild, whose vulgarity but faintly recalled the unctuous humour of John Reeve, and afforded an equally coarse but feeble forecast of Mr. Wright, that poor Tom crossed swords with adverse fortune on that once jovial field of Olympic revels.

Tom and I were some years older, and I was editing a weekly journal of (save the mark !) satirical humour, when Henry J. Byron, a trusty contributor, brought into the connection a clever but terribly sardonic young man, of whom Thackeray had spoken highly, and in whom I recognised my old young friend of the little house in Wych Street. Soon after this renewal of our intimacy, I found myself sharing with him a box at the French plays, during Mr. Mitchell's tenancy of the St. James's. Tom Robertson, though not beholden to the Continental drama for any of his plots, was as ardent a lover of the French stage as was one of our friends in Bohemia, the author of "Caleb Stukeley," a slashing reviewer on *The Times* in those days. Like Robertson, Phillips had, in early youth, striven unsuccessfully to be an actor, and before he was fifteen had appeared on the boards of a London house—I think he used to say it was Covent Garden. But he found criticism easier, or at any rate more lucrative, than acting or authorship either, and though Tom Robertson's pieces, "Society," "Ours," "Caste," "School," and "M.P.," helped to make, not only the author's fortune, but the fortunes of managers and actors, we hear little or nothing now of "Caleb Stukeley," and those other novels and tales in *Blackwood's Magazine*; while, as for the cuttings-up of Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, Dickens, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, those critical exertions are a great deal more dead than the writers assailed are, or ever will be. At that period of my intimacy with Robertson, Mr. Phillips was writing for *John Bull*, a paper in which I performed the duties of art-critic, being more or less qualified, I suppose, for my function therein by failure in the practical pursuit of those liberal arts which are said to soften the manners of men, and to save them from being ferocious. It was at Gottingen, I think, that my colleague of *John Bull* learned his humanities, my own not less abortive studies of the emollient and anti-ferocious branches of education having been conducted at Mr. Leigh's Academy of Art in Newman Street, London. Tom's curriculum certainly included, if it did not in a

greater part consist of, a goodly store of French and German literature, chiefly dramatic, from which, however, he drew none of his substantial subject matter ; and at an advanced stage of his career as a play-wright he was well able to dispose of a charge levied against him to the effect that he took the idea and the materials for his comedy of "School" from a German play. That one of the situations was so derived he freely acknowledged, but this was a very different thing from what his critic implied—to wit, the appropriation bodily of an entire play. His first great hit was with "Society" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Street, which light-hearted little comedy, making kindly fun of the genial Bohemianism that animated a social club, afforded the turning point in the career of a delightful actress, Marie Wilton, now Mrs. Bancroft, who thenceforth found her managerial account in comedy rather than burlesque. As I have said, Tom Robertson's literary mood in earlier days was apt to show itself sardonically ; but unkindly—never. His good-humoured satire acquired a mellower flavour as it ripened beneath influences more sunny than he had felt in his first upward struggles. In his tendency to "deify the oaf"—a fault Grenville Murray pleasantly ascribed to him—he proved, at all events, his greater sympathy with the heart than with the head—witness his George D'Alroy, and all the other heroes of his plays. If this be not kind satire, what is ?

Fame and fortune were assured to him long before the close of his formerly saddened, but never crabbed, life ; they had come, indeed, long before his second marriage with a beautiful German lady, when there was no reason to suppose he had any proximate thought of dying. It was at Brighton one day that he beckoned me into a fly, and, bidding the man drive round the Steine, told me he had something to say. What he then said was grave indeed. It was precisely the same kind of confidence that another friend, Frank Talfourd, had previously imparted to me just as casually and unexpectedly. Simply, and in the fewest words, Tom Robertson told me he was dying. He had received this certified warning from his physician, and he calmly communicated to me the brief diagnosis of his mortal case. I sadly thought of this when, at our friend Tom Hood's house, I saw a quiet little girl clothed in black. She was one of the children of Tom Robertson's first marriage ; and, as Hood told me, she took after her father in her studious love of languages ; she is grown-up now ; is the faithful exponent of her father's bright womanly creations ; is the friend of my own

daughters, as of their parents also, and will forgive, I know, these recollections by her father's oldest companion in London.

Before me now lies a little pile of old play-bills, preserved among other family records of the Robertsons. The first is dated June the 4th, 1827, and is headed: "Theatre, Wisbeach—Last Week but One. The performances, being for the benefit of Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Reed, comprise the celebrated tragedy of 'The Grecian Daughter,' and the new entertainment, in three acts, of 'Whittington and his Cat.'" The cast of the tragedy was as follows: Dionysius, Mr. Hart; Philotus, Mr. Butler; Melancthon, Mr. Chippendale; Callipus, Mr. Reed; Evander, Mr. Shield; Phocion, Mr. W. Robertson; Erixene, Mrs. Chippendale; Euphrasia, Miss Marinus. Mr. Chesterton also took part in this representation, filling the small part of Arcas, while Mr. Hodgson played the Greek herald, and subsequently sang a comic song, as likewise did Mr. Chippendale. Mr. Hodgson's song, "I never says Nothing to Nobody," was a prodigious favourite in my boyhood's days; I have heard it sung, in private, by Henry Phillips, great, too, in the "Cork Leg" and "The Man that Couldn't Get Warm." These and "The Very Identical Flute" were surely as good as anything of their kind heard now-a-days, and I should like very much to hear them competently sung again. It was the custom, "when time was," to sing songs and dance hornpipes between plays, and even between the acts of plays.

In one of these Robertsonian bills, I find Mr. Compton set down for a comic song, by way of interlude. On Monday evening, December 10th, 1827, at the Theatre, Newark, again for the benefit of Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Reed, Rowe's celebrated tragedy of "Jane Shore" was presented, with the following cast: Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Robertson; Catesby, Mr. Reed; Ratcliffe, Mr. Hodgson; Earl of Derby, Mr. Chippendale; Dumont, Mr. Cullenford; Belmour, Mr. Butler; Lord Hastings, Mr. Hart; Jane Shore, Mrs. Chippendale; Alicia, Miss Marinus. At the end of this play, and before the new melodrama of "Father and Son," with Mr. W. Robertson and the rest of the company in the various parts, comic songs were sung, both by Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Hodgson; and there was a dance by Mrs. Rogers.

We come next to Theatre, Wisbeach, on May 20th, 1829, where and when those inveterate *bénéficiaires*, Messrs. Reed and Hodgson, appealed to their numerous friends and admirers, with a bill of fare substantially composed of the new tragedy (first time here) called "Wallace, or the Hero of Scotland;" and the laughable farce of "The

Midnight Hour ; " with such *entremets* as a favourite dance by Miss Kirby, and the inevitable songs by the obliging Hodgson and the mirth-provoking Reed. In the first piece Mr. and Mrs. W. Robertson were respectively the Douglas and Helen, wife of Wallace, that heroic chieftain being impersonated by Mr. Simpson, who afterwards appeared in the character of the Marquis, endeared to playgoers of a yet older generation by the famous comedian Lewis. With Mr. Simpson in the cast of "The Midnight Hour," were associated some whose names are suggestive, Mr. Chippendale playing the General ; Mrs. Danby, Old Cicely ; Miss Kirby, Flora ; and Miss Telbin, Julia. The benefit of Mr. Cullenford and Mr. Simms followed a few nights after, the play being "The Bride of Lammermoor," followed by "High Life Below Stairs." Yet another benefit performance succeeded, and a little later, the comedy of "The Provoked Husband," introducing Mrs. T. Robertson as Lady Townley. Mr. Gurner, being on this occasion the *bénéficiaire*, gave his patrons a perfect glut of comic songs, the number being no less than six, all entirely new.

In the year 1836, we are again at Wisbeach, in the New Theatre there. The play of "The Jewess ; or, the Edict of Constance" is the *pièce de résistance*. The cast introduces us to Mr. Seymour as the Emperor Sigismund, Mr. Ray as Raggiero, Provost of Constance, Mr. Brace as Cardinal de Brogni, Mr. Leicester as Eleazar Mendizabel, Mr. Euston as Prince Leopold, Mr. Davidson as John Forrester, Mr. W. Robertson as Basil, Mrs. W. Robertson as Rachel Mendizabel, Miss Garrick as the Princess Eudasia, and Miss Reeve as Natalie. Between the play and afterpiece, which is the time-honoured farce of "The Lottery Ticket," performed by Mr. Reeve as Capias, Mr. Bruce as Charles, Mr. Davidson as Wormwood, Miss Garrick as Mrs. Corset, and Miss Dobbs as Susan, there is a comic song by Mr. Davidson, as well as a dance by Miss Reeve.

The playbills I have pressed into the service of verifying this retrospective sketch contain, as above noticed, a few names familiar to playgoers in the present generation. Chippendale and Cullenford, I have before remarked, are instances. Mrs. Chippendale was "Old Chip's" first wife, and the mother of any of her husband's name still in the profession. Mrs. T. Robertson was aunt (by marriage) of Mr. W. Robertson. Miss Marinus was his wife, and the mother of T. W. Robertson and his sisters, two of whom are Miss Fanny Robertson and Mrs. Kendal, the youngest of the family. Mr. Bruce was not the father, or any relation that I can discover, of the highly-esteemed and

universally popular Mr. Henry Bruce, who was not born in that epoch, and who indeed, though a splendid organiser of theatrical business, is the first of his family who has had anything to do with such matters. A Miss Garrick I seem to remember dimly ; and still fainter shadows of one's footlight memory are Miss Danby and Miss Telbin, whose names come naturally to mind as having belonged to eminent painters in my time, when theatrical scenery which had previously been dignified by the hand of Louthembourg, was further raised and sustained by Stanfield, Roberts, Pitt, Beverley, and Grieve. But, bless my heart ! when shall I stop, if not now. I have striven, with indifferent success, to keep this retrospect purely and simply retrospective, but here we are among the living ; and these are beyond my legitimate scope, though I may be forgiven some passing reference to those survivors of my old companion, both as boy and man, whose work of piety it has been to preserve the integrity of his wholesome plays. To do more than I have done, however, would be to overstep the bounds of my actual knowledge. A word or two more, in regard to Tom Robertson's wit. It was satirical, no doubt, nor was a certain dash of sensible cynicism by any means out of his way. The sardonic mood, which, as I have said, was much softened in riper years, never wholly left him or ceased to tinge the fabric of his fancy. But the acid sayings recorded of many satirists, by their admiring biographers, had no parallel in his social repertory. No one ever heard attributed to him an ill-natured saying, a tart repartee, or a bitter personality. His epigrammatic record is unstained by verjuice. *Vale in æternum, vale,* dear Tom Robertson !

GODFREY TURNER.



Juliet.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY,

MISS RACHEL FAY

AS

ELEANOR RYDAL,

IN

"A NORTH-COUNTRY IDYLL."



UCH were the posters flaming all over the good town of Letton, as my wife and I drove through it on our way home from visiting her father at Erne Manor.

"Your old company, Hugh," said Alice, with a little start; "surely that was the name of your manager's daughter—the girl who played Juliet to poor Mr.

Beatoun."

"It must be the same," I answered; "her name was Rachel."

"I wonder they like to act here after that tragedy," shuddered Alice.

"My love," I said, "the old theatre has been pulled down. Besides, *that* happened four years ago. Shall we stay in Letton to-night and see it? I should like to shake hands with Mr. Fay and Helen Foote again."

"Very well," laughed Alice; "I should like to see her act again myself—Helen Foote, I mean. I've only seen her once in London. That was in 'Il Re Glantuomo.'"

"I remember," I said. "She played Lucia splendidly. Felix Owen wrote the play."

"And Miss Foote made it."

"Exactly. But Owen's brother Dick made a hit in a comic part in it—Lasciaris, the fire-eater."

"I remember," said Alice, "I saw you in the *lever du rideau* preceding 'Il Re.' I had never seen you act before, Hugh—and— " Well, the rest does not matter.

It was only a little bit of wifely tenderness—pleasant to hear, but not worth recording.

In the evening we went to the Grand Theatre, and formed part

of a very appreciative audience. It was difficult to judge of Miss Fay's looks. She was ghastly pale, but that might be only the effect of her red dress and loose black hair. She made effective use of her large black eyes, and played the part of Eleanor Rydal with spirit. Once or twice in the love scenes, I fancied I detected a slight effort, but in the last act she was superb. She murdered her lover with a Medean grandeur, and her farewell speech to him, as he gasped out a prayer for pardon with his last breath, was all that could be wished. But then her energy died a natural death, and she acted quite mechanically in the scene where her rival comes in to meet Harold Vane, and finds him dead. Helen Foote had it all her own way there; and the audience held their breath as she threw herself on her knees beside her lover, and cried wildly to him to listen. "You had all," she said to Eleanor Rydal, "You had his first words of love—and his last words—what were they? Were they meant for me or you?" But the manager's daughter had forgotten her part, it seemed. She stood for a minute silent, her great black eyes fixed on the boards, then with a long-drawn breath, she clasped her hands together and went on—not with her part—but with one of Juliet's passionate speeches. The audience seemed spell-bound; the actors aghast. Alice caught my hand with a cry "What *is* she saying, Hugh?"

"She is playing Juliet's part," I said, under my breath. "Heaven only knows what it means."

And here Rachel Fay moved a step nearer the footlights, and broke into the words of a song I had written for her when we played Romeo and Juliet at Letton four years earlier. The words were poor, but her voice would have lent beauty to far poorer. Such as they are, I give the first verse—

"Hush, hush, for the dying day
Has found a voice and it seems to say,
Life and love are flitting away——"

"Hugh," my wife's voice broke the dead silence, "she is playing to Denzil Beatoun's ghost."

"I think so too, dear."

"Why doesn't somebody stop her?"

"Nobody cares to. But I saw Miss Foote leave the stage just now. No doubt she was going for Mr. Fay."

My surmise proved correct. As the last notes of Rachel Fay's song died away, the little manager came rapidly on and caught her arm. "Rachel, fack! you must come with me."



MISS EVA MOORE.

"Shall I live in hope?"

—RICHARD III., Act i, Sc. 2.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

She freed her arm impatiently, and went on, taking no notice of him.

"God joined my heart and Romeo's—" And then with a wild scream she tottered and fell back in her father's arms. I broke away from my wife and went behind to find them in the wildest confusion. Helen Foote alone retained sufficient presence of mind to order the curtain to be lowered. Mrs. Fay, the manager's second wife, a pretty little creature with babyish blue eyes, was almost in hysterics as I entered.

"Oh, Mr. Conroy," she wailed, "can't you do something? This is terrible. Poor, poor Rachel!"

"It may be only the precursor of an illness," I suggested rather helplessly.

But Mrs. Fay shook her head. "No, she is quite mad. And she won't heed any of us. And Lewis can't get her off the stage; she screams in that awful fashion if he attempts to move her. I believe she sees Denzil Beatoun's ghost."

I tried to laugh. "Nonsense, my dear Mrs. Fay; you surely don't believe in ghosts. And the old theatre has been pulled down."

"But this is built upon its site," shuddered Mrs. Fay, "and Denzil Beatoun——" Helen Foote interrupted her with a little cry of pain. "*She* cared for him then!"

"She was in love with him, yes. Anyone might have seen that, I think," said Mrs. Fay rather spitefully. "Perhaps you were wilfully blind, Miss Foote."

She looked up with a malicious smile, but Helen Foote had gone, and presently Owen, our best comedian in the old days, came in, looking pale and grave.

"Miss Foote is going to play Romeo," he said, "to Rachel's Juliet."

"Good heavens!" screamed Mrs. Fay. "Are they *both* mad?"

"I don't think so. But it is the only way to pacify Miss Fay."

And then I went back to my wife, and Mr. Fay, looking white and shaken, came before the curtain and announced; "In consequence of the illness of Miss Fay, the original programme cannot be carried out."

And so the curtain rose on Romeo and Juliet. I don't suppose many of the audience guessed that one of the actresses was a mad-woman, but something seemed to thrill them strangely, for a burst of enthusiasm followed every act.

Helen Foote made a hit as Romeo ; she played with her usual earnestness, but also with a touch of passion which was not habitual to her. No one noticed the omission of the stabbing in the last scene ; Miss Fay's cry and fall were so realistic that the other details of costume and scenery were passed over. They dropped the curtain rather hastily—for with her cry had sounded another, and then yet another.

I had been standing at the wings during the last two scenes, and now went on hastily and assisted to drag the madwoman away from brave Helen Foote. It was a matter of some difficulty. Indeed, at first we thought she was dead, as we unclasped Rachel Fay's hands from about her rival's throat, but presently a little colour came into her face, and she sat upright.

"Is she gone ?" she asked, with a little shudder.

"She will never come near you again," Owen said, passionately.

Helen Foote's eyes lingered rather regretfully on his face.

"Poor Rachel," she murmured, "and—oh, poor Denzil !"

She put her hands before her face and began to cry softly.

"You are quite safe," I said, hastily. "But I wonder how you had the pluck to act with her, Miss Foote."

"I don't know," she answered, thoughtfully. "I suppose I did it—partly—for Denzil's sake !"

ELLA PICTON.



A Requiem.



LOVE is dead !

Bury him—bury him ;
Take the salt from off his breast,
And the corpse-light from his head,
Burning dim ;—
Never before hath he known rest.

Never before has earth known rest ;—
Still looks he with wide laughing eyes—
Strike out their light !
Bury him deeper than the mole lies,
Stay not to give him solemn rite ;
Throw hard a rock upon his breast
With desperate spite,
Lest he may rise—

Lest he may rise and work agian
The evil that he wrought of old
With sigh and cry.

Ah ! see, his tender palm is cold,
His pained lips sleep silently,
And all in vain
His hands about the quiver fold.

But he was false who lieth still,
And he looked kind while working ill.

Bury him 'neath the bitter yews ;
Their roots shall stiffen in his heart ;
While Hate, perforce, cannot but choose
To lie with him—of him a part.

Hush ! Is he gone ?

How palsiedly the wrinkled day
Creeps, staff-in-hand, on its weary way ;

The sky is sunless, the robin's flown ;
 The wind goes by with grievous moan ;
 The dead fog crawls by the river bank,
 And Heaven itself is blank.

Is HATE dead ?
 What can I think ! What may I do !
 If Hate is gone, then Love may stay
 'Twixt me and you.

He moves his head—
 Ah, look ! He rises soft and fair,
 He lifts his hands in pretty prayer ;
 He did but play.

He peers in my averted face ;
 His fingers with sweet interlace
 My neck entwine ;
 He pulls me lower, lower yet,
 His full lips, pouting scarlet, fret
 For kiss of mine ;
 Before I know it, ah, struggle vain !
 He hath me in his toils again.

B.



The Theatre in Australia.



OW that the question of official Censorship is being largely discussed, it is worthy of note that the institution is practically unknown in our great self-governing colonies. In Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, &c., the only Censorship recognised is that of the Press and public, and this condition of what may be called theatrical independence works very smoothly and effectively. The Chief Secretary of the Government of the day issues licenses as a matter of course, when the theatres are certified as fulfilling all the requirements of the

local board of health, but he never, from one year's end to the other, takes official cognizance of the plays that are produced. The assumption underlying this policy, that the Press and the playgoers themselves are the best judges of what is placed before them on the stage, is clearly justified by the modern development of the theatre, and the cultivated taste of the average British audience of to-day. The moral protection afforded by the Lord Chamberlain's office may have been useful and necessary in the past, but the official Censor's occupation is gone since the advent of a popular Press, a corps of skilled dramatic critics, and an educated play-going public.

I can call to mind but two instances of Governmental interference with the management of theatres in the colonies. When the late distinguished scientist, R. A. Proctor, was in Sydney, he engaged one of the local theatres for a course of popular scientific lectures on Sunday evenings. There was immediately a Sabbatarian outcry against this innovation, and Sir Henry Parkes, the head of the New South Wales Government, notified the lessee that the license would be cancelled if the theatre was illegally opened on Sundays. This intimation prevented Mr. Proctor's delivering his Sunday lectures in any of the Sydney theatres. The other case occurred in Melbourne. Marcus Clarke, a well-known Australian author and dramatist, made a local adaptation of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's famous burlesque "*The Happy Land*." Like the original, it introduced three of the reigning politicians on the stage, and the lessee of the Bijou Theatre (which was burnt to the ground last Easter) was promptly informed by the head of the Victorian Government that he would lose his license if the piece was produced as advertised. Thereupon it was withdrawn from the regular stage, and produced for the delectation of a select few on the deck of an excursion steamer down the bay. But these are exceptions that prove the rule.

Another difference between the mother country and the colonies in this connection is, that there is no distinction drawn between theatres and music-halls. "Free trade in amusements" is the colonial motto. The lessee of an Australian theatre may treat his patrons to singing and dancing for the whole of the evening, if he likes; and similarly the proprietor of an Antipodean music-hall may produce "*Hamlet*" or "*Virginius*" if he feels that way inclined. Each, of course, ordinarily keeps to his own particular sphere of public entertainment, but neither is subject to legal restrictions in the matter, and the result is an elasticity in the popular amusements of

colonial cities that is not observable in London. A very common type of music-hall performance in Melbourne and Sydney is an opening dramatic sketch analogous to the curtain-raiser of the regular theatre, followed by an interlude of singing and dancing, and concluding with a merry farcical afterpiece. This is certainly a far more enjoyable and intellectual entertainment, a vast improvement upon the monotonous alternation of song and dance in the average London music-hall.

To show how completely the distinction between theatre and music-hall has been obliterated in the colonies, it is worthy of note that Mr. Harry Rickards, a well-known "lion comique" in the London music-halls, proposes building a new theatre in Melbourne for the exhibition of variety entertainments under his personal supervision. Mr. Rickards has just closed a remarkably successful season in St. George's Hall, Melbourne—a building that is used indifferently as a theatre, opera-house, lecture-room, and music-hall.

Not very many original plays have so far been written and produced in the colonies, for Australian managers do not give much encouragement to local writers. Experience has no doubt taught them that it is wiser and more profitable to produce proved London successes rather than risk the results of a confident reliance on their own unaided judgment. Still, in spite of managerial neglect and discouragement, there are some Australian dramas that may one day be deemed worthy of production before London audiences. For example, the aforesaid Marcus Clarke's "Peacock's Feathers," "Plot," and "A Daughter of Eve," are three plays of good literary quality that have won fame at the hands of Melbourne audiences. Then there are the half-dozen dramas written by the late Walter Cooper, barrister, of Sydney, all of which are strong and effective pieces and quite racy of the colonial soil. The best of them is entitled "Foiled," and it contains a sensation scene of a blood-curdling character. The curtain rises on a saw-mill in the heart of a dense Australian forest; a huge log is in readiness for being cut in twain by the immense circular saw; to this log the villain securely binds the virtuous hero and then sets the machinery in motion; the audience gazes on the hapless victim being gradually drawn towards the swift-revolving saw, and when he is within a few inches of its merciless teeth, the rescuers appear and effect his deliverance just in the nick of time.

At first sight it seems strange that a play like "Captain Swift," which was such an unequivocal success at the Haymarket with Mr Beerbohm Tree in the title rôle of the ex-Australian bushranger

should receive the unmistakable cold shoulder in Australia itself, the birthplace of its author, Mr. Haddon Chambers. In Sydney it proved a lamentable failure, and now from Melbourne comes the same report of public disfavour. But a little consideration will suffice to explain this antagonistic attitude of the colonial playgoing public. London audiences have only a hazy idea of what a bush-ranger means, and experience no difficulty in accepting Mr. Beerbohm Tree's poetic and picturesque interpretation of the character. Not so in Australia, where he is known as he really is, a sanguinary desperado, generally an escaped convict, who produces a reign of terror in thinly populated districts, plunders everybody he meets, and "lets daylight" into whoever attempts resistance to his will. Australians can hardly be blamed for their inability to recognise a sympathetic personage in a character who has left a trail of blood and outrage in their early history. Mr. Charles Warner, who purchased the Australian rights of the piece, and took the part created by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, is naturally chagrined at the failure of a drama that was so pronouncedly successful in London, but he made the serious mistake of not taking local conditions into account. In all other respects his Australian tour has been remarkably pleasant and profitable, and he will return to England £15,000 the richer for his colonial travels.

His young daughter, Miss Grace Warner, who, it will be remembered, made her *débüt* as Juliet in the balcony scene at her father's farewell in Drury Lane some eighteen months ago, has had a considerable amount of practice in the colonies. In supporting her father, she has appeared to the satisfaction of the colonial critics in this formidable array of standard heroines—Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet, Galatea, Pauline, Lady Teazle, Grace Harkaway, Stella Darbishire, and Dora. She ought to be quite a finished actress when she makes her re-appearance in London.

Miss Janet Achurch was ill-advised in making her first appearance before an Antipodean audience in such a debatable drama as "The Doll's House" of Henrik Ibsen. No doubt she was just a little intoxicated by the large amount of incense that was burnt in her honour by the ardent Ibsenites who flocked to the Novelty Theatre during the few weeks that preceded her departure for Australia. But then she ought to have remembered that there is no Ibsenite cult in the colonies, and that, in consequence, the exhibition of the eccentric "Doll's House" before a strange colonial audience would be a decidedly risky experiment. Even in London, the Ibsenite

drama has been a very slowly acquired taste amongst a very select circle of playgoers; what then are we to think of the tact and discernment displayed in presenting it at short notice to a people who have never been educated in its peculiarities. Needless to remark, the results of this daring experiment were disagreeably disappointing and unsatisfactory; the playgoers of Melbourne could see little intelligible, and much that was painfully unnatural in "The Doll's House"; nobody cared to pay a second visit, and the "Norwegian Nightmare" was soon compelled to retire in favour of something more conventional and attractive. But, whilst the piece was emphatically condemned, the merits of the actress received full and generous recognition, Miss Achurch being warmly praised in all quarters for the realistic power and subtlety with which she invested the singular character of Nora Helmer. As Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen," she is now packing the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, every night with demonstrative audiences. She will next appear as the animated statue in "Pygmalion and Galatea."

There is something resembling a "Shakespearian boom" in the colonies just now. Mr. G. C. Miln, an American tragedian who is said to have occupied a Unitarian pulpit in Chicago for some years, has been playing the immortal bard in all the principal Australian cities, with results that spell the reverse of ruin. He is now at the Melbourne Opera House with "Othello" as his trump card. In Sydney, George Rignold, the "Henry the Fifth" of Drury Lane, has revived "Julius Cæsar" on a colossal scale of magnificence, and his enterprise has met with the reward it deserves. Mr. Rignold himself plays Mark Antony, and receives unstinted approbation from the host of Sydneyites who now nightly patronise Her Majesty's Theatre. That Mr. Rignold believes that Shakespeare means money in the colonies is amply evidenced by his managerial announcement to follow up "Julius Cæsar" with "Henry V," and to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Christmas. The latter is a very happy thought, for the Australian Christmas occurs just at the beginning of midsummer.

J. F. HOGAN.



Our Play-Box.

“HER OWN WITNESS.”

A Play of Modern Life in Three Acts, by G. H. R. DABBS, M.D.

First produced in London at the Criterion Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, November 6th, 1889.

Pauline de Lasson- quere	{ Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS,	Sir Charles Fairfax	MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.
Lady Fairfax	{ Miss CONSTANCE ABBOTT.	Mr. Basing	MR. NUTCOMBE GOULD.
Alice Fairfax	Miss WINIFRED FRASER.	Charles Darrell ..	MR. FRANK RODNEY.
		Captain Bill	MR. BEN GREET.

Dr. Dabbs (who it will be remembered produced “Blackmail” at this theatre on October 17th of last year, and who I believe has written some other short pieces which have been tried at the Literary Institute, Shanklin, Isle of Wight), has in “Her Own Witness” utilised his medical knowledge that somnambulism will recur after a long interval, when the exciting causes that produced the first attack again dominate the brain of the subject. Pauline de Lassonquere is supposed to be a single woman, but is in reality a Mrs. Basing separated from her husband from the following cause. Three years before the play opens she was seen by her husband leaving the chamber of his guest, François de Monté, a former boyish lover of hers. She has never told Basing of her girlish fancy, but he has discovered it from some letters, and is on the watch. That which he has seen convinces him that an intrigue is going on. His wife when taxed utterly denies having been near de Monté’s room; she even calls on him to deny it, but he cannot do so; he can only say that she entered the room; but, being consumptive, the excitement causes him to burst a blood vessel and he dies before he can explain further. Pauline leaves her home the next morning, and Basing deeply loving her, to prevent scandal so far as he may, gives out that she is dead. Being a wealthy man he is looked upon as an eligible suitor for Alice Fairfax, and is invited to Highfield by her parents. He brings with him Charles Darrell, a young doctor, his greatest friend, between whom and Alice he knows there exists a strong affection, and whose marriage he is determined to bring about. Here for the first time since their separation he meets his wife, who is no other than Pauline, companion to Miss Fairfax. His old love revives, and now that her lover is dead, he offers to forgive the past if his wife will only admit that she has wronged him, but she, conscious of no sin, will not admit that she has ever erred. Darrell was Basing’s best man at his marriage, and has always found it difficult to believe that Pauline was unfaithful, and promises to stand her friend. She, in a beautifully-written scene most exquisitely rendered by Miss

Robins, details the whole event of the eventful night, how she retired early, locked her door, and that though her husband declared that he saw her out of it, she never left her room. Of a highly strung temperament, the excitement of the meeting with her husband and her old friend completely prostrate her, and she says she will go and lie down, and Alice presently finds her fast asleep on a sofa upstairs. Darrell and Alice are billing and cooing in the drawing room when the door opens and Pauline enters. When addressed she makes no reply, and the doctor at once discovers she is a somnambulist. She goes to a table, speaking to herself of her unhappy fate, and writes her maiden name on a sheet of paper as the only one her child will be allowed to bear. Pauline is allowed to leave the room without being awakened, and the next day has, of course, no recollection of what has happened. By the production of the paper which she has written, and the testimony of the doctor and Alice, and the unwilling agency of Captain Bill, her former act is explained away, and she is once more taken to her husband's heart in a tenderly written *dénouement*. There is an underplot in which Captain Bill is concerned. He is a worthless money-lender who has discovered that Sir Charles Fairfax is not rightly the owner of the property he has inherited, but that it should be Pauline's. This is according to Dr. Dabb's showing, but as he puts the case, I think his legal points would be found a little at fault. Miss Elizabeth Robins played Pauline de Lassonquere to perfection. It was a womanly and tender performance, full of earnestness and strength, one that went straight to the heart of her audience, and that places Miss Robins in the position of a leading actress. Mr. Nutcombe Gould was equally good as Mr. Basing. Easy and manly, without any straining after effect, he drew a truthful picture of a strong man's agony. I have not often seen a more charmingly winsome *ingénue* than Miss Winifred Fraser, without any affectation or mannerisms; she will prove invaluable in such rôles as that of Alice Fairfax. Then we had a fine study of an English *gentleman*, in Mr. John Beauchamp, and of the English *raff* in Mr. Ben Greet. Mr. Frank Rodney was bright and cheery as Charles Darrell, and Miss Constance Abbott gentle yet dignified as Lady Fairfax. There was but one opinion as to the excellence of the play, which was refined in language, poetical in sentiment, and interesting from the commencement to the fall of the curtain, when there were enthusiastic calls for the author. I should have mentioned that Miss Robins was "called" after each act, as was also Mr. Gould.

On the same afternoon was produced

"A FLYING VISIT."

Comedietta, in one act, by Mrs. WILLIAM GREET.

Sister Agatha	MISS MAUD GRAVES.	Ned Devereux	MR. RONALD ATWOOD.
Angelique Devanges {	MISS FLORENCE TANNER.		

This turned out to be a very amusing little piece. Angelique and Ned are two cousins, who have never met but are destined by their parents to marry each other, to which they both have a strong objection. They are so young that the girl is at a convent learning English, and the lad at a neighbouring college. He breaks out of bounds, and to escape his pursuers drops over a wall into the convent garden, where he finds Angelique doing penance for insubordination. They presently become great friends, even more, for we leave them delighted to know that they may look forward with pleasure to being married, having quite got over their repugnance to the bitter and hateful idea. Miss Florence Tanner was a bewitchingly passionate, spoilt little thing as Angelique, and her French very good; and Mr. Roland Atwood frank and boyish as Ned Devereux. Altogether, the *matinée* was a thoroughly enjoyable one, thanks, in a great measure, to Mr. Ben Greet, who directed it, and who selected his company with such judgment.

"THE NEW CORSICAN BROTHERS."

Burlesque in Three Acts, by CECIL RALEIGH and WALTER SLAUGHTER.

First produced in London at the Royalty Theatre, Wednesday, November 20, 1889.

Fabian del Franchi, }	MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS.	Beppo	MISS HETTIE BENNETT.
Mr. Lewis Franks	Antonio MR. GUY FANE.
Sir Alfred Maynard ..	MR. DEANE BRAND.	Smithi MR. WALTER TILBURY.
Mr. Lanyon Yarns MR. JOSEPH WILSON.	Pietro MR. M. JACKSON.
Danella Tomato	MR. JOHN CLULOW.	Iean del Franchi MISS R. ALLANBY.
Landlord	MR. AUGUSTUS	Rioul del Franchi MISS C. LEWIS.
.. ..	WHEATMAN.	Maude St. Azaline MISS MINNIE ST. CYR.
1st Shopman	MR. HAMPTON GORDON.	Mrs. Charteris MISS AMY LIDDON.
Griffs	MISS ST. CYR.	Marita de Lespare MISS EDITH KENWARD.
Carlo	MISS NELLIE WOOD- FORD.	Emily Anstruther MISS KATE CHARD.

An old old friend, "The Corsican Brothers," has been often burlesqued. A comparatively new acquaintance, "Mr. Barnes of New York," has features in it that can readily be utilised to the same end, and so Mr. Cecil Raleigh has joined the forces of the two and produced a not very laughable and involved burlesque. As I have written before, the quality of the story is of little consequence when Mr. Arthur Roberts is the principal character in it, and in the new venture at the Royalty he is, as usual, the moving spirit. Of course he represents the wonderful twins, one of whom, Franks, is a London tailor, the other a Corsican, noble, proud, and with a soul above buttons, and whose mind is constantly exercised with the idea that his other self is doing things utterly unworthy of such a superior being as a Dei Franchi. As a tailor is but the ninth part of a man,

we suppose Franks is lowering himself in the social grade, but fulfilling his duties as an ordinary member of society, he undertakes to watch over the welfare of Emily Anstruther, who is engaged to Sir Alfred Maynard. They go on a yachting tour and are wrecked, and land in Corsica, and there Mrs. Charteris makes fierce love to Franks, and Tomato is vengeful, and Yarns somehow gets mixed up in the quarrel, and Marita comes to the fore, and there are many Corsicans represented by very charming young ladies, who are picturesquely though lightly attired. Mr. Arthur Roberts is never at his best on a first night, and yet he was extremely funny, gave some wonderful imitations of the manner of music hall singers, and was altogether original in his treatment of the characters he sustained. He is ably assisted by Mr. Deane Brand and Mr. Joseph Wilson, Miss Kate Chard, Miss Kenward, and Miss Amy Liddon. After a few nights the burlesque may go better generally, and be in a measure simplified. The piece is exquisitely mounted, and Mr. Slaughter's music evidently pleased the audience, but the reception accorded to the piece was far from favourable.

"STOP THIEF."

[New and Desperate Farce, in three Acts, by MARK MELFORD.]

First produced in London on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 14th, 1889, at the Strand Theatre.

Mr. Barrington Blither	Mr. W. F. HAWTREY.	Mrs. Barram	Mrs. W. H. CROSSLAND.
Mr. Arthur Lillywhite	Mr. CHAS. S. FAWCETT.	Mrs. Nixey	Mrs. MARK MELFORD
Mr. John Cheeseman	Mr. A. G. ANDREWS.	Priscilla Lillywhite	{ Mrs. MARGARET
Mr. Timothy Nixey	Mr. MARK MELFORD.		AYRTOUN.
Josiah	Mr. ALBERT SIMS.	Amelia Blither	Mrs. CATHERINE CLAIR.
Goff	Mr. SAM WHITAKER.	Jessica	Mrs. G. C. NOBLE.
Henry	Mr. VICTOR EVERSFIELD		

Mr. Melford is known as a writer of "extreme" farces. In "Stop Thief" he has surpassed his former productions, and though it was impossible to prevent oneself from laughing at the extravagant situations, one was compelled to feel that one man standing on his head and another rushing across the stage twice without his trousers was neither refined nor artistic. The whole thing turns upon the loss of a pair of inexpressibles. Timothy Nixey has won £550 at the Derby. He is paid in notes, and that his wife and mother-in-law shall not get hold of the money, he stitches it up in the pistol pocket of some old unmentionables. His better half, short of pin money, sells these to an old clo'man. Nixey discovers, as he fancies, the young fellow who has bought them, inveigles him into the house and by main force tears the garments from his legs, so that the unfortunate youth has to escape and appear before his lady love and her sister in his pants. Nixey finds out his mistake, and so hunts down the real possessor of the trousers, and, to obtain an interview, comes disguised as a dog dealer. The notes turn out after all to be bogus ones sent anonymously by a rival editor under the plea of philanthropy to Blither, the proprietor of the *Temperance Advocate*, a sanctimonious humbug, who, outwardly everything that is correct, instead of attending as he says a meeting at Exeter Hall, goes to the

Derby, invests the notes on the favourite and loses, and these notes are in turn paid to Nixey as his winnings. Mr. W. F. Hawtrey was specially good in the Pecksniffian character of Blither; the author clever and amusing as Nixey, and Mr. A. G. Andrews humorous as the timorous Cheeseman, who has the trousers torn from off him. Mrs. W. H. Crossland was a handsome and majestic 'mother-in-law, and Mrs. Mark Melford engaging as Mrs. Nixey. Mr. Victor Eversfield acted smartly as a precocious office boy. The other parts were well cast, but were comparatively unimportant. As is so frequently the case at *matinées*, the piece had been insufficiently rehearsed.

"A PROMISE."

New One Act Play, by S. BOYLE LAWRENCE.

First performed at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday, October 22nd, 1889.

Annie Lester.. ..	Miss HARRIET FORD.	Leo Hansard	Mr. R. M. HICKMAN.
Mrs. Daleyn	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.	Dick Fenton	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.

Mr. Lawrence has evidently a good opinion of human nature in at least so far that he believes there are men yet to be found who, at whatever cost to themselves, will keep a promise once given. He has illustrated his faith in a pleasing manner, and, taken altogether, with good language. In the lighter portions of his dialogue he is certainly happy. Leo Hansard has saved Fenton's life; in return Dick vows that if he can ever repay the debt of gratitude he owes his preserver he will do so. Hansard disappears, and nothing is heard of him for some three years; in the meantime Fenton has become deeply attached to Annie Lester, who at length consents to be his wife, not from love, but in recognition of the kindness that Fenton has shown her father. Just as the lover is at the very height of his happiness Hansard returns, and imparts to his friend that he is now a wealthy man, but that his fortune is valueless to him unless he can find the girl he still loves and that he quarrelled with before he left England. Fenton soon discovers that this is no other than Annie Lester, and though it wrenches his own heart and destroys his future, at once determines to give her up. In order that she and Hansard may not imagine he has sacrificed himself, he nobly pretends that he is fickle and has only been flirting with her, and leaves them, joining their hands. The author was most unfortunate in having Miss Harriet Ford, a new American actress, as his heroine, for what might have been a charming character was made a most uninteresting one. In Mr. Fuller Mellish, as Dick Fenton, he had a young actor who filled a most difficult rôle in a manner that was worthy of the very highest praise. Miss Susie Vaughan was delightful as an eminently practical but most fascinating widow. Mr. Mellish and the author were honoured with special calls.

Our Musical=Box.

There is every probability of a success in "The Belles of the Village," produced at the Avenue by the London Juvenile Opera Company, on the afternoon of the 18th. Mr. John Fitzgerald has selected, arranged, and neatly orchestrated, a number of familiar old melodies; and a simple plot easily understood, the good stage-management of Mr. Marius, and a really excellent company of juveniles, form an entertainment much merrier than many in the evening bills. The choruses were admirable, and gave evidence of painstaking care and training. Two voices especially show promise, those of Miss Bessie Graves and Miss Bessie Colman. Alfred Bovill as the Village Beadle is a born low comedian; but to single out any more for mention would be invidious, where all were good alike—a show decidedly worth seeing.

The usual secrecy and silence surrounds the new Savoy opera, which the first week in December will probably see produced. It has leaked out that the local colour is Venetian, and the book more in the old Gilbertian vein. Poor Mr. Gilbert is still agitated in his mind about his version of "The Brigands." Had I been he, I would have let the matter rest, unfair though the decision seems. He is not the first man who has written that in the past of which he is not over-proud in the present.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company have purchased the sole performing rights of "Faust." English composers are beginning, I fancy, to see that there is a distinct value in performing rights, as apart from the fees levied by the unlamented Harry Wall. If some parliamentary influence could be secured, I think the vexed question of copyright might soon be settled. Music and politics do not amalgamate. I cannot call to mind any composer who has even been an aspirant for political fame.

Who shall say now with any truth a thing is worth "an old song"? At the sale of Hutchings & Romer's copyrights, Mattei's "O Hear the Wild Winds Blow" brought £611, and J. L. Roeckel's "In the Old Old Way," a melodious but certainly not wonderfully original song, with which I am slightly concerned, £253. "In the Gloaming"

went for £236, which, considering that the style of song has died out, is not a bad price. But such a song looks well in a catalogue when the traveller calls.

Numerous columns of a musical weekly are filled with correspondence on "Performing Rights," the greater portion from the pen of a seaside-pier band-conductor. This gentleman objects to paying any fee for using the brain work of Messrs. Gounod, Bizet and others. As yet, no foreign composers have publicly thanked him for his services in making their works popular, but perhaps they are not grateful.

A comic opera by the late Hugh Conway and Mr. A. H. Behrend was produced on the 28th ult., at Manchester. It is entitled "Iduna," and suffered from the inefficiency of the principals chosen, I hear.

Conceit has surely reached its climax in the "poet" who wrote the "words" of a much-advertised song, to sing which an artist who ought to have more respect for himself, has condescended. When the singer was encored, the "poet" bowed from his box!

The "season" may now be said to be in full swing, though a week in November entirely free from concerts hardly bears out the fact.—The Monday Popular Concerts commenced on the 28th ult., when Dvorák's Quartette was performed for the first time, and proved so acceptable as to be repeated at the Saturday Populars, on the 9th, the second of the afternoon Concerts. Madame Neruda is, if possible, more an artist than ever; and Signor Piatti received almost an ovation.—The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts commenced on the 19th ult., under the veteran conductorship of Mr. August Manns. A novelty was brought forward on the 2nd, in a concert overture, "Robert Bruce," by Mr. F. J. Simpson, which was very well spoken of, and will be heard again.—It is superfluous to mention that the three "Patti" concerts at the Albert Hall were crowded to excess, especially the third. Patti is—well, Patti; and though her admirers may not recognise her dyed hair, they cannot fail to know her *repertoire* by heart. Patti's rival, Nikita, left London on the 8th for France, Germany, Poland and Russia.—An enormous audience were present at Sarasate's farewell concert on the 1st, even the orchestra of St. James's Hall being filled.—Mr. Joseph Barnby's Choral Society "did" Berlioz's "Faust" on the 30th ult., with Madame Albani, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Ben Grove and Mr. Henschel.—On the 13th, two

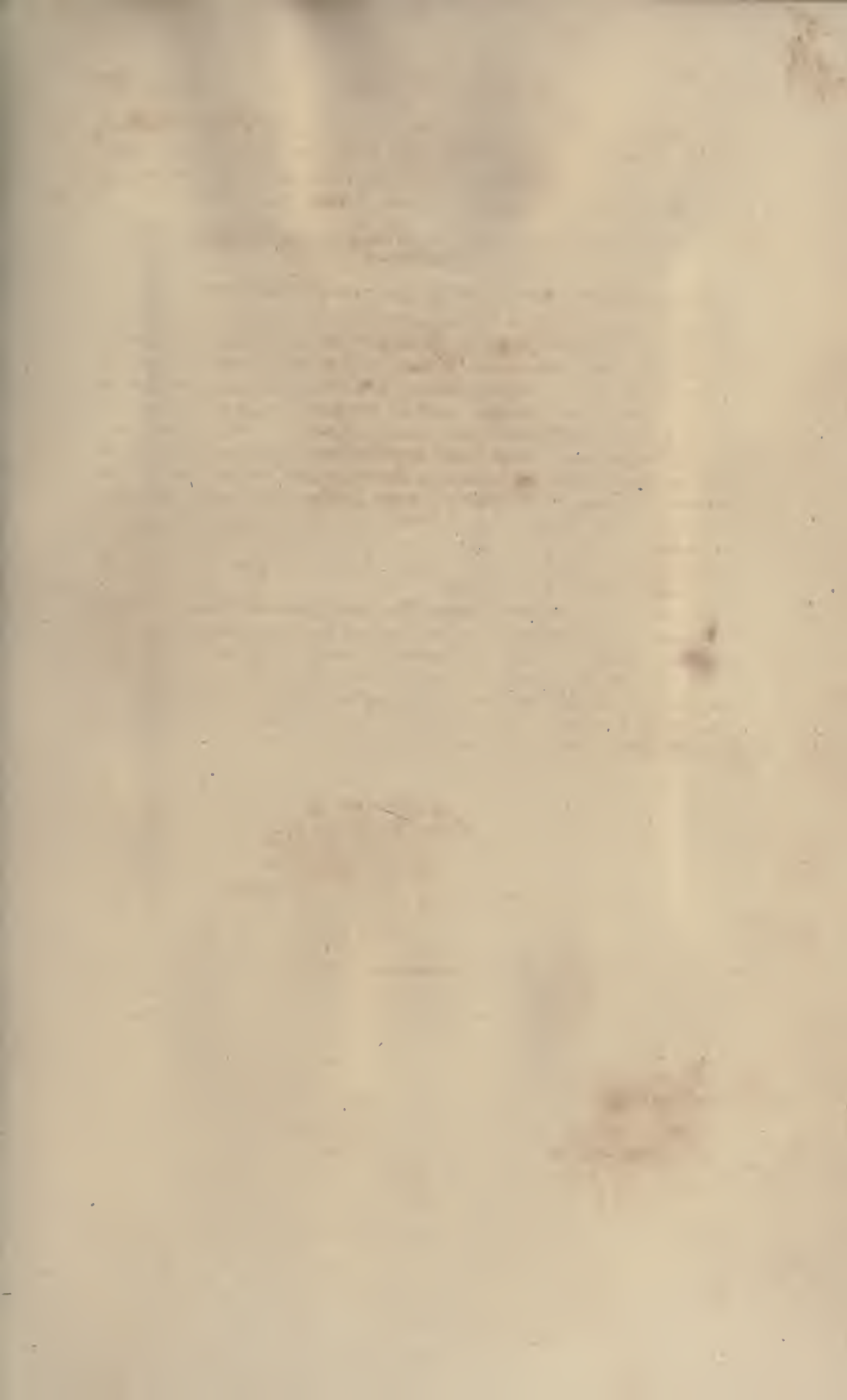
of the Leeds novelties were presented, Dr. Parry's "St. Cecilia," and Dr. Stanford's "Maeldune," the composer in each case conducting.—The London Symphony Concerts, under the conductorship of Mr. Henschel, commenced their fourth season on the 7th.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

We have received the following new music for review :—

ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street.—It is really a wonder that, in the days of the Royal College of Music and the Royal Academy, a firm of publishers can allow themselves to issue such a song as M. Piccolomini's "Sursum Corda," full of false progressions and mistakes in harmony, of which a student, after a dozen lessons, would be ashamed ; a song of absolutely no artistic value, and worth nothing but immediate burning. "We met too Late" (Clifton Bingham and Lovett King), while having little enough in it, is infinitely more musicianly, and is likely to become popular. Better still is "The Windmill," a setting of Longfellow's poem, by Hugh Temperley, which will repay study. The "Pick-me-up" polka (Florence Fare) is danceable, and like many others, "Cosette," a "melodie, par" James Shaw, is tuneless. Why is not English good enough for a title-page? Signor Tartaglione's exercises for contralto are excellent of their kind.

MOCATTA & Co., Berners Street, W.—"Bird that art Singing" (Ernest R. Newton) is old-fashioned, but not without merit as a song. But "The Beauteous Flowers" (C. H. R. Marriott) belongs to the days of Stephen Glover, with the exception of its valse refrain, which is very modern. We have grown out of such weak and watery stuff now-a-days, though some of our songs are poor enough. Mr. Isidore de Lara's setting of "Leoline" for Lawrence Kellie is not quite so happy as it might be.





MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"Ishmael of the singing race,
Born where sky and mountain meet!"

—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE THEATRE"
BY BARRAUD, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

Two Christmas-Tides.



ONE Christmas-time, ere sin had slept,
 When all the distant hills were dim,
 Two souls into God's presence crept,
 And knelt to hear the Christmas hymn—
 That Holy Hymn !

From out the Peace of Paradise,
 Star-crowned and vested in her blue,
 The Blessed Mary turned her eyes,
 And gently let them fall on you—
 Her eyes on you !

She wept in pity for your soul,
 So beautiful—so tempest-tost,
 Into your gentle heart she stole,
 And loosened one more from the lost—
 The Lonely Lost !

She looked and saw your weeping eyes,
 Your agony in chancel dim,
 From throne of Heav'n she heard your cries,
 "I loved him most ! Oh, save but him !
 "Oh ! pardon him !"

* * * *

And so, when Christmas came again,
 And holy voices filled the air,
 Two hearts were lightened of their pain,
 Two souls were folded in one pray'r—
 One Perfect Pray'r.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

December, 1889.



Our Omnibus=Box.

The January (Christmas Annual) number will contain contributions by Clement Scott, Henry Pettitt, Fred Leslie, J. L. Shine, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Clifton Bingham, Bevis Cane, and other well-known writers ; as also portraits of Miss Huntington, Miss Ellen Farren and Mr. Fred Leslie in character, taken specially for "THE THEATRE," illustrated articles, poems, &c., &c. Every care has been taken to make the number of exceptional interest, and as a large part of the projected issue is already bespoken, intending subscribers are advised to make early application for copies, either through their newsagents, or direct of the publishers, EGLINGTON & CO., Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

"The Belles of the Village," written by Hugh Foster, music composed and arranged by John FitzGerald, and produced at the Avenue on November 18th for a series of *matinées* by the "London Juvenile Opera Company," will be very welcome, not only to the little people, for whom it is evidently intended, but for their elders. It is gaily written, has a little undercurrent of pathos, and is admirably acted and put upon the stage. The music is treated in other pages, but we must call attention to the *acting* of Alfred Bovill as the village Beadle, a born comedian, and of Frank Mettroy, as the elderly Gideon with a love for "baccy," who is little behind him. Miss Rose Kilner is one of the most graceful dancers we have seen for some time, and Miss Bessie Colman (Sergeant Pike) should, judging from her present performance, shine in light comedy in the future. We have reserved Fred Alwood, the sailor hero, till the last. He acts and sings well, and his "hornpipe" gained a treble *encore*.

Except at pantomime time it is rarely that the same company holds the boards of the Grand Theatre, Islington, for more than a fortnight ; it speaks well, therefore, for the attraction of Miss Wallis (Mrs. Lancaster) that she was induced to prolong her stay to three weeks. On Monday, Nov. 4, Miss Wallis produced "Adrienne Lecouvreur," a play in which none but the most talented actresses dare attack the title *rôle*. In its development, great tenderness and force are required, and Miss Wallis brought both to its effective representation. In the third act, where she taunts her rival, the Princess de Bouillon, her acting was grand and tragic, her declamation withering in its scorn, and in the closing, her death scene, she

was touching. Mr. William Herbert was the Maurice de Saxe, and was best in the lighter portions. The exquisitely drawn character of Michonnet, the loving and lovable old prompter, was scarcely done justice to by Mr. George Warde. Mr. Bassett Roe was the Prince de Bouillon and Mr. Julian Cross the Abbé de Chazeuil; both were wanting in the refinement necessary to the parts. Miss Rose Meller was the beautiful but vindictive Princess de Bouillon, and acted with considerable force. Miss Cowen was a high bred lady as the Duchesse D'Aumont, and Miss Earl graceful as the Marquise de Tancerre.

"Caught at Last," one of a series of drawing-room plays written by Lady Cadogan, was produced as a *lever de rideau* at the Avenue on Oct. 23, 1889. The plot is of the slightest, and is merely a peg whereon to hang some rather smart dialogue between a gentleman and a lady, who, as admirer and admired, both have the same antipathy and dread for the *ridiculus mus*. The entrance of one drives them to take refuge on chairs, though the cavalier has just been boasting of his fearless meeting with "the monarch of the forest." Eventually the couple pair off, the gentleman having shown that he possesses courage by his determination to obey his lady's behests in escaping by the window at the risk of his neck. Mr. Harry Grattan and Miss Isabel Ellissen, by thoroughly entering into the spirit of the trifle, secured it a moderate reception.

"Faithful James," a very amusing one act comedy by B. C. Stephenson, should be eagerly snapped up by managers who require a first piece, and should certainly prove invaluable to drawing-room amateurs. Mrs. Duncan, a newly married lady, has a tiff with her husband, and so is persuaded by her stepfather, Admiral Vincent, to leave her lord and master and take up her quarters in an hotel pending an action for a legal separation. But the young wife repents, and recalls her husband to her, and that this may not come to the knowledge of the Admiral, makes a confidant of "faithful James." He, in order as he thinks to honestly earn the handsome tip bestowed upon him, does not hesitate to tell any amount of untruths, and so sets Mrs. Duncan and her bosom friend, Mrs. Melville, by the ears, makes Mr. Duncan frantically jealous, and brings the Admiral to the verge of insanity, as he is looked on by all as an elderly Don Juan. The complications are most amusing, and the dialogue smart. The principal characters were capitally acted by Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Duncan Fleet, Mr. Adolphus Ellis, and Miss Grace Arnold.

Too late for notice this month, "The Red Hussar," the new three act comedy opera by H. P. Stephens, and music by Edward

Solomon, is set down for production on Saturday Nov. 23. The story is a good one; the main incidents are evolved in the heroine, Kitty Carroll's (Miss Marie Tempest) various adventures in pursuit of her lover Ralph Rodney (Mr. Ben Davies), and to circumvent her rival Barbara Bellasis (Miss Florence Dysart), Miss Tempest has to assume the dress of the cavalry soldier, and will sing "The Song of the Regiment," likely to prove a favourite number. Mr. Arthur Williams and Mr. W. Sidney supply the comic element. Mr. Hayden Coffin has some ballads specially written for him, and Miss Maud Holland and Mr. Albert Christian are also included in the cast. Judging from what we have heard, the new opera should prove a great success. It is beautifully mounted and produced under the able superintendence of Mr. Charles Harris.

"The greatest show in the world" opened at Olympia on Monday evening November 11th, and it must be owned that Messrs. Barnum and Bailey are the possessors of some truly magnificent specimens in their menagerie, that they have some extraordinary curiosities of the freaks of Nature in the human race, and that their entertainment generally is good. It is, however, more of Kiralfy's production of "Nero, or the Destruction of Rome" that notice should be taken in these pages. As a pageant this surpasses anything hitherto seen in England. Some 1,200 people take part in the processions, dances, gladiatorial combats, chariot races, &c., and though the most exquisite taste is displayed in the dresses, there is a blending of Eastern magnificence and barbaric splendour that enchants the eyes, while the ears are regaled by appropriate music and choruses most efficiently rendered. On the opening night the programme altogether was too long, and became almost wearisome; this has since been amended, and the "greatest show" will, in all likelihood, prove one of the greatest winter attractions.

One of the most extraordinary productions that has ever been seen on the English, or indeed any other, stage, was introduced to the long-suffering but patient critic on November 5th at the St. George's Hall. It is written by an American gentleman named Frederick Stanford, and has been christened by him "Noughtology, or Nothing." It may rightly be spoken of as christened, for in one of the wildest speeches ever uttered, the author at the end of the third act, spoke of it as his baby, which if "that mighty power the press" pronounced to be "scrofulous" or "rotten," "would not be heard again." That it will never be heard again may be looked upon as certain, for it was quite impossible to gather anything of the plot, further than that it was to show "the want of Something in the Nothingness of Nothing at the bottom of it all," or the meaning of

dialogue and speeches, which, extending over four acts, did not contain one really comprehensible sentence, but appeared to consist of a number of words strung together without any possible reference to each other. Some idea of their style may be formed from those the author used in a "superficial sketch of plot taken from real life embodying the paramount scheme through a systematic series of pertinent events and individual characteristics of producing a literary and dramatic portrait of conceit." Those who can obtain a copy of the book will surely add it to their collection of literary curiosities. The production must not be passed over, however, without reference to one young actress, Miss Florence Bourne, who threw such earnestness into the acting of a ridiculous part as evinced high qualities for use in burlesque.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are so great a success in America, both artistically and socially, that there is every likelihood of their tour being considerably extended, and that we shall not have them back among us till late in May. In the November number of *Murray's Magazine*, Mrs. Kendal gives us some more "Dramatic Opinions." Her estimate of the Irish character shows clear insight, for it is as true of the nation, taken generally, as it is of their dramatic appreciation. "The Irish are delightful. Their enthusiasm is charming, but it is an enthusiasm that is awakened by the next comer the instant you have left." The Kendals read nearly all the plays sent to them. Mrs. Kendal thinks *matinées* "a very great boon," and admits with the deepest contrition that she, having read "Jim the Penman," missed the opportunity of securing it. Pleasantly and very sensibly Mrs. Kendal gossips on the cutting that is necessary in almost all plays, on what authors owe to actors, on the increased sums paid to dramatists for their work, on the rise in actors' salaries, and tells us how she loves to play to a big pit, particularly in Birmingham and Manchester, because they give "such a quick response to the sentiments we arouse. In the stalls people are impassive. It is the height of good breeding not to show one's feelings, and that is why actors and actresses, who do nothing but show their own feelings and other people's, are such peculiar strange people!" Mrs. Kendal believes in the criticism of "first-nighters," admits that her great drawback is that she cries "too much," does not think that beauty alone in a woman will hold the audience, but thinks that "the sympathy of an audience is more readily awakened by a woman than a man," and considers "that a woman brings more sympathy into a play and a man more intelligence."

Mr. Fred Horner, whose "Bungalow" has drawn and continues to draw such good houses at Toole's Theatre, has secured the English

rights of Daudet's *La Lutte Pour la Vie*, a play that has created an extraordinary sensation in Paris at the Gymnase from its Darwinian theories, its characterization, its tragic situations, and its brilliant dialogue, and has sold his rights to Miss Genevieve Ward and Mr. Geo. Alexander.

Pantomime, as we understand it, is scarcely known in the United States, and so Mr. J. Rogers is endeavouring to arrange with Mr. Charles Harris to take over the whole scenery, company, *personnel*, &c., of the forthcoming production at Her Majesty's with a view of showing our American cousins what we can do at a leading theatre.

Miss Loie Fuller closed her season at the Globe Theatre quite suddenly on Monday, November 11th; her ill-health was the cause assigned.

The little Strand Theatre has been re-decorated and re-upholstered by Messrs. Campbell, Smith, and Co. without the performances being interfered with in any way—a task that requires considerable management, and yet one which has been accomplished most satisfactorily, for the house looks very pretty.

"The Barrister" and "The Balloon," both of which proved such successes, will have a rival in Mr. J. H. Darnley's latest three-act comedy, "Wanted, a Wife." It is pronounced to be the funniest of the three, so that Mr. Darnley must be congratulated on having produced unaided what must be a most amusing play.

"Paul Jones" reached its 300th performance on November 7th, and the booking is as good as ever. This looks well for the fortunes of the Prince of Wales's.—On Nov. 4th "Aunt Jack" was played for the 100th time at the Court, and is still drawing splendid houses.—We are to have the Jersey Lily amongst us again. Mrs. Langtry has taken the St. James's, which she will open with "Twixt Axe and Crown."—Miss Maud Brennan's benefit at the Avenue, on October 31st, was a complete success, and realized a large sum, £35 of which resulted from the sale of programmes by some of our most fascinating actresses. Thanks to the efforts of "The Stage," that initiated the interest in the matter, in all some £450 has been handed to Miss Brennan, in this case an amount only commensurate with the deserts of a respected artist and highly esteemed lady.

Mr. Corney Grain enables us to spend one of those delightful half-hours that may be looked back upon as passed at St. George's Hall.

His new sketch, "I've Taken a House," is most amusing, describing, as it does, the innumerable misfortunes that befall one who enters on a new tenancy—the troubles with the tradespeople, the plumber in particular; the escapades of his servants; the badgering he gets from his relations; the kind remarks from his friends; the impertinent and persistent callers in the cause of *charity*. Then he gives us a skit on one Augustus Darby, who fairly revels in changing his domicile, and a disquisition on the art of furnishing, "To Furnish in the Modern Way," with the drollest of airs; this and a comic trio executed by himself are alone worth going to hear. "Tuppins & Co," the *pièce de resistance* that precedes it, is still drawing as well as can be wished.

Dramatic and musical talent are now recognised at several of our clubs, but nowhere are their exponents received so thoroughly *en camarade* as at the "Bons Frères," which celebrated its opening dinner of the 1889-90 season on October 30th. Mr. Leo Thomas, the president, welcomed the members and their guests, amounting in all to close on one-hundred-and-eighty, and was the proud and happy recipient of a service of plate, valued at £200, as a slight recognition by his *confrères* of his constant and unremitting labours to bring the club to its present high state of prosperity and estimation. His speech in returning thanks was what might have been expected of him—manly, earnest, and graceful. During the evening there were songs from Messrs. Leo Stormont, Fred Leslie, Robert Martin, Alec Marsh, Charles Coborn, Marius, Chevalier, &c. Mr. Le Hay gave his clever ventriloquial entertainment; Mr. Caffery and Mr. Redfern recited, and Signor Tito Mattei and Carlo Ducie executed some charming *morceaux* on the pianoforte. Telegrams were received from Mr. Henry Irving, Colonel North, Mr. Lionel Brough (from Kimberley), and Mr. E. Lonnen, expressing regret that they could not be present.

For the special benefit of amateurs, owing to their being readily produced in the matter of scenery, let us call attention to three new pieces, played for the first time on November 14. "An Italian Romance" by Philip Darwin, contains a bright, though not quite novel idea of a gentleman, set to propose for a lady on a friend's behalf, winning her for himself. "The Light of Other Days," by Rose Meller, poetically describes how a soured rich man discovers in the girl that he objects to as a wife for the hero, his own daughter, and "The Sword of Damocles," by Philip Darwin, is a farce of the "Adelphi screamer" order. The pieces were done complete justice to by the author and authoress, and by Mr. Edward O'Neill and Miss Margaret Earl, Mr. Charles Lander, &c.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, the subject of our portrait, was born at Canerswall, Staffordshire, in 1843. His father was a well-known disciple of Robert Owen. At ten years of age he was taken to Glasgow, and there studied at the High School and University. More fortunate than his friend David Gray, he, after years of trial, unaided and without patronage, struggled and conquered, and published his first volume of poems, "Undertones," which was hailed by the "Athenæum" as the advent of a new poet. He contributed to various magazines, collaborated with John Morley in the "Literary Gazette," and edited for a short time the "Welcome Guest." His first play, "The Witch Finder," was produced at Sadler's Wells in 1861. "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn," "London Poems," "North Coast Poems," and "Ballads from the Scandinavian" followed each other in rapid succession and were received with great favour. The latter were founded on his experiences as a newspaper correspondent in Schleswig-Holstein during the Danish War. From Oban, where he was living for some time in ill-health, he contributed to the "Spectator" his "Hebrid Isles." His most famous novels are "The Shadow of the Sword," and "God and the Man." The latter he dramatized for the Adelphi Theatre as "Stormbeaten." Mr. Buchanan is the author of "A Madcap Prince," and of "The Nine Day's Queen," but his work as a dramatist, up to the present time, will be best appreciated in "Sophia," which ran at the Vaudeville for 500 nights; in "Joseph's Sweetheart," another great success at the same theatre; and in "A Man's Shadow," the greatest pecuniary result at the Haymarket Theatre. He is also the author of "Doctor Cupid," and "Alone in London." His work, "The City of Dream," has evoked the highest comment. Mr. Buchanan's forthcoming reprint of his plays and accompanying essay on "The Drama as Literature" will be anxiously looked for. His latest adaptation, "Theodora," lately produced at Brighton, is very highly spoken of by provincial papers, Miss Grace Hawthorne in the title rôle and Mr. Fuller Mellish as Andreas, having gained unstinted praise; and we are shortly to sit in verdict on a new play of his, entitled "Man and the Woman," at a *matinée* in which Miss Myra Kemble, an actress of Australian reputation, will appear. Mr. Robert Buchanan has, as is well known, the courage of his opinions, and writes fearlessly on many subjects; but he is always chivalrous, and bears the numerous encounters he invites with equanimity and good nature.

In the May and September numbers of "THE THEATRE" of last year there appeared some "Personal Reminiscences of E. A. Sothern," by E. A. Pemberton. Encouraged by the attention these articles attracted, as he states in his introduction, Mr. Pemberton has given us "A Memoir of E. A. Sothern" (Richard Bentley & Son), an actor who, in his time, certainly in this country, was one of the most

popular men both on and off the stage—for E. A. Sothern was a favourite with Royalty and at the clubs, in the hunting field and at the dinner table. Some account of such a man was much wanted, and in Mr. Pemberton the late E. A. Sothern has a kindly biographer, who gives us an opportunity of forming some opinion of the inner life of one who is spoken of as “the most tender, considerate, vigilant, and warm-hearted of friends,” and against whom it can perhaps only be said that his high animal spirits led him to be guilty of practical jokes which sometimes were carried too far. The work will prove most interesting, not only to dramatic students, but to all those who wish to learn more of the career of “Lord Dundreary.”

Every one who knew him will learn with extreme regret the death of Mr. George Stone, of the Gaiety Theatre, which occurred at Edinburgh on Saturday, Nov. 9. He was universally appreciated as one of our cleverest comedians, and esteemed as a man. The early age at which he died prevented his making provision for the widow and child that mourn his loss, and we were therefore most pleased to hear that Mr. George Edwardes had organized a benefit *matinée* on their behalf at the Gaiety, and trust that the thousands to whose pleasure Mr. Stone so often contributed will remember in their bereavement those he leaves behind. The “Bons Frères” Club has as usual immediately rendered his widow assistance. At their last dinner Mr. Leo Thomas suggested, in feeling terms, that a subscription should be raised, and within a few moments £50 was collected in the room.

Here is a chance for the great unacted. The editors of a small theatrical weekly offer “a gold medal and production at a West-end theatre during the season 1889-90 for the best new and original one-act play.” The editors will read the pieces submitted, from which they will select the three they consider the best, and Mr. Pinero has kindly consented to make the final award out of these.

The historical accuracy of the costumes in the Lord Mayor’s procession was very favourably commented on. Messrs. Nathan, of Coventry Street, supplied those of the former Mayors and other dignitaries and their followers, and Mons. and Mme. Alias were responsible for all the dresses illustrative of Sports and Pastimes in England.

Mr. Brickwell, of Terry’s Theatre, is to be *custos rotulorum* to the projected London Acting Managers’ Club, of which Mr. A. E. Hollingshead figures amongst others on the Committee. May his

duties fall on ground as fruitful as that of "Sweet Lavender," which has not yet run the full gamut of popularity by many notes, judging by the booking records.

Miss Eva Moore, the subject of our portrait, made her first appearance on the stage Dec. 15, 1887, at the Vaudeville, as Varney in a *matinée* performance of John Farquhar Gilmore's farcical comedy, "Proposals," under Mr. Thomas Thorne's auspices, and this obtained the *débutante* an engagement at Toole's Theatre, where she appeared as Dora in "The Don," first at provincial *matinées* at Oxford, Reading, and Brighton; and afterwards took up Miss Marie Linden's part in July, 1889, in the provinces, returning to London at Christmas as a member of Mr. Toole's company, but was forced to throw up her engagement through ill-health, greatly to her chagrin, as she speaks in the highest terms of her manager's kindness to her, and has had an offer from him to form one of his troupe on his visit to Australia. Miss Eva Moore's favourite parts were Dora in "The Don," and Kitty (a girl of 13) in "The Broken Sixpence." On her recovery, Miss Moore was engaged by Mr. Willard to play Felicia Umfraville in H. A. Jones's play of "The Middleman" at the Shaftesbury, at which theatre she is now appearing and steadily winning her way in public favour.

One of the reasons that the art of Pastel has not been so well received by the British art public, rests on the belief that the chalk fades and deteriorates in a few years. This is a mistaken notion, for a good Pastel will often appear fresher than an oil half its age, as may be proved in many of the old country houses where examples of both may be seen. The two exhibitions at the Grosvenor Gallery have done much to revive interest in the art, and this, the second, that is now open, affords some most excellent specimens, though hardly altogether as great ones as that of last autumn. Of the most noticeable, Mdlle. Anna Bilinska's "Un Gamin" (126a) is instinct with life. Mr. Hubert Vos has sent a very strong picture in "Abdallah," an Eastern Woman (115). A portrait of Miss Constance Stewart (235), by Mr. W. G. Wills, shows that the dramatist can wield the crayon with nearly the same skill that he can the pen. Among the dramatic subjects may be found "Where Shakespeare Sleeps" (96), by J. Nelson-Drummond, "Miss Ellen Terry" (278), by Rudolf Lehmann, and "Dora" (379), from Ibsen's "Doll's House," by Francis Bate, all of which will be found to be interesting. Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Mauve and Gold" (40), is an excellent example. Mr. H. Fanner's portraits of "The Lady Agnes Cooper" (252), and of "Miss Coleridge Kennard" (418), are refined in treatment and execution. Miss Hilda Montalba, Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Blake Wirgman, Mr. Ellis Roberts, and Mr. Jacomb Hood also contribute some excellent

portraits. Of the land and sea scapes, Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's "The Hay Waggon" (79), Edwin Hayes's "Mumble's Lighthouse near Swansea" (133), and Mr. J. Buxton Knight's "Twilight at Littlehampton" (81), are decidedly worthy of notice, and Mr. Swan's sketch of "Polar Bears" (57), and Adolph Birkenruth's "Souvenir de Bal" (222) must not be passed over.

The seventh annual exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours will be generally considered as superior to any of its predecessors, for, although there are no great pictures, there is a larger average of good ones. Even now, the walls are too crowded, though only about a third of the canvases sent in have been hung; and in those on view genius is conspicuous by its absence. Following the order in the catalogue "The Toilette" (4) by S. Melton Fisher, though not one of his best examples, is worth notice; "When the Flowing Tide Comes In" (8), John R. Reid, is strong but too heavily laden with colour; "Among the Thistledown" (27) is a good landscape by F. W. Topham, and "What's the Matter" (33), by J. Scott, has distinct merit; "The Old Falcon Hotel at Gravesend" (34), now a thing of the past, will bring back mingled memories of joy and sorrow to many, thanks to C. E. Holloway; "Iréne" (47), Miss Florence Small, is beautiful and artistic; "The Swinge off Alderney" (62), Henry Hine, is powerful in execution, and "An Essex Common" (82), by E. M. Wimperis, is breezy and healthful; "Contentment" (86), Hugh Carter, and "So Lazy" (92), Haynes King, are pleasing and artistic pictures; "Marsh Lands" (97), J. L. Pickering, is delicate in colour; T. B. Kennington has an excellent and well-painted likeness of "Miss Marian MacKenzie" (85), and his "A Study" (136), and "The Gardener's Daughter" (471), are charming in results. "Babes in the Wood" (140), two fawns, is a good animal picture; and "Harvesting at Whitecliff" (162), E. G. Warren, possesses warmth and breadth. In this, the first room, must also be noticed "Souvenir of a Quiet Night" (87), and "Evening" (171).

In "The Best Trump, or Rook and Pigeon" (184) F. D. Millet has given us two telling types of character, and the effects of the light are cleverly produced; "Late Autumn" (191), by Joseph Knight, is admirable, as is "A Bank where the Wild Thyme Grows" (219), by Adrian Stokes, for atmospheric effect. The sky in "The Lull Before the Storm" (240), W. L. Wyllie, foretells coming disaster; "The Proposal" (253), I. Haynes Williams, is well drawn. W. H. Pike has three clever Venetian subjects (288, 356, 574). There is much refinement of feeling in "Intruders" (293), W. H. Bartlett, two quite young nude girls disturbed on the sands; "The Vagrant's Dog" (304), J. T. Carrington, is happy, but the cur is a little too sleek

in appearance ; "Toiling" (341), T. A. Brown, is tender in sentiment ; "A Lesson in Knitting" (346), S. Melton Fisher, is easy and natural ; "The Scrap Book" (363), Frank Dadd, an old man and his grandchild, betrays quiet humour and is well finished. Alfred Withers has a harmonious canvas, "In Dartmouth Harbour" (380), and Leonard Raven-Hill is original in his treatment of "In Maiden Meditation Fancy Free" (382). "Mill Stream and Lock" (403), Thomas Collier, for its grandeur, and "A Quiet Sea" (414), Mrs. Lluellyn, for its delicious calm, are specially noticeable.

In the East Gallery, "The Evening Mist" (429), Solomon J. Solomon, a nearly perfectly drawn and exquisitely-coloured nude female figure rising from the marsh, will probably attract most attention, and after that J. L. Pickering's "Near Hurstmonceaux Castle" (424) ; in "Exchange no Robbery" (465), W. B. Wollen, the animals are well drawn and the subject humorous ; a highwayman having cleared out his victim rides off with his fresh horse, leaving a jaded one in its place. "Coming Night" (475), Alfred East, and "Scanty Pasture" (486), T. A. Brown, must not be passed over. Walter Goodman has a good portrait of Henry Russell, of "Cheer Boys Cheer" fame, in his 77th year (497). Edwin Hayes surpasses himself in "Penarth from Cardiff" (542), and "Content" (549), by J. C. Dolman, a number of donkeys feeding in a thistle patch, is an excellent picture of animal life. T. Hope McLachlan gives us a wild sky in "An October Storm" (567) ; R. Beavis a spirited canvas in "Herdsmen of the Campagna *en route* for Rome" (584), and Keeley Halswelle a delightful landscape in "A Summer Day" (601). "Amsterdam" (625), Frank L. Emanuel, "Beleur Castle, Lisbon" (616), Frank Dillon, with its hazy heat, and "Sunset" (637), in soft, low tone, must also be remembered.

The very *raison d'être* of the XIXth Century Art Society, the object of which is not so much to exhibit works of acknowledged merit, but to bring to the notice of the public *for purchase* the efforts of young artists that show promise, disarms severe criticism. The present show of pictures is, taken altogether, a better one than usual ; here the great fault is that the subjects chosen are commonplace and lack originality of thought. Yeend King sends but one canvas, "Abingdon" (1), not up to the usual standard. "A Young Trader" (8), by Philip Pavy, possesses warmth of colour and is interesting. Archibald Webb has gone to Holland for his inspirations ; his "Morning on the Merwede" (22), and "Along the Towing Path" (456), water-colour, are most worthy of notice. Of G. A. Williams's three contributions his "Mussel Gathering" (54), is most true to nature. Hugh George Shaw gives us two clever and

humourous dog pictures in "I have a song to sing, O" (70), and "Sing me your song" (81).

A. Leicester Burrough's "Village Smithy" (93) is highly-finished and minute in detail, but is too clean in appearance. "The Sorceress" (244) is the most conspicuous for originality of W. Herbert Roe's canvases. A. Fuller Maitland shows skill in seascape in "The Old Harbour" (109), and the same may be said of R. L. Marriott for his "At Broadstairs" (111). There is much poetry of feeling in H. Hollingdale's "Old Windmill" (121). The soft blue grey tints of moonrise are charmingly rendered in "Laleham Ferry" (140), by H. M. Page; and there is tender fidelity to nature in Robert Gallon's "Departing Day" (149). Edmund Ethelstone shows great promise in his three brown-coated puppies "A Trio" (173), a very low priced picture for its merits. "Sea and Sky Evening" (191) would be an excellent picture but that for such an atmosphere the horizon is too clearly defined. Henry Cheadle's "Autumn" (211) and "The Severn" (212), are worthy of praise. There are breadth and atmosphere in "Harvest Time" (228), by Harry V. Inglis.

Of the higher priced pictures, Theo. Verstraete's "Matinée de Printemps" (43), Robert Gallon's "Eton College" (100), *to be engraved*, "Margarita" (218), by Alfred Prager, B. Macarthur's exquisite "Bread-winners" (223), and Edward Patey's "Souvenir of the Last Century" (267), are most worthy of notice. The water colours will well repay a visit, but want of space prevents any more than allusion to: "Late Evening on the Broads, Norfolk" (279), by A. Daniels; "Bits of Country Life" (281), by Walter Botland; "An Autumn Evening" (284), with its purple heather, by J. Lawrence Hart; a picturesque remnant of old London, "Corner of Wych Street" (301), by Edward Jennings; "Now Came Still Evening On" (357), by John M. Macintosh; "After a May Shower" (399), by J. L. Browne, and "Waiting at the Ferry (Dry Point)" (466), by Edward Slocombe.

The gem of Mr. McLean's Gallery, is, without doubt, Rosa Bonheur's "A Royal Stag" (12), though Sir John Millais' "Afternoon Tea" (19), three little girls in quaint dress accompanied by a fat pug dog, will be most talked about. Posterity will not count it one of his finest productions. Mr. Edwin Long sends "Choosing a Deity" (13); the grouping and the expressions of the various faces are effective and natural. Ch. Wilda specially distinguishes himself in his Eastern scenes "A Cairene Carpet Warehouse" (5) and "The Courtyard, &c., Cairo" (18). V. Chevilliard's "The Critical Moment" is a clever and humourous representation of

acolytes being photographed. E. M. Wimperis has a delightful "Hayfield in Essex" (33), and Jan Van Beers shows excellent work in "An Interlude in the Dance" (40), an *almée* in black and gold gauze. All the exhibits are good.

At Messrs. Tooth's, Bouguereau's "First Whisper of Love" (77), probably takes the palm. It represents a young girl with a sweet newly-awakened expression of countenance at the whisper of a Cupid that hovers over her; the drawing is faultless. Next to this in attraction will be "She stoops to Conquer" (54), by the Servian painter, P. Joanowitch, showing the interior of a drinking house, a pretty waiting maid flirting with a truculent looking old Croat, her lover jealous, and the other admirers amused; it is full of life, and painted by a master hand. Leon Lhermite's "Hay Time" (83) and "Returning from the Fields" (93) are excellent specimens of his style. There is a highly-finished picture by Meissonier, "Le Liseur" (31); two harmonious and minutely faithful Eastern scenes by A. Ferrari; and some excellent landscapes by B. W. Leader, Frank Walton, H. W. B. Davis, Keeley Halswelle, Vicat Cole, and Peter Graham. Sir Frederick Leighton's pictures were both in last year's academy. The exhibition is a thoroughly good one.

Mr. J. T. Mendoza (Printseller and Publisher to H.M. the Queen) has now on view at the St. James's Gallery, King Street, St. James's, his Seventh Annual Exhibition of Drawings in Black and White, which are well worthy of notice. Those deserving special mention are "The Golden Horn Sunset," Tristram Ellis; "Morning Mist, Jersey," J. Nelson Drummond; "Morettina" (pastel), R. Gianetti; "Catch a Weasel Asleep," A. D. Basten; "Newlyn," Holland Tringham; "Mr. Alfred Jingle," Roland Holyoake; "Dream of an Old Meltonian," B. B. Lawrence; "In Trouble Again," E. Caldwell; and "The Thames from Petersham," Jane R. Thomas. Two new publications, "The Dead Bird" and "Innocence," in mezzotint, by Thomas G. Appleton, after Greuze, are perfect specimens of the art.

"Hood's Comic Annual" appears for the 22nd time. It is full of good things. G. R. Sims gives us "A Romance of the Peerage Unburked" in his happiest vein. J. B. Partridge has in "At the Pit's Mouth," a capital skit on the "Como" speech in "The Lady of Lyons." Leopold Turner contributes some quaint lines on "The Ourang Outang Tar." George Manville Fenn tells a laughable tale in "An Odd Trick." Clo Groves has a powerful poem in "Death and Rachel." J. W. Houghton sends some of his usual humorous contributions. Richard Henry has a clever satirical story in "The Marriage Tie," Godfrey Turner discourses mirthfully in verse on

"Growth and Decay of the Practical Joke;" and Byron Webber teaches a wholesome moral in "The Fog and the Crane." These are but a few of the bright things that will wile away an hour pleasantly; whilst the illustrations by Greiffenhagen, Dalziel, G. Catcombe, Grisct, Hal Ludlow, H. Tuck, J. W. Houghton, Bernard Partridge, &c., are as excellent as the letterpress.

Of other magazines, "Harper's" has "A Century of Hamlet," by W. Lawrence Hutton, profusely illustrated; and "The Century" will be eagerly sought after for its charming and ably written "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson." In the "Fortnightly" Mr. George Moore discourses not too wisely on "Our Dramatists and their Literature," and in the "New Review" Mr. John Coleman sets at rest any question as to whether Watts Phillips took his idea of the "Dead Heart" from Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities."

New plays produced and important revivals in London from Oct. 22, 1889, to Nov. 20, 1889.

(Revivals are marked thus °)

- Oct. 22 "The Senator," comedy in four acts, by David D. Lloyd and Sidney Rosenfeld (for copyright purposes). Elephant and Castle.
- „ 24 "Faithful James," comedy in one act, by B. C. Stephenson. Vestry Hall, Turnham Green.
- „ 29 "A Promise," new one act play, by S. Boyle Lawrence. Globe.
- Nov. 2 "A Stuffed Dog," a Sirius comedy in two barks and a bite (for copyright purposes), by J. A. Knox and E. Atwell. Park Hall, Camden Town.
- „ 4° "Adrienne Lecouvreur." (Revival by Miss Wallis.) Grand.
- „ 4 "The Miser's Will," sensational drama in four acts, by Tom Craven (first time in London). Surrey.
- „ 4 "The Irishman," new Irish five-act drama, by J. W. Whitbread. Elephant and Castle.
- „ 5 "Noughtology; or Nothing," serio-comic drama in four acts, by Frederick Stanford. St George's Hall.
- „ 6 "Her Own Witness," new play of modern life, in three acts, by G. H. R. Dabbs, M.D. *Matinée*. Criterion.
- „ 6 "A Flying Visit," comedietta in one act, by Mrs. William Greet. *Matinée*. Criterion.
- „ 8 "Don Quixote," comic opera, written by Harry B. Smith, composed by Reginald De Koven (for copyright purposes). Park Hall, Camden Town.
- „ 14 "Stop Thief," three act farcical comedy, by Mark Melford (first time in London). Strand.
- „ 14 "An Italian Romance," one act comedietta, by Philip Darwin Theatre Middlesex County Asylum.
- „ 14 "The Light of Other Days," dramatic episode in one scene, by Rose Meller. Theatre Middlesex County Asylum.

- Nov. 14 "The Sword of Damocles," farce, freely adapted from the German by Philip Darwin. Theatre Middlesex County Asylum.
 „ 20 "The New Corsican Brothers," original extravaganza, by Cecil Raleigh and Walter Slaughter (first time in London). Royalty.

In the Provinces from Oct. 14, 1889, to Nov. 11, 1889.

- Oct. 28 "Highland Hearts," new Scottish drama, by Hector C. Gordon. Grand, Glasgow.
 „ 28 "Iduna," new light opera, libretto by the late Hugh Conway, composed by A. H. Behrend. Comedy, Manchester.
 „ 28 "A Noble Brother," American musical comedy drama. Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.
 Nov. 4 "Dolly Varden; or the Riots of '80," comedy opera, written and composed by E. Cympton.
 „ 4 "Wanted, a Wife," farcical comedy in three acts, by J. H. Darnley. T. R., Edinburgh.
 „ 7 "Old Father Time," or "The Clockmaker of Mardyk," play in three acts, by Edward A. Shute (adapted from E. Francillon's story) Drill Hall, Nuneaton.
 „ 11 "The Great Globe," five act play, by J. O. Stewart. New T. R. Liverpool.
 „ 11 "The New Corsican Brothers," extravaganza, by Cecil Raleigh and Walter Slaughter. Prince of Wales's, Liverpool.

In Paris from Oct. 12, 1889, to Nov. 13, 1889.

- Oct. 15 "La Tartine," comedy in one act, by Henri Sans. Gymnase.
 „ 21^e "Théodore, Vierge et Martyre," tragedy, by Corneille. Odéon.
 „ 23 "Madame L'Archiduc," opera bouffe in three acts, libretto by Albert Millard, composed by Jaques Offenbach. Menus Plaisirs.
 „ 25 "La Conspiration du Général Malet," drama in five acts, by Augé de Lassus. Chateau d'Eau.
 „ 30 "La Lutte pour la Vie," play in five acts, by Alphonse Daudet. Gymnase.
 Nov. 4 "Jeunes Amours," one act comedy in verse, by Henri Chantavoine. Odéon.
 „ 8 "La Fermière," play in five acts and seven scenes, by Armand d'Artois and Henri Pagat. Ambigu.
 „ 13 "La Bucheronne," four act comedy, by Charles Edmond. Français.



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

"In some cases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatic delight be attained by a judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen—on both sides of the curtain." So wrote the gentle Elia on "Stage Illusion," nearly three quarters of a century since; and if he could have been present at the opening performances this season of one of the youngest A.D.C.'s, the Footlights, he would have cast over their confidential relations with the audience the shield of his satire and the buckler of his belief. For surely never were players so lovingly lifted over the footlights, and petted and cosseted, as it were, for a better and more wholesome reason; no other than this—that nothing but old favourites were being played, and well played, too, and for every familiar point thrust home, some lucky actor was audibly, perceptibly hugged to the heart of five hundred delighted human beings. A *fickle* public! this English one of ours! Tell it not in the environs of the Palace of Crystal; cry it not in the neighbourhood of Childwick Hall, or the very dead walls and hoardings shall openly deny the accusation; for what but joy, past joy, in the sweet stories of old, could have won for "Checkmate" and "Whitebait at Greenwich" the rapture they inspired. Not even the boundless effervescence of Mr. Morten Henry, as the smartest and tigerest of grooms, and the slyest and quaintest of John Smalls; nor the rustic uncouthness of Mr. Alexander and Mr. Dale, as the gardener and stableman; nor the terrible truth of that over-wearied waiter of Mr. Harris; nor the lightness of Mr. Gerald Thompson, and the brightness of Mr. Stephen, and the waddling of that fruity old butler of Mr. Matthews; not even these, deservedly welcome qualities as they were, would have served without that fillip of fillips, that Hamlet found so useful on a certain occasion, the play. The actresses, too, came off not a whit the worse in their encounter with the audience; ready humour, spiritedly expressed, being abundantly visible in the Martha Bunn of Miss Isabella Davies, and Mrs. Gordon Ascher, reminding one in many little touches of the emphatic manner of Mrs. John Wood as Charlotte Russe. Mr. Lyster is an effective farce actor, and won many a laugh as blinking Mrs. Glimmer; and Miss Lena Gilbert, as a servant of "poor and meagre body as never had been pampered by over-luxury," gave promise of developing into a character actress of no mean capacity. This performance was followed on the 13th and 14th November by one of "Our Boys," and from the

uproarious merriment it excited, one would be justified in declaring that if a plebiscite were to be taken of the works of our dramatists which have come into existence during the last quarter of a century, this "record" comedy would even yet be elected to another long term of office as ruler over all. How the "ultipomatum" retains its old-time fragrance, and the "dosset" and the slavey their respective mirth-provoking grime. And how thoroughly every soul enjoys those impossible scenes of country-house existence, when courting couples coyly confess their affection by elbow-nudgings and repartee borne down with the crop of puns. And how well-suited is the play to the method and mental grip of amateurs, no more striking proof of which could well have been found than in the ease and complacency with which Mr. Morten Henry entered into the familiar coat and hat and capacious waistcoat of Mr. Perkyn Middlewick, and then and there identified himself with the feelings and customs and bearing of that large-hearted and hopelessly vulgar representative of the saved and risen middle class; or in the naturalness, the lounging gait, and restful not to say reposeful air, the Criterion freedom, and the City self-assurance of the boys themselves, neatly contrasted in a score of carefully-arranged effects by Mr. Welton Dale and Mr. Gerald Phillips. Poker-back Sir Geoffrey was not so haughty a baronet in Mr. Frank Westerton's hands as he was in Mr. Flockton's, but the amateur was evidently anxious, like Mr. Irving, to make his part as sympathetic as could be, and if this was not Mr. Byron's intention, so much the worse for him. In little parts, with little opportunities, Mr. Edwin Gilbert and Mr. C. George took pains, like artists, never to be out of the picture. Mrs. Conyers D'Arcy, returning for once to the ranks of those amongst whom she was once a star, made of Clarissa Champneys a woman so kind-hearted and cheery that it seemed worth while going through some hardships to have the luxury of enjoying those charity visits of hers. Mrs. Gordon Ascher struck a vein of amusing light-comedy as Mary, the pert and poor, and Miss Cora Poole made a winsome figure and a charming heroine as Violet, the reserved and rich, Miss Isabel Mart following in the footsteps, and cinders, and smudges, and tatters, and wonderful squalor of the original Belinda, of undying lodging-house slavey fame. The Footlights intend to produce "All that Glitters is not Gold" at the beginning of this month.

About half-a-dozen clubs in the metropolis, and half-a-dozen more in the smaller adjacent towns, belittled by the name of suburbs, are so rich in dramatic talent, so devoted to the art they practise, so full of resource in all things relating to *mise-en-scène*, and, perhaps above all, so far better "followed" than those players of Wittenberg whose audiences dropped from them as feathers from a bird, that a play of lofty pretensions can safely be entrusted to their hands. Of such,

the Crystal Palace District Athenæum A.D.C. is a notable example. With its strongest actors arrayed in serried ranks, each more or less well fitted to his task, there would be little chance, if any, for a typical second-rate professional company pitted against them in the same play, especially if this happened to be a romantic and picturesque one. And for token of what the club *can* do nothing would serve better than their production for four nights, from the 6th to the 9th of November, before overflowing audiences, to keenly appreciative applause, of Mr. Gilbert's fairy play, "The Palace of Truth." In such pieces the lovers are the stumbling-block and the rock of offence, and here these gentlemen throw down a trump card; for Mr. and Mrs. Frankish can be, as well as look, and assume in tone as well as brave and splendid garb, the graceful lovers of the days of—anyone whose time was that of rich and flowing draperies, and amaranthine locks, and gorgeous fabrics, and chivalrous encounters, and spells and talismans, and all the treats that are not nowadays. And gallantly did this princely Philamir and tender, winning Zeolide tread the mimic paths of lovers' dallying and suffering's resolve. Many a little scene with them as centres will stay in the memory, vividly impressed by the reality and the charm of their clever acting. Then for humour, what King Phanor could be quainter, bolder, more unkingly than the ponderous creature pictured by Mr. J. O. Grout, an actor whose intimacy with every secret hiding place in which stage-craft can be discovered is on a level with the thoroughness of his acquaintance with the laws of elocution; and who that has heard him once can forget that. And what a partner he had in Miss Chesshyre, a Queen whose jealousy had the very tinge of humour the author rarely has succeeded in imparting to the work of his more famous Altemires. Nor did excellence stop even here, though four so good out of a cast of twelve might well be called phenomenal. For Miss Maul Bell was the Mirza, and the passionate abandonment she brought to bear upon those few tragic moments of her exposure and shame, coupled with the eloquence of her finished playing in the earlier scenes, won for her such laurels as neither high nor low comedy, with all her versatility, have gained for her in the past, and stamped her as an artist of real force and convincing power, worthy to be tried in work of the utmost delicacy and the finest art. Then, too, there was the Chrysal of Mr. J. Bathurst, rough maybe and a little rugged in gesture and expression, but as sound a reading of the two-faced courtier as most actors could give. And the dainty little Azema of Miss D. Gibbes; what slyness lurked in the smile and the eye in that inimitable scene of ultra-ingenuous flirtation; and was not Palmis a veritable picture in those clinging silks and Grecian tresses; and if comedy ever sought a home in living human form, did it not make an abode in the Gelanor of Mr. Maitland Dicker, as rotund and jolly-voiced a censor as any.

corrupt court would wish, with companions as lively and as comely as any lover of contrast could demand in Mr. Rae and Mr. McAnally. Perhaps the scenic artist and the costumier should not be omitted from the list of those who won the triumph. They certainly are not among the folk who "never would be missed," Mr. C. H. Fox in particular, for the dresses he had specially supplied were among the most tasteful and most beautiful that ever graced the amateur stage, lavish as many of its more notable productions have recently been.

By slow and sure and steady progress, the Lytton A.D.C. have gone on building up and up an honourable reputation for histrionic achievement in Liverpool, the while their would-be rivals have dropped far behind, and now in their second half-century of performances they leap to the front with a production of one of the most remarkable of modern comedies, Mr. Sidney Grundy's "The Silver Shield." The announcement of their intention sufficed to sell every seat in St. George's Hall some weeks beforehand, and the expectant crowd that filled the theatre and blocked its gangways on the 8th November had not spent its time and money fruitlessly; for the brilliant play was acted throughout with an understanding of its aim and scope, a regard for the probabilities so rarely outraged in every day life, and a shrewdness of arrangement and stage management that would have done signal credit to a far more pretentious revival. Naturally the comedy scenes were more firmly grasped and skilfully handled than those in which strength or pathetic power are needed, though the moving love passages between Tom and Alma were played with a decision and an earnestness that immediately impressed the audience. Indeed, Mr. Alfred Crawford's idea of the Bohemian hero was decidedly clever and interesting from start to finish, consistent, revealing much thought, remarkably self-restrained, and full of suggested strength most happily in keeping with the character. Miss Minnie Griffen's Alma was at once actress-like and yet womanly; a considerable amount of variety lay in her treatment of the part; there was much grace, plenty of high spirits, a dash of recklessness, and in the big scene with Sir Humphrey most welcome delicacy and genuine dramatic feeling. The actress was at no time permitted to eclipse the woman, and Miss Griffen gave evidence of ability to succeed in emotional parts no less than in those demanding only freedom of style and sparkling comedy. Mr. L. R. Lomax was a breezy Ned, just the irresponsible fellow to marry Lucy and defy the world without a penny in his pocket, and he was fortunate in having as his companion so promising a player as the lady amateur who filled this part and whose name was withheld from publication. In Lucy's acting there lay much genuine force, and the fervour and feeling of the great scene with its pathetic farewell to her husband and her home stirred the audience, as it

should have done, deeply. Mr. Asheton Tonge is an actor who has taken to heart Hamlet's pregnant advice to the players. He restrains every tendency to looseness of action and attitude or exuberance of gesture and over-fluency of expression, with the result that, though his Sir Humphrey may be a little formal and precise, even for so rigid and severe a country magnate as Mr. Grundy has drawn, the consistency and naturalness of his sketch are alike admirable and lend a special air of likelihood to a piece of this stamp. The most popular character in the whole play, the study of an anti-theatrical cleric, fell to the lot of Mr. J. C. Stead, a comedian of some unctuousness and great perception. More human than Mr. Percy Compton in the same part, more the man with human weakness fighting against class prejudice, and less the actor, posturing and grimacing to set on "some barren spectators to laugh too," this latest study of the Rev. Dr. Dozey was one of the most effective and least stagey yet seen; and quite as good in its way, frigid where the actor was genial, cheerless where he was hearty, narrow and self-contained where he was broad and eminently companionable, was the Mrs. Dozey, another clever lady who elected to hide the light of her talent beneath the bushel of anonymity. A touch of true comedy lightened the little scene where Susan recounts her mistress's conquests and proffers her advice on matrimonial differences; and the end of the cast is reached, with the exception of the Dodson Dick of Mr. J. C. Lloyd, who had not gone to Mr. Arthur Roberts (the original representative of this typical theatrical manager of a certain class) for a model, but had evolved an equally satisfactory personage from the recesses of his own brain and pictured so whimsical a creature, though bearing the head and front of a gentleman far removed in manner and mode of thought from vulgar Mr. Dick, that every scene that told of the manager's manœuvres and counter-marchings was received with rapture by the greatly tickled audience.

For most people who go in occasionally for the pastime of acting, the works of Mr. Piner and Mr. Herman Merivale would seem rather a large order, and lead to some amount of disturbance in the nervous system, but with the Anomalies A.D.C., who are acting pretty well all the year round, and can be awed by nothing in the shape of names, let them signify what grandeur they may, these dramatists are only to be reckoned along with Byron, Albery, Grundy, Morton, and the rest, who have been taken in hand before as simply play-providers. There is reason, too, for this attitude of the club towards anyone of less mental stature than the great master of all, since its members are such practised players that every class of work has long since become familiar to the majority of them, and they are quite capable of thinking plays out for themselves, and

elaborating to some extent the characters they undertake. In some instances, indeed, they can rival almost any of the clubs in London, whose performances are looked for as the most notable of amateur events, and this is particularly the case when Miss Maud Bell and Mr. Meller come to head their forces, as they did on the 14th, 15th, and 16th November, at West Norwood. The reading these actors gave of "A Husband in Clover" was not only pleasant, refined, and amusing, but artistic in the highest sense, polished and perfected to the pitch of absolute naturalness, as fine an example of delicate comedy playing as the amateur stage could produce. So too in "The Money Spinner" these most capable artists came again to the front. Miss Bell's self-abnegation in accepting so small a part as Margot deserves mention, but still more deserving it was the thoroughness of her playing, the delightful freshness of her humour, the fact that never once to make any point such as an actress so clever must have constantly desired to do, did she step out of the picture by claiming for Margot a prominence the author had not intended. Mr. Meller's Flaubert was a bit of realistic character acting, not unworthy to stand beside Mr. Mackintosh's for incisiveness, power, and consistency, allowance being made for the different plane within which the amateur necessarily stands. Anyone who has to follow such a consummate mistress of her art as Mrs. Kendal indubitably is, must, of course, be confronted by mountains of difficulty, and Mrs. Pat Campbell, the Millicent Boycott of this revival, most wisely elected to present a woman she herself had imagined, uninfluenced by any of the memories to be recalled of her great predecessor. The result was an interesting performance, with much in it to commend for strenuous effort, and courage, and decided womanliness, that exerted great influence over her audience. Miss Gertrude Findon was as merry and pert a Dorinda as even Miss Kate Phillips was, and the Lord Kengussie of Mr. St. John Becher was a companion picture for lightness and humour, shaded into something very like dignity in those trying moments of comparative transformation in the concluding scene. There was rich ripe fun in the Baron Croodle of Mr. Cyril H. Owen, an actor who had evidently not seen Mr. Hare's extraordinary rendering of the broken down old gambler, or, who, if he had, did not approve of his manifold eccentricities, and in Mr. H. G. L. Wyld, as the hero, who is chiefly a villain, brought to stay and prop the shaken edifice of sham heroism, great resolve and firm manner, which won for Harold Boycott very much more sympathy than he could have secured by the usual means, the tremolo utterances and the quivering figure, the shaking hand and the humid eye.

ADDISON BRIGHT.



REVIEWS.

Roscoe Morgan's "Scholars' Annotated Edition of Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth" (Thomas Murty, Ludgate Circus Buildings) will be found a useful text book for students. The notes are copious and valuable, the anachronisms are pointed out and explained away, and every assistance is rendered for the thorough understanding of that which may appear obscure in the text.

The invitation issued to one of our leading actors by the Church Congress, Cardiff, to read a paper there, has, no doubt, induced the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam to print in its entirety a lecture, portions of which he has delivered on various occasions, and part of which appeared in the May number of "The Cosmopolitan." In his lecture on "The Function of the Stage" (Frederick Verinder), Mr. Headlam proves himself a staunch champion in the cause; not only of the drama and how influential for good its teachings may be rendered, but he stands up enthusiastically, almost too much so, for the dancers, endeavouring to prove that they are *all* actors by one quotation from Shakespeare. The writer also points out the narrow-mindedness as to the dramatic profession which, at one time, existed amongst all church dignitaries, and from which he himself suffered.

Mr. Farjeon is an accomplished writer, if a somewhat eccentric one, and in taking up any volume of his we are possessed with a comfortable conviction that we shall find its money value returned to us in kind, even maybe with compound interest attaching. So, if the detective perspicacious is a figure something musty in the fiction of this year of grace, we must here at least allot him a respect we should perhaps feel disposed to forego were his portrayal of the order *ignotum per ignotius*. The paradoxically-named "Blood White Rose*" is, through two-thirds of its length, a story of commendable interest and plot well conceived and cleverly written. Were the restraint here exhibited carried out to the close, it would be of capital interest. The hurried and crowded climax, however, wherein, as in the pump-and-tub scene at Miss Snevellicci's bespeak, all the members of the company come in and tumble down in various directions, sadly impairs the value of the whole, and Mr. Farjeon, who is original at his best, should really have spared us the conventional crimson fire at the wings. Still the characters throughout *have* character, withal the poor wronged Mary is a trifle stilted in the midst of her easy morality.

* "The Blood White Rose," by R. L. Farjeon. (Trischler and Co., 13, New Bridge Street, E.C.)

"And now, her head resting on my breast, her soft, low voice, just above a whisper, sounded sweetly in my enraptured ears, as, with drooping eyes and blushing cheeks, her tongue betrayed the secrets of her heart, and poured out its full confession." Such a last century style is Mr. Foote's, which, used as a vehicle for a narrative as ruddily-tinted as decent modern materialism permits, has an odd sound in ears critical. But there is no reason to doubt that Australia has a literary future before her, and if an earnest of this is wanted, it may be suggested indifferent well in the pages of *"My Weird Wooing"* which is at least an artistic advance on some previous works of like nature that country has produced. Mr. Foote, for all his peculiarities, shows some evidence of embryo power in his writing, and one or two of his people may be said to live. Restraint, however, is here again needed, and the lesson that an over-exuberant imagination is perilously wont to carry its possessor into the extremes of commonplace. If the author of *"My Weird Wooing"* will consent to forego the limelight and sheet-iron thunder, and touch a little less upon somewhat ghastly details of damaged mortality, he may effect work that will do real credit to the great colony he writes of.

* *"My Weird Wooing,"* by T. Vicars Foote. (Same publishers.)

The author of *"The Embalmed Heart and other Sensational Poems"* is much exercised in his mind as to the drivelling, emasculated, and *"sensous" (sic)* character of *"modern minor versial efforts."* He quotes—in a profound preamble to his book—Ferdinand Freiligrath to the effect that the authors of such *"seem afraid of the big passions"*; and being moved thereat to individually eschew all puerile mock-modesty, and lay the first railway sleeper of realism up Parnassus, he launches boldly into such masculine numbers as:

*"Your blue-white features now are moist
With Death's foul, slimy dew;"*

and:—

*"Her lips said 'Forgive'—not her tongue,
For that from her mouth ghastly hung,
All horrid and swollen and black.
Her tears and her blood stained my coat,
The streams from her eyes and her throat."*

It is, however, in the matter of descriptive simplicity that Mr. Cooper would most seriously set an example to the modern febrile ballad-monger, and assuredly in such guileless passages as:—

*"My household had from home just gone
To spend the Christmas Day;
I was to follow when my work
Was done and sent away."*

the acme of unmistakeable diction is reached. Still, even in lines of a like direct force (and there are many hundreds such in the volume) our author is rather frequently "ambagious," and when he says:—

*"Go, scion of a 'hundred earls,'
And kiss—surrounded by her curls—
Your coming morrow's bride."*

we are a little inclined to picture the lady as an abnormally hairy specimen of her sex, and to think how dreadfully the scion must have tickled his nose if he accepted the invitation. Then, too, when he sings:—

*"I broke the circle that stood round,
And in the street I burst."*

we cannot help thinking of the frog in the fable, and pitying the street scavengers.

On the whole, we are afraid the author of "The Embalmed Heart" is the frog that would fain emulate the bull, and, in doing so, has exploded a whole body-full of nauseating twaddle.

* "The Embalmed Heart, and Other Sensational Poems," by E. J. Cooper. (Dean & Son, London).

"John Bull, Junior," enlarged from "Drat the Boys," needs no special comment here. Everyone is agreeably acquainted with Max O'Rell, with his inexhaustible good-humour, and his trenchant common-sense. "John Bull, Junior" will do more than help one to pass an idle hour. Through all its fun, the little octavo contains much evidence of observation, and much incisive advice that is wholly worth listening to. Happily it is no rare thing for a French master to identify himself with his boys at an English school, and Mr. O'Rell leads the way over the few hurdles that yet bar the course to the goal of success. Like every book issued by its publishers, the little volume is a model of dainty printers' work.

* "John Bull, Junior," by Max O'Rell. (Field & Tuer, London).

"Prince Bismarck's Map of Europe*" is a dull quasi-political tract, offered in the form of a dialogue between the Iron Chancellor and Count Von Moltke. Its opinions are trite, its creed, apparently, the return of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany to France, and we hazard a shrewd guess that its author is a woman. It is produced in its publishers' usual irreproachable style.

* "Prince Bismarck's Map of Europe," by "Cylinder." (Field and Tuer.)



Vale !



AFTER ten years' continuous service in the interest of the drama and in compiling the monthly record of the English stage ; after ten years' incessant worry and continual misrepresentation ; having in ten years exhausted the only savings I could conscientiously devote to a favourite hobby ; having, against fearful odds, fought, I hope with pluck, a good fight in the drama's cause, I now put down my arms not ashamed to confess myself beaten, I retire from the helm of the *THEATRE* magazine, and give up the command of the old vessel to more competent, but not to more loyal hands.

On January 1st, 1880, we sailed out of port buoyed up with confidence and hope—strong in resolve ; hopeful for success. We were determined to do such wonderful things, to discover a “fortunate island,” to serve the drama, to encourage its literature, to help the actor and actress, to amuse the playgoer, to illustrate the drama's daily record, to hand down to posterity if possible an accurate history of the stage in the age in which we live. On the eve of Christmas, 1889, I sail home, not dejected exactly, but discouraged ; not beaten in the tussle, so much as tired ; not so much disappointed, as helpless against a fate which, on the whole, has been as resistless as it has been merciless. The good ship, *THEATRE*, has encountered many a storm ; it has been in peril many a time, and to guide it skilfully through rocks and shoals has been heart-breaking work. I bring it back after its ten years' voyage safe, sound, water-tight. It is only the commander who feels a bit weary, a little tired, anxious for release from great responsibility. So, from this moment, he relinquishes his post, and has nothing whatever to do, directly or indirectly, with the conduct, design, direction, or proprietorship of the *THEATRE* magazine. If the new Editor and Proprietors care to give me a cabin on deck, I will cheerfully sail with them whenever opportunity offers. I hope never, as long as I live, to sever my connection with the old *THEATRE* as a contributor. But I must be edited for the future, not edit. I must obey, not direct. For the future I hope to be paid for trying to amuse or instruct others, not to pay for the pleasure of asking others to amuse and instruct me.

Before saying farewell I think it right, finally and for the thousandth time, to deny emphatically and absolutely the rumour of idle tongues that has continually insisted that my long connection with the *THEATRE* has resulted in a financial gain. It has

resulted, *so far as I am concerned*, in a serious financial loss. The magazine is as solvent and more prosperous than it ever was before, but it has become so by my personal energy and at my unaided expense. At the outset I was sanguine enough to believe that those in whose interests this periodical was planned would have given it better support. I find that, after a long and well-tried experience, my position as a public writer is an injury rather than a gain to the commercial prosperity of the magazine. I therefore hand it over to business men, honourable men, active men, who can exact what I never could do in my position—punctual payment of honourable debts acquired in the ordinary course of business. I retire from my position—so often misunderstood, and so ungenerously misrepresented—indebted to no human being, but a creditor to a very considerable amount. It has been stated that the pictures which have appeared from time to time in the THEATRE were paid for by the sitters, and therefore of considerable financial consideration. Not only were they not paid for, except out of my pocket, but the sitters in nine cases out of ten never dreamed of obtaining a copy of the magazine in which they appeared, except by the easy process of borrowing one from a friend who could afford the magnificent sum of ninepence a month! From first to last, the financial direction of the THEATRE has been wholly out of my hands, but I am assured that the “bad debts” written off by my publishers as impossible of recovery would open the eyes of those who are innocent enough to believe that the direction of any periodical in the interests of the drama and its professors is a profitable speculation.

During the ten years past, whilst trying to do good and desiring to encourage talent, my couch has been no bed of roses. Fate was from the first dead set against my honest endeavour. The only disappointments, the only disasters, the only misrepresentations, the only lost friendships connected with a stormy life, have been in some way or other connected with the THEATRE magazine, which was taken up with energy in 1880, and is now left with goodwill, but a passing sadness, in 1890.

But there is a bright side to the picture also. If the professors of the dramatic art have misjudged my ambitious enterprise, and consistently damped my energy, the outside public has cordially endorsed my endeavour. Countless are the sincere friends I have made these ten years past during our journeys together, loyal and true is the service I have secured from kindly contributors, and such enthusiasts and fellow workers as, amongst others, Austin Brereton, Mabel Wotton, Marie de Mensiaux, and Cecil Howard. Without them what has been accomplished could never have been achieved. I have tried to give our readers interesting

essays, honest criticism, pure literature, and good verse. In our fiction I trust we have never shamed; in our criticism I hope we have never unnecessarily pained. My ideal at the outset was a high one. If I have failed it was not from want of endeavour, but of encouragement. In those to whom I hand over this "Labour of Love" of perhaps the best ten years of my life, I have every confidence. They are animated with as high an ideal as I was ten years ago, but they are far better able than I could ever be, in my position, to make the magazine a commercial as well as a literary success.

I trust that with the close of the year 1839 will be buried all jealousies, animosities, misunderstandings—disagreements inseparable from my editorial position in connection with a work devoted to the services of the stage. I would shake hands and be friends. So with renewed thanks to all who have helped me; with earnest regards towards such as have believed in me, comforting me in trials, and helping me with their splendid sympathy: with a sigh of regret over the buried past and a smile of hope for the THEATRE'S bright future, I step down from the deck, press the hands of the old crew affectionately clinging round me, brush away a tear, and depart, I trust, not without one consoling cheer to comfort me as I pass into the crowd again, and wave a hand at parting. *Vale! iterumque Vale!*

CLEMENT SCOTT.



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